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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/13/87.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory. **ROAD SHOW,** a comedy by Murray Schisgal. Wednesday, May 20 (preview); Thursday, May 21 (opening); Friday through Sunday, May 22-24; and Thursday and Friday, May 28-29. . . . ¶ A revival of William M. Hoffman's **AS IS.** Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27, and Saturday, May 30. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 30, at 8; Sundays at 7:30; and Saturday, May 30, at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, May 23, at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's deft direction. (4/27/87) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Educating Rita—Austin Pendleton plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Laurie Metcalf the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. The good production is by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company; Jeff Perry was the director. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays. "The Author's Voice," by Richard Greenberg; "The One About the Guy in the Bar," by Ernest Thompson; "The Last Outpost at the Edge of the World," by Stuart Spencer; and "A Million Dollar Glass of Water," by Anthony McKay. Wednesday, May 20, and Friday, May 22, at 7:30; Saturday, May 23, at 5 and 9; and Sunday, May 24, at 3. . . . ¶ "Lady of Fadima," by Edward Allan Baker; "A Ripe Banana," by Jennifer Lombard; "After School Special," by Keith Reddin; "All for Charity," by John Patrick Shanley; and "Dinah Washington Is Dead," by Kermit Frazier. Thursday, May 21, at 7:30; Sunday, May 24, at 7; and Monday, May 25, and Friday, May 29, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "April Snow," by Romulus Linney; "Waking Women," by Cassandra Medley; "Bad Blood," by Peter Maloney; and "Real to Reel," by Frank D. Gilroy. Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 30, at 5 (previews) and 9 (opening). (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Through Monday, June 15.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of **WISH YOU WERE HERE,** a 1952 musical by Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan (book) and Harold Rome (music and lyrics). (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 7. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with

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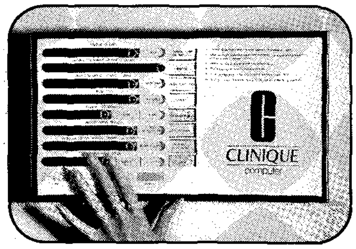

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FUNNY FEET—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS—A return engagement of a theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. After Saturday, May 23, no performances until Tuesday, June 2.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LAMBS THEATRE COMPANY—A comedy by Ray Bradbury, **THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM SUIT**, is the third in this season's series of productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Morning performances Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11.)

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A more than satisfactory revival of Jules Feiffer's comedy about a family under the siege of the day-to-day menace in this city. Mr. Feiffer's satire doesn't cut very deep, but his humor and his mocking spirit are as entertaining as ever. With Mike Nussbaum (in three roles), Graham Beckel, Christine Lahti, and Frances Sternhagen, among other good actors. John Tillinger directed. (5/18/87) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LES MISÉRABLES—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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THE NERD—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PYGMALION—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD—A disappointing revival of Tom Stoppard's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

SECOND AVENUE—A play by Allan Knee. A production of Manhattan Punch Line. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 24.)

STAGGERLEE—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

STARLIGHT EXPRESS—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEET SUE—A curiosity of a play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a middle-aged divorced woman and a college undergraduate who, not very plausibly, fall in love. Each character is played by two people, which makes matters still more implausible. The cast consists of Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton. (1/19/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

THREE POSTCARDS—A beguiling musical by Craig Lucas (book) and Craig Carnelia (music and lyrics). Mr. Lucas's libretto consists almost entirely of the seemingly desultory conversation of three women at a restaurant in the Village; as they talk, Mr. Carnelia plays his melodic songs at a cocktail piano. The performance, with Jane Galloway, Maureen Silliman, and Karen Trott as the diners and Brad O'Hare as a waiter, is free-form and always stylish. Norman René was the invaluable director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

WHA . . . I, WHAI, A LONG LONG TIME AGO—A play by the Korean writer Che Inhoon, performed in English under Tisa Chang's direction. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 23.)

LONG RUNS—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,264 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 20, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, May 24, at 7.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8;

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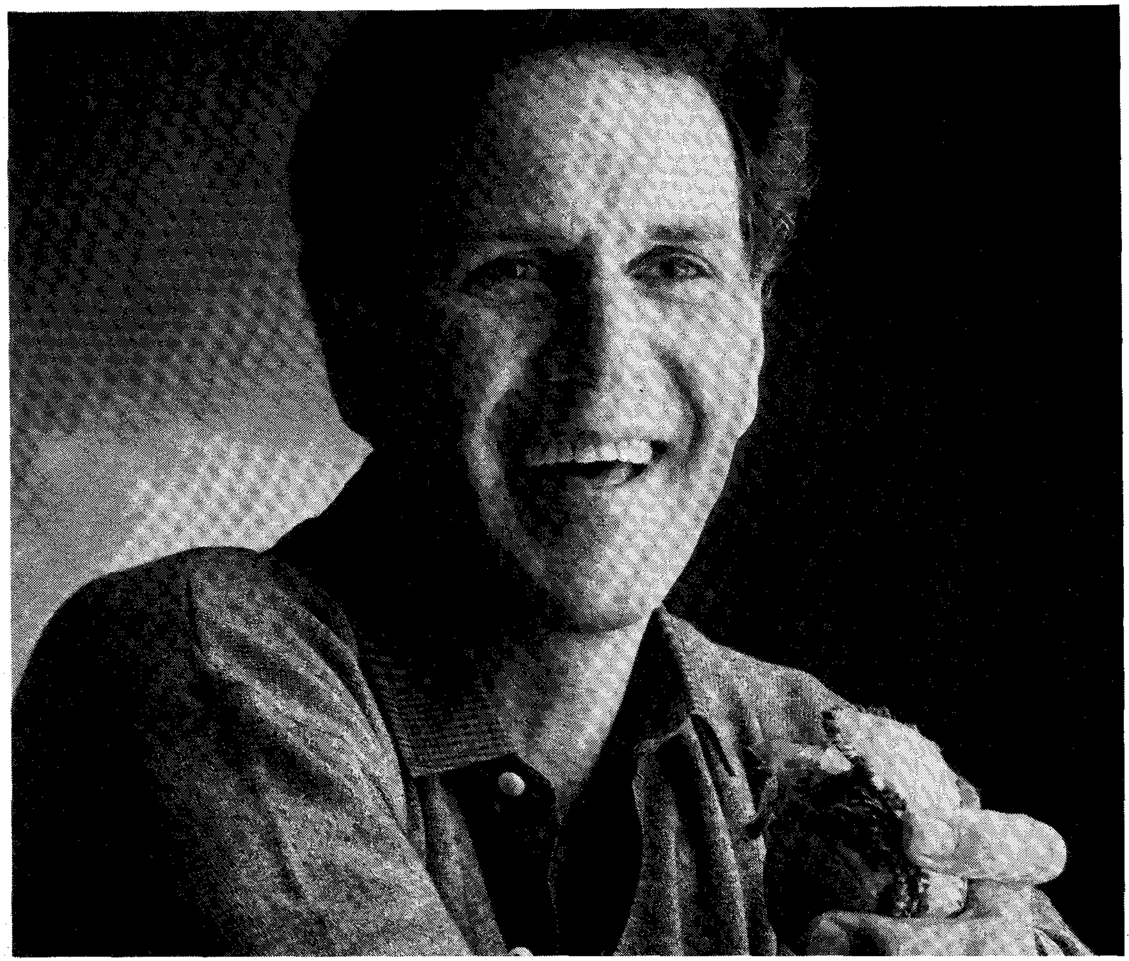

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MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, May 20: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Sinfonia Mistica," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 21: "Concerto Barocco," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 22: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Moves," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," "In G Major," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 24: "The Four Temperaments," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 24: "Serenade," "Les Petits Riens," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 26: "Chaconne," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Concertino," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 27: "Scotch Symphony," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 28: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 29: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Pas de Deux," "Moves," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 30: "Chaconne," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 30: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Moves," and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, May 20: "Les Rendezvous," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 20: "Airs," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 21: "Paquita," "Pillar of Fire," and "Les Rendezvous." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 22; Saturday matinée and evening, May 23; Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 25-26; and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 27: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 28-29, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 30: "La Bayadère." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

Lyon Opera Ballet—A return engagement of "Cendrillon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, May 20, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, May 31.)

Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion—"A Dance Adventure in Southern Blues," a new full-length work, with musical accompaniment by Olu Dara & the Okra Orchestra. (Fashion Institute of Technology Auditorium, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, May 23, at 8, and Sunday, May 24, at 3 and 8. For information about tickets, call 348-2460.)

Chen & Dancers—A program of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Wednesday, May 27, and Friday, May 29, at 8, and Sunday, May 31, at 2.)

DanceBrazil—Programs of Bahían and modern dance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, May 28, at 7, a benefit performance. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 8, with guest performers Loremil Machado and Rosemary.)

Dance Interviews—Sean Lavery being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 25, at 8.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Julie Wilson** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the music of Arthur Schwartz and the words of three of his collaborators—Howard Dietz, Dorothy Fields, and Johnny Mercer. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. On Fridays and Saturdays, the twilight shift is in the hands of the Rev. Mr. **Al Carmines**. The other evening, Mr. Carmines, wearing a country parson's dark suit, sat down at the piano and in his pleasing baritone sang about fifteen numbers, including "Let's Do It" (with his own up-to-date lyrics), his setting of some sayings of Chairman Mao, "Singin' in the Bathtub" (which, he said, represents his own philosophical position), and "It Had to Be You," which he followed with verses from "The Old Rugged Cross." First note at six-thirty, and last one before the stars come out to graze. **Eartha Kitt** works the room Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **Maynard Ferguson**, a showboating high-note trumpeter, directs his big band, High Voltage, through Sunday, May 24, and starting Tuesday, May 26, a quartet led by Swing-era tenorist **Georgie Auld** trades sets with a trio composed of guitarist **Herb Ellis**, pianist **Monty Alexander**, and bassist **Ray Brown**. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. The **Lounge Lizards**, with leading Lizard and movie star **John Lurie** on alto saxophone, will be here Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, mixing film-noir jazz with a little free blowing and some anomie; the veteran mystic **Sun Ra** and his intergalactic-jazz **Arkestra** stop by on Sunday, May 24; **Buffy Sainte-Marie** is the main event Thursday and Friday, May 28-29; and on Sunday, May 31, you can hear another folkie, **Christine Lavin**, sing her ditty about unicellular swingers ("Amoeba Hop"), or her song about men who have or don't have an air conditioner when it's hot and you really need one ("Air Conditioner"), or her long, autobiographical ballad about being chosen to play deep right field in a softball game ("Ballad of a Ballgame"). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Eve Olitsky

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **Kirk Lightsey** and **Santi Debriano** collaborate through Saturday, May 23, and on Monday, May 25, Ray Gallon and **Ron Carter** get going. Sundays are reserved for trios, and on May 24 bassist **Jay Leonhart**, guitarist **Joe Beck**, and pianist **Roger Kellaway** will be on duty. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Gloria Lynne sings here through Sunday, May 24, and on Tuesday, May 26, guitarist **Charlie Byrd** arrives with his trio. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **Bucky** and **John Pizzarelli**. Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **Bobby Short**. **Beverly Peer** (bass fiddle) and **Robbie Scott** (drums) flank him. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. The flamboyant Brazilian vocal-and-percussion team of **Flora Purim** and **Airto** holds forth through Sunday, May 24, and on Tuesday, May 26, guitarist **John Scofield** moves in with his quintet. On Monday, May 25, trumpeter Rich Szabo (an admirer of such upper-register specialists as Maynard Ferguson and Bill Chase) and seventeen other musicians will first figure out where they're all going to sit and then give you an earful. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The pianists: **Hilton Ruiz** through Saturday, May 23; Bryan Wells Tuesday through Thursday, May 26-28; and **Armen Donelian** on Friday and Saturday, May 29-30. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). On Sundays and Mondays, you can sit very close to singer-pianist **Bob Dorough**, a ponytailed, twangy-voiced, scat-a-lot hepcat whose repertoire includes "I'm Old Fashioned," "Moon River," Dave Frishberg's "Another Song About Paris," a couple of numbers he wrote with the London-based lyricist Fran Landesman ("She sends me the lyrics, I send her the melody; sometimes we have a song, sometimes we have an argument"), and a funny, mock-fierce tune he wrote about removing ("under the penalty of law") the tag attached to a mattress or a pillow. **Bill Takas** is his bassist. Tuesdays belong to guitarist **Chuck Wayne's** trio, and Wednesday through Saturday, May 20-23, to singer Judy Niemack's bunch. Music from ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St.

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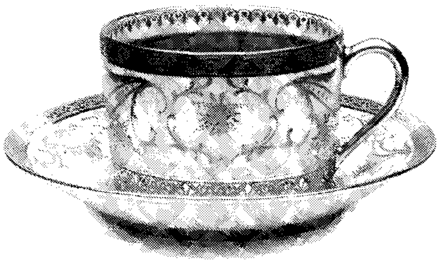
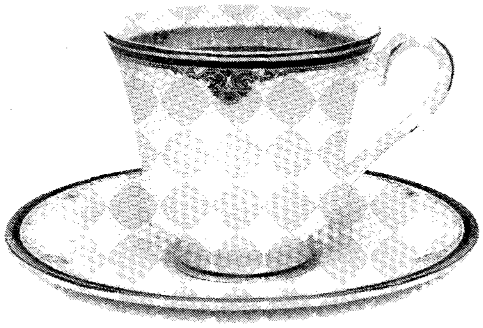


HOTEL PLAZA ATHÉNÉE
Paris



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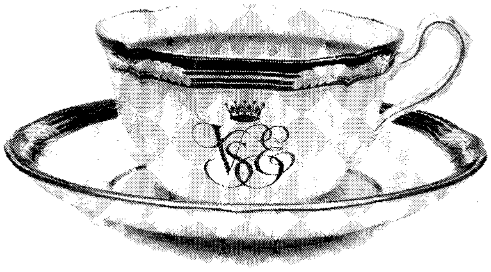

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
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(228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the calm center of things. **DON FRIEDMAN** operates on it, with bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** at his side, through Saturday, May 23, and starting Tuesday, May 26, **ROGER KELLAWAY,** a dashing, versatile, sometimes larky pianist, works with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** whose solos make beautiful melodic sense. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). The lineup: Wednesday, May 20, a wake for Paul Butterfield (which is also a benefit for his children); Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, the **RADIATORS;** Sunday, May 24, **ROBERT GORDON,** with Anton Fig, Tony Garnier, and Chris Spedding; Friday, May 29, **DR. JOHN;** and Saturday, May 30, **ROCKIN' DOPSIE.** Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and Broadway vets **JO SULLIVAN** and Len Cariou on the bandstand, performing songs by Frank Loesser, Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Stephen Sondheim, and others. Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to turn up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** works out with his trio on Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, and on the following weekend, May 29-30, saxophonist **DENNY MOROUSE'S** band will be here. Music from about ten.

POSITANO, 250 Park Ave. S., at 20th St. (777-6211)—Fancy Italian chow and jazz disguised as music *per mangiare* by. The musicians hang out in the upper-deck dining area. Pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ'S** trio will be perched there through Friday, May 22, and on Monday, May 25, pianist **LLOYD MAYERS'** threesome goes to work. Music from nine Mondays and Tuesdays, and from ten Wednesdays through Fridays. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Thursday, May 21, Pseudo Echo; Friday, May 22, the Godfathers; Saturday, May 23, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry; Wednesday, May 27, the **WAILERS;** and Friday, May 29, John Mayall's Blues Breakers and Mick Taylor. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday and Thursday, May 20-21, reggae singer **JUDY MOWATT;** Friday through Sunday, May 22-24, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, May 26, a tribute to the Brazilian classical composer Villa-Lobos, with Mario Toledo; Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS,** a Jamaican vocal trio; Friday, May 29, **TITO PUENTE;** and Saturday, May 30, Dominican saxophonist **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sunday, May 24, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. **MC COY TYNER,** whose dense, thundering, rhythmically insistent piano style works like an incantation on some people, performs with his trio through Sunday, May 24, and on Tuesday, May 26, **PAUL BLEY,** a pianist whose style is spare, abstract, and full of echoing silences, comes in with his quartet. The Either Orchestra plays on Monday, May 25. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered soul-and-jazz café on the edge of the longhair-music district. A white piano lights up the bandstand. Vibraharpist **ROY AYERS** leads a combo Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, and **CHRIS CONNOR** sings for three nights starting Thursday, May 28. Music from nine.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the performers in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, May 20, the Gruesomes and the Headless Horsemen; Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, Gary, Indiana, bluesman Big Daddy Kinsey; Sunday, May 24, **JUMP STREET** and Sugar Ray & the Blue Tones; Wednesday, May 27, O.K. Savant and Gentlemen Farmers; and Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, Chicago-blues singer **EDDIE (THE CHIEF) CLEARWATER.** Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On May 25, **PAPO LUCCA & LA SONORA PONCEÑA, MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE,** and saxophonist **JAMES MOODY,** the guest soloist, will all be on hand. Activity after nine. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** through Sunday, May 24, and to **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** starting Tuesday, May 26. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Clarinettist **EDDIE DANIELS** leads a quartet through Sunday, May 24, and starting Tuesday, May 26, the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND** will light into some of Mingus's rowdy, exhilarating music. Mondays remain prime time for **MEL LEWIS** and his seventeen-piece orchestra. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Hard-bop altoist **LOU DONALDSON** guides his quartet through Sunday, May 24, and on Wednesday, May 27, drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER** and his group move in. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. **TAL FARLOW,** a stirring guitarist whether he's playing at breakneck bebop speed or at a relaxed swinging gait, teams with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** every night but Sunday and Monday, May 24-25, when Bruno the bartender and everybody else who works here take a holiday. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM & EKAYA AND SATHIMA BEA BENJAMIN & WINDSONG—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, May 21, at 8.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—James Moody, Red Rodney, Jimmy Knepper, Sheila Jordan, and others. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

CAETANO VELOSO—Town Hall. Friday, May 22, at 8.

JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday through Sunday, May 22-24, at 10 and midnight.

JOSÉ FELICIANO—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, May 23, at 8.

"BARBERSHOP HARMONY"—With the Big Apple Chorus and three quartets. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, May 23, at 8.)

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK—Town Hall. Saturday, May 23, at 8.

REGGAE SUNSPLASH CONCERT—With Freddie McGregor, Carlene Davis, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, May 25, at 8.)

THE NYLONS—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 26, at 8.

BROOKS KERR—In a tribute to Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, May 28, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

LIZA MINNELLI—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Thursday, June 18. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, at 8.)

PIMPINELA—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, May 29, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CHRISTOPHER CAIRNS—A series of bronze sculptures based on the themes of sacrificial death and martyrdom. Through Saturday, May 23. (Cecil, 16 E. 72nd St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Thirteen ink drawings of circus subjects. Through Saturday, May 30. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

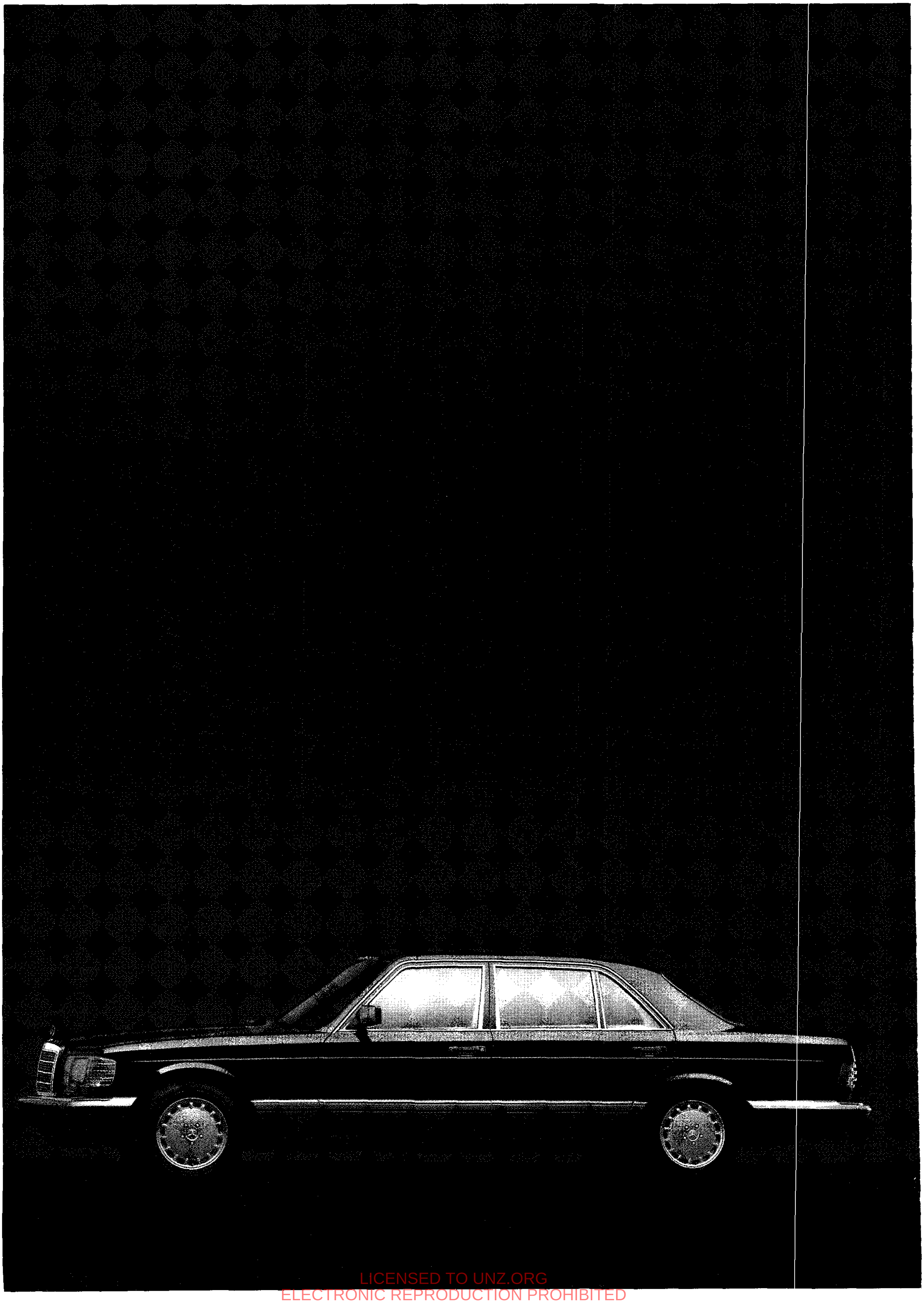
CARLO CARRÀ (1881-1966)—Fifty paintings and drawings from the early nineteen-hundreds. Through June 30. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Recent sculptures. Through June 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

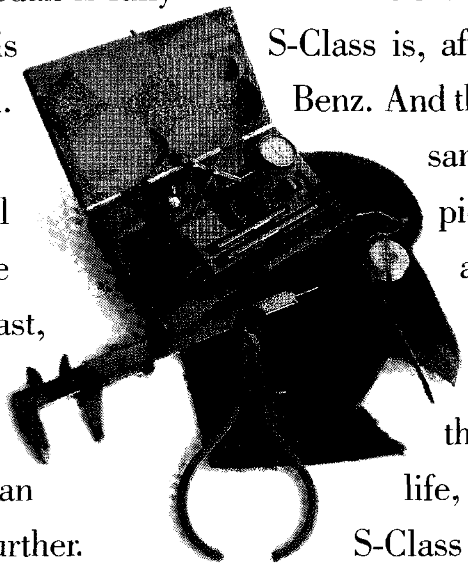
LINDA CHAPMAN—Watercolors by a Magic Realist. Through Saturday, May 23. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—Large paintings of beach

An American Hero
aramis
cologne
The impact never fades
aramis
1986



MANY AUTOMOBILE MAKERS ITCH TO BUILD THE PERFECT CAR. THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS IS PROOF THAT SOME SIMPLY ITCH MORE THAN OTHERS.



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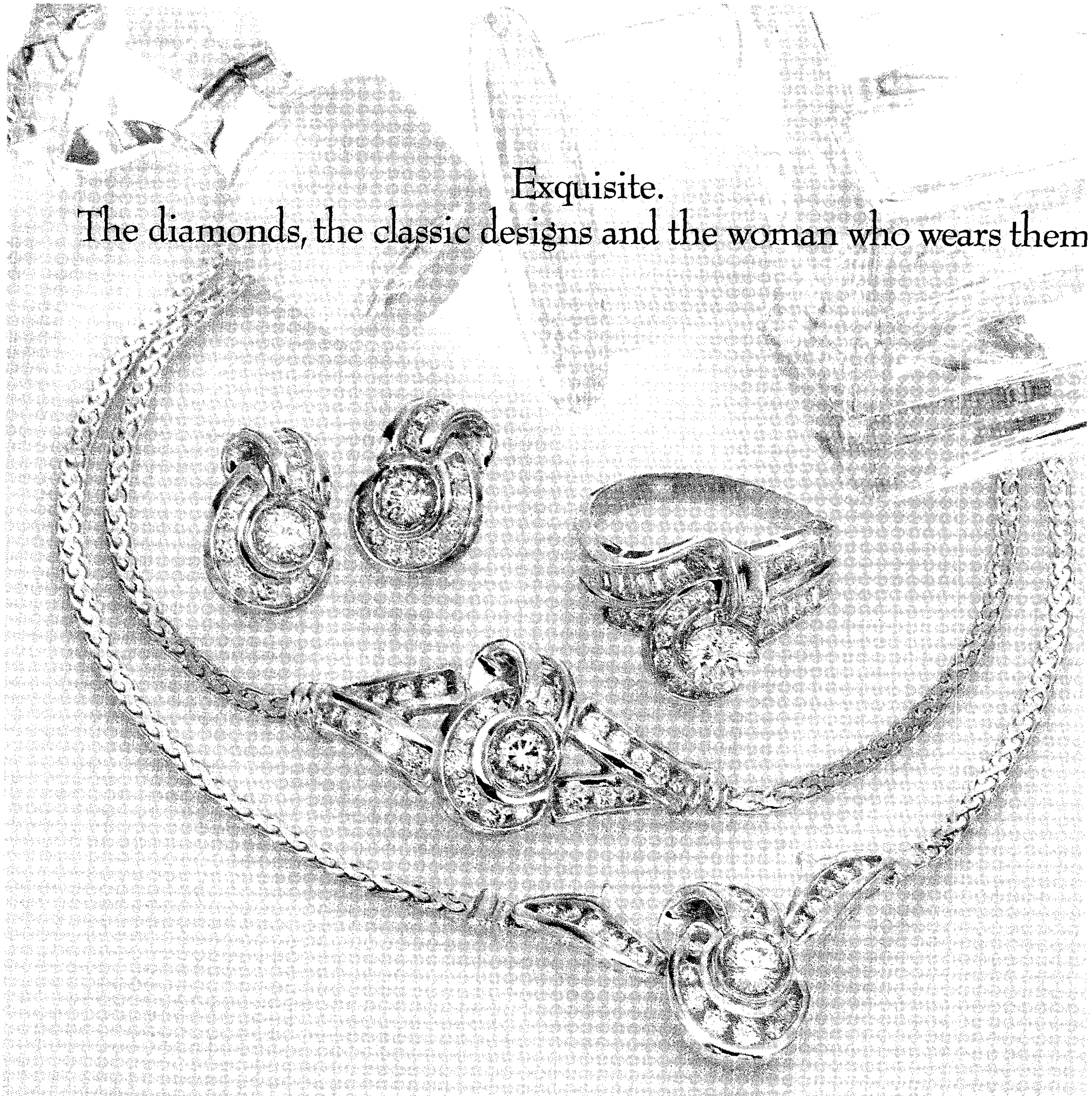

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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scenes with solitary figures. Through July 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—A two-gallery retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Those dating from 1943 to 1974 are at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Through Friday, May 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Those made after 1974 are at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, May 30.

Karen Erla—A two-gallery show of oil paintings on paper. Through Saturday, May 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Charles Garabedian—Abstract paintings combining motifs from architecture, sculpture, and American Indian art. Through Saturday, May 23. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Glenn Goldberg—Recent abstract paintings. Through Friday, May 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Bryan Hunt—A two-gallery show. Drawings at Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through June 6), and sculptures at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through June 13).

Jane Kaplowitz—Oil-stick drawings of imaginary interiors and exteriors decorated, tongue-in-cheek, with twentieth-century art works—a Matisse figure and a Hoffmann-style chair, for instance. Through June 6. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ron Kleemann—Photo-Realist paintings of balloons for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade, based on Norman McGrath's photographs, which are also in the show. Through Wednesday, May 27. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Aquatints in an exhibit that complements the artist's retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through June 30. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Paintings and collages from the eighties. Through Thursday, May 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

John Parks / Kazuko Inoue—Distorted views of London landmarks; the Tower Bridge leaning in several directions, for instance. / Large canvases completely covered with short, wide brushstrokes of vivid colors. Through June 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Charles Seliger—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper. Through June 13. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Hedda Sterne—New paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Peter Stevens—Abstract metal sculptures and related drawings. Through Saturday, May 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Leonard Stokes—New figurative paper collages. Through Saturday, May 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings and drawings. Through June 27. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

John H. Twachtman (1853-1902)—Nineteen paintings by an American Impressionist. Through June 13. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for african art**, 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Two shows of oil paintings and works on paper—"Cubist Legacy: The American Abstract Artists," including Eleanor De Laittre, Carl Holty, John Sennhauser, and others; and "Modernism," including Helen Torr, James Guy, Edwin Dickinson, and others. Through June 12. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **lafayette parke,** 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists Kirchner, Pechstein, Macke, Feininger, Nolde, and others. Through July 11. . . . **mazoh,** 13 E. 76th St.: Twenty works, including thirteen oil panels representing a color spectrum by Ellsworth Kelly, and a figure in graphite by Georges Seurat. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1886-1966)—Sculptures, wall reliefs, and works on paper, dating primarily from the fifties and sixties. Through Saturday, May 23. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—A retrospective of woodcuts, drypoints, and lithographs. Through June 12. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through July 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin / Jerome Witkin—Paintings and works on paper of cityscapes, many observed by the artist from his studio window on Fourteenth Street. / Preparatory drawings for paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Joseph DiGiorgio / George Woodman—Pastels of the Southwest. / New paintings of flowers intertwined with patterns, on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, May 23. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kim Do—Realist plein-air landscapes that emphasize green forests and lawns. Through June 6. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-88)—A loan show of twenty-eight drawings. Through June 12. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Roy Gussow / Royce Howes—Painted and polished stainless-steel abstract sculptures. / Compartmentalized oil-on-board paintings that give an over-all impression of landscapes. Through June 2. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anselm Kiefer—Mixed-medium paintings and books. Through June 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Levine—Paintings of vintage airplanes. Through Saturday, May 30. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein / Ellsworth Kelly—Pop paintings from the early sixties. / Pencil drawings outlining leaves. Through June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Mr. Lichtenstein's show of drawings continues at the Museum of Modern Art.)

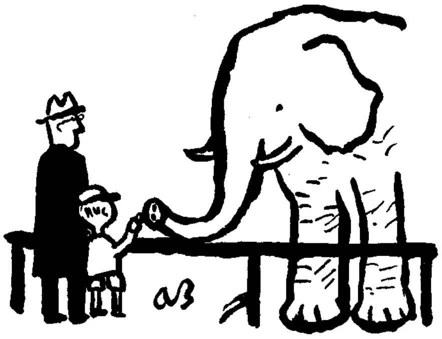
Ethel Magafan—Colorado landscapes painted in egg tempera and watercolors, plus ink drawings. Through June 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953) / **Joseph Hirsch**—Watercolors from the thirties, a period when he interpreted landscape subjects in several styles. Through June 6. / Paintings by a contemporary social realist. Through Saturday, May 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

John Meyer—Realist landscape paintings. Through Saturday, May 23. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Self-portraits and dog portraits. Through Saturday, May 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Izhar Patkin—Oil paintings on wire-mesh screen, among other works (which complement his stencilled-rubber-curtain installation in the Whitney Biennial). Through Saturday, May 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



Richard Piccolo—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes of Italy. Through Wednesday, May 27. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Collages, together with paintings and drawings from the thirties and forties by New York artists (Gorky, Krasner, Pollock) who were friends of Ryan's and, like her, were unrecognized at the time. Through Saturday, May 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Color woodcuts. Through June 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David Smalley—Kinetic sculptures in brass and steel. Through June 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joe Stefanelli / Ethan Greenberg—Abstract paintings. / Charcoal drawings of cityscapes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through June 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Surls / Alain Clement—Figures and abstractions rendered in carved-and-burned oak. / Photograms. Through Saturday, May 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Painted metal cutouts, a few projecting from the wall. Through Saturday, May 30. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Drawings for the Joseph Husser house (1899) and for the Guggenheim Museum (the earliest dated 1943). Through Saturday, May 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mac Adams—Six abstract steel sculptures that are illuminated in such a way that they cast shadows of figures. Also, large photographs of reflecting materials—mirrors, chrome. Through June 20. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

John M. Armleder—An installation of paintings and musical instruments—a trio of gleaming French horns, for instance. Through June 27. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings. Through June 28. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Elise Asher—Fantasy landscape paintings and drawings. Through June 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

David Bates—Stylized paintings of outdoorsmen by an outdoorsman from Dallas. Also, three painted bronzes—a dog's head, a bust, a platter of fish. Through Saturday, May 23. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Janice Biala and Daniel Brustlein—Paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Tom Bills—Freestanding steel-and-lead sculptures, placed low to the ground. Through June 6. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Enrico Castellani—Aluminum wall sculptures that have small indented geometric patterns. Through June 20. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

Melvin Charney—An installation and drawings by a member of the architecture faculty of the University of Montreal. Through Saturday, May 30. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Sandro Chia—New paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Thom Cooney Crawford—Paintings and bronzes focussed on a narrow figure in profile. Through May 31. (M-13, now located at 72 Greene St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Dorothy Dehner / Geer Morton—Works on paper from her "Bolton Landing" series. Also, thirteen sculptures. / Oil paintings. Through Saturday, May 23. (Twining, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Randy Dudley / Steven Lee Hansen—The Gowanus Canal transformed by a style that can be traced to seventeenth-century Dutch landscapists. / Painted reliefs evoking the Lascaux murals. Through Saturday, May 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Lauren Ewing—Bold-colored sculptures, including two trompe-l'oeil theatre curtains in bronze, one painted solid red, the other green. Through June 6. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Carole Jeane Feuerman—Classical-style cast-stone sculptures of intentionally unfinished figures. Through June 4. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Viola Frey—Glazed ceramic works, among them larger-than-life-size figures. Through June 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Jack Goldstein—Large-scale paintings in Day-Glo colors. Through Saturday, May 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Jan Håfström—Reliefs: wood boxes or frames into which fabric or clothing is set and painted. Through Saturday, May 30. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Ethelyn Honig / Gloria Greenberg—A painted paper mural measuring thirty feet across, plus related paintings. / Monochromatic landscapes consisting of only land and sky. Through June 6. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Penny Kaplan—Sculptures of classical architecture pared down to basics and constructed so that each work folds up like a book. Through Saturday, May 23. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Barbara Kassel—Small horizontal canvases depicting the landscape of New Mexico and incorporating glimpses of interiors characteristic of the Southwest. Through Saturday, May 30. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Barbara Kruger—Photomontages from the past five years. Through Saturday, May 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Vincent Longo—Color paintings based on grids. Through Saturday, May 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Andrew Menard—Six painted plaster reliefs inspired by Rabelais and Duchamp. Through June 13. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Claire Moore—Expressionist canvases with stencilled texts by an artist who early in her career in New York bartered stories of her life on an Indian reservation for art lessons with Fernand Léger. Through June 6. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Elizabeth Murray—Recent paintings and pastels. Through Saturday, May 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Eduardo Oliveira Cézar—Monochromatic Precisionist paintings of architectural elements. Through Saturday, May 30. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Michele Owings—Goya was the inspiration for these recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Ann Preston—Sculptures, mostly; first solo show in New York. Through June 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Scott Richter—Paintings and sculptures. Through Wednesday, May 27. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Fred Riskin—An installation that uses texts, documents, and photographs to relate a fictional account of a psychic's service in an intelligence agency. Through Saturday, May 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Gerwald Rockenschaub—Nonobjective paintings, all on 10 × 11¾ canvases. Through Saturday, May 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Olga Sheirr—*Studies of Stonehenge in oil*, watercolor, and ink. Through May 31. (NoHo, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Joyce Sills—Small Prismacolor drawings. Through June 4. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Opens at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

The Starn Twins—Cut-and-taped photographic works. Through Saturday, May 23. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Nancy Stover—Paintings of cluttered studio interiors, with brushstrokes and colors reminiscent of the Fauvists. Through Saturday, May 23. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

P.U.L.S.E.—The name of a show of very active kinetic machine sculptures that make sounds, create light, or present moving images. The artists, who use such technologies as fibre optics, neon, and computers, all seem to come from the same family tree, starting with Granddaddy Marcel Duchamp, and coming on down to Jean Tinguely, James L. Seawright, Alice Aycock, Kristin Jones, and Andrew Ginzel. Through Saturday, May 23. (420 West Broadway, ground floor.)

Group Shows—At **A.I.R.**, 63 Crosby St.: A solo show of paintings by Lenore Goldberg is in the main gallery, and works by Marcia Godosky, Susan Miller, and Maggie Poor are in the back room. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **CASTELLI**, 142 Greene St.: New paintings and sculptures by Kosuth, Morris, Oldenburg, Serra, Stella, and Therrien. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: New installations by Stella, Nauman, and Artschwager. Through June 6. . . . **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART**, 584 Broadway: Paintings and drawings by forty-five artists, including Diego Rivera and Wifredo Lam. Through June 21. (Open Sundays.) . . . **SCHREIBER-CUTLER**, 171 Spring St.: Contemporary works on the theme of crime and punishment. Among the twelve artists are Stephen Lack, Hannelore Baron, and Nic Nicosia. Through Saturday, May 30.

Sculpture—At the **ESMAN**, 70 Greene St.: Works by Peter Ambrose, Heide Fasnacht, Tom Hatch, Carol Hepper, Lisa Hoke, and Creighton Michael. Through Tuesday, May 26. . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 114 Prince St.: Wall pieces by David Provan, Lowell Reiland, John R. Thompson, and Lindsay Walt. Through June 6. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Mark Dean and Jane Irish—Collaborative paintings of the American landscape, with contemporary shopping malls (by Irish) set into pre-Colonial forests (Dean). Through May 31. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Ana Flores—Three-dimensional paintings on wood, two of which pay homage to Gauguin and Rousseau. Through Saturday, May 23. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

John Franklin—A mixture of traditional and nontraditional materials. For instance, in "The Drum Painting" a cowhide frame surrounds a rabbitskin-glue-coated canvas with a dowel attached to it. Through May 31. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Antony Gormley—A monumental sculpture of a lead glider. Through Tuesday, May 26. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

David Hacker / Mary Woronov—Welded-steel sculptures. / Figure paintings with wide black borders. Through Monday, May 25. (Bond, 30 Bond St. Opens daily at 1.)

Stephen Hannock—Landscape paintings in phosphorescent acrylics and shown under black light in an otherwise dark room. Through May 31. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

Richard Kalina / Osvaldo Romberg—Black-and-white paintings. / Bright-colored paint applied to blocks of laminated wood which are partly carved out. Through May 31. (Piezo Electric, 200 Avenue A, near 12th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David McDermott and Peter McGough—New paintings complementing their works in the Whitney Biennial. Through May 31. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

George Negroponte—New abstract paintings. Through June 13. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

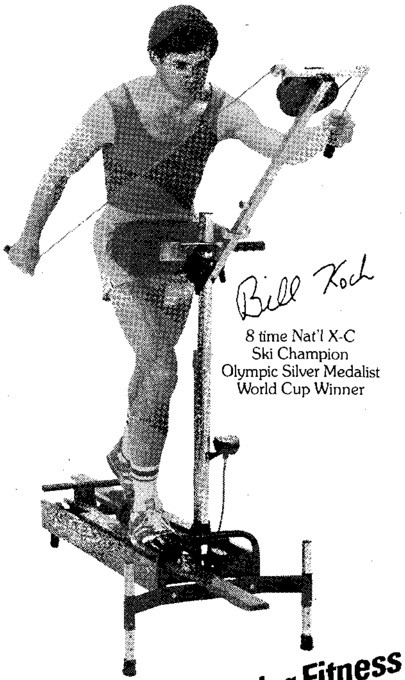
Rick Prol—Drawings and constructions from the past four years. Through Saturday, May 30. (St. Marks, 411 E. 9th St., near First Ave. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Alan Saret—Five new twisted-wire sculptures by an artist who has works in the same material in the Whitney Biennial. Through Saturday, May 30. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Jeff Way—A hinged, painted wood screen, partially cut out, and several masks. Through Saturday, May 30. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—New slide projections. Through Sunday, May 24. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by eight contemporary En-



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glish and German artists, including Anish Kapoor, Tony Cragg, Isa Genzken, and Thomas Schütte. Through June 21. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Musuem of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Mark Klett—Landscape photographs of the American Southwest. Through June 13. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Danny Lyon—Photographs from the past twenty-five years. Through June 6. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—New works. Through Saturday, May 23. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ray K. Metzker / Dennis Farber—Tuscan landscapes. / The street life of Venice, California, in prints that have gold-leaf modifications. Through June 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Wilbur H. Porterfield (1873-1958)—Vintage prints by a Buffalo pictorialist. Through Saturday, May 30. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Cindy Sherman—The artist isn't exactly out of the picture in these grisly new works, but she isn't the whole pizza, either—in one scene, for instance, her reflection is in a pair of sunglasses. Through Saturday, May 30. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Deborah Turbeville—Photographs, most of them done on assignment for *Vogue* and other publications. Through July 11. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Mothers & Daughters—The theme of a show of eighty prints by seventy-five photographers. Through Saturday, May 30. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of prints of Mexico by Manuel Alvarez Bravo. . . . ¶ Stop-action photographs by Harold Edgerton. . . . ¶ Photographs documenting the westward progress of the Union Pacific Railroad, reprinted from the negatives of A. J. Russell, who worked for the railroad in the eighteen-sixties. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) All three shows through June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by sixteenth- and seventeenth-century artists from the Emilia-Romagna region of Italy—Correggio, Parmigianino, the Carracci brothers. More than half of the two hundred works are on loan from Italian collections and are seen here for the first time. (There is also an exhibit of Emilian drawings and prints of the period from the museum's collections.) Through Sunday, May 24. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through June 2. (A complementary show of paintings is at Blum Helman Gallery, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Starts Friday, May 22. . . . **Photography:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Nathan Silberberg Fine Arts, 16 E. 79th St., has a complementary exhibit. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, May 25, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1987 Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures, drawings, and monotypes by Mary Frank. Through June 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show of manuscripts, paintings, and sculptures by new members of the Academy-Institute and by recipients of its awards, among them Renata Adler, James Rosenquist, Frank Gehry, Milton Babbitt, Isabel Bishop, Kenneth Snelson, Robert Bly, Amy Clampitt, Emily Hahn, Ralph Manheim, Steven Millhauser, Padgett Powell, and Norman Rush. Starts Thursday, May 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A loan show of Buddhist illuminated manuscripts whose decorative motifs and materials are indigenous to the ten Asian countries where the works originated. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing the structures. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A show devoted to Louis Sullivan, the influential Chicago-school architect who was Wright's mentor. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of illustrations by Jean-Baptiste Le Prince, an eighteenth-century French artist and student of Boucher. The ink-and-wash drawings were done for Jean Chappe d'Auteroche's "Voyage en Sibérie" (also on view). Through June 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—The first of a series of exhibits of works by contemporary Japanese. This show features three artists living in New York: painters Akira Arita and Naoto Nakagawa and photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Homer,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of varying works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed polyester fabric that is stretched like a canvas and framed. Through July 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Ken Butler (music), Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Lisa Kraus and Dancers, Friday through Sunday, May 22-24, and Thursday through Sunday, May 28-31, at 9.

Artists' Films—Two programs of films by or about artists. Thursday, May 21, at 8: "The *World of Gilbert and George,*" by Gilbert Proesch, and eleven other films. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 28, at 8: "Birth of the Flag," by Claes Oldenburg, and four other films. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. 924-4212.)

Note—"Volcano Saga," a performance with video by Joan Jonas, Wednesday through Saturday, May 20-23, at 8. . . . "The Gun Is Loaded," a performance work by Lydia Lunch, Thursday through Sunday, May 28-31, at 8:30 (through June 7). (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.) . . . ¶ Charles Moulton's "Tapnology," Fridays and Saturdays, May 22-23 and 29-30, at 11. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 West 19th St. 924-0077.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall is 247-7800, and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Mannes Camerata—Paul C. Echols conducting Cavalli's 1649 comic opera, "Giasone" (in English). Staging by Mr. Echols, who also prepared the translation, with Martin Morell. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday and Friday, May 21-22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 595-1747.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting Brazilian composer Carlos Gomes's 1874 Italian opera "Salvator Rosa." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 24, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting the final concerts of the regular season—Thursday through Saturday, May *21-23, at 8: A Ravel-Berlioz-Strauss pro*gram, with Rosalind Plowright, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, at 8: Mahler's Third Symphony, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; the New York Choral Artists; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting a Haydn-Bruckner program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 20, at 8.)

New York Youth Symphony—David Alan Miller conducting works by James Primosch (a première), Weber (with Daniel Matsukawa, bassoon), and Brahms. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 24, at 3. Free tickets are available at the box office.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting a fourth-anniversary benefit concert, with, among others, Liza Minnelli and Tommy Tune. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

American Festival of Microtonal Music Orchestra—Johnny Reinhard conducting, with Deborah Mirabai Rothrock, soprano; the Microtones; and the Soldier Quartet. The program includes premières of works by Edgard Varèse and Harry Partch. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 9.)

Masterworks Choral Series—The sixth of seven concerts with Peter Tiboris directing a chorus of more than four hundred people. Some eighty university and adult groups are participating in the series. (Carnegie Hall. On Monday, May 25, at 7:30, the Mozart and Brahms Requiems, with soloists and the Manhattan Philharmonic.)

Jubilate Choir—Astrid Riska directing this group from Finland, making its first appearance here. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, May 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Goliard Chorale and Chamber Ensemble—Patricia Handy directing. With Jeffrey Biegel, *piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday,* May 27, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing Handel's oratorio "Saul," with Andrea Matthews and Elizabeth Pruett, sopranos; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Frederick Urrey and Charles Walker, tenors; Jake Gardner, bass-baritone; James Moellenhoff, bass; and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, May 28, at 8.)

RECITALS

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 20, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, in an all-Schubert program, with Glenn Dicterow, violin; Stephen Kates, cello; and Kurt Ollmann, baritone. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 20, at 8.)

Smithson Quartet—An all-Beethoven program, performed on period instruments. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

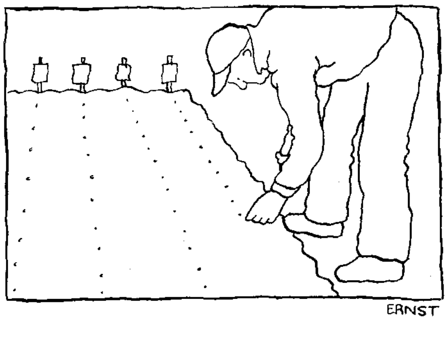
Chicago Pro Musica—The first appearance here by a group consisting of eight members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducting, among other works, the première of Susan Blaustein's "To Byzantium," which is set to poetry by Yeats. With Barbara Ann Martin, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

Frank Patterson—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 22, at 8.)

Alan Weinberg—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, May 22, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, with assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, May 23, at 8:30.)



For the Love of Music—With David Oei, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 24, at 3.)

Memorial Day Concert—Vocal-and-instrumental chamber music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, May 25, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sylvia Toran—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, May 25, at 8.)

New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble—A program of canzones by Gabrieli, with Nancy Wilson, violin, and David Miller, viola. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Monday, May 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Sound—An ensemble that includes Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano; Barbara Allen, harp; David Kim, violin; and Paul Clive, oboe. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 26, at 8.)

Karen Hutchinson—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 28, at 8.)

Bowdoin Trio—With Paul Doktor, viola, and Maria Bachmann, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, May 29, at 8.)

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—Violin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd Street. 427-4410. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, May 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 22, at 7:35; Saturday, May 23, at 2:20; and Sunday, May 24, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Oakland, Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 7:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 3. The Acorn, Saturday, May 23, and the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 25. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 29, through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 25 (racing begins at 1).

Running—The L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten kilometres, with close to eight thousand women participating, will start at ten on Saturday, May 30, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish at almost the same place.

Trotting—At the **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, June 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45, and Monday, May 25, at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Zoe Caldwell, Blythe Danner, and George Grizzard reading from Howard Moss's anthology of poems about New York. (New York Public Library Trustees Room, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday, May 28, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0654.)

Flower Show—Phalaenopsis, dendrobiums, cattleyas, and numerous other varieties will be on display in the Greater New York Orchid Show in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Thursday through Monday, May 21-25, from 10 to 4; free admission Saturday, from 10 to noon.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Harlem sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 24, starting on the steps of the museum, Fifth Ave. at 104th St., at 11. (For reservations, call 534-1672.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 23-25; Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31; and Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, from noon until sundown.

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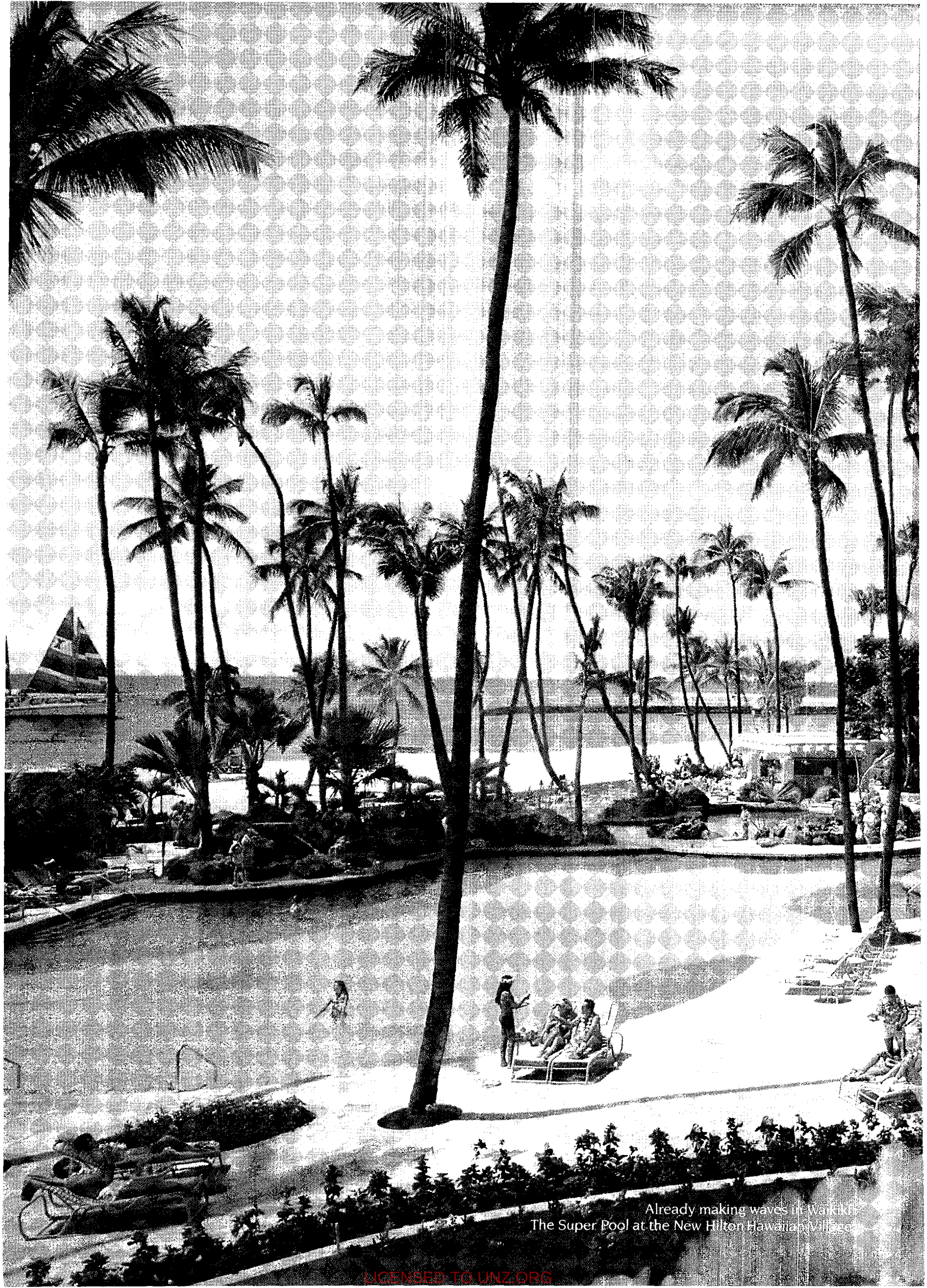

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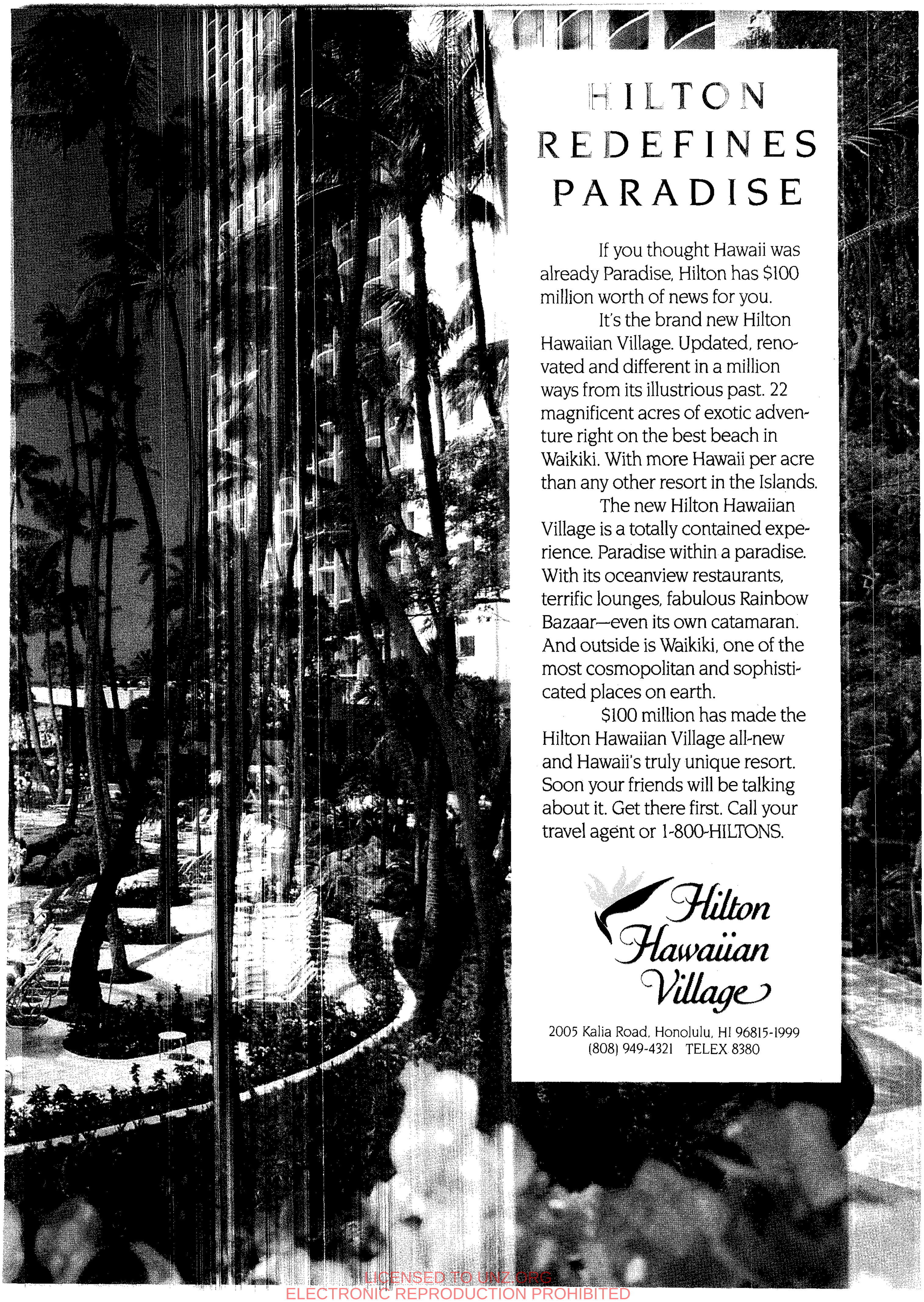

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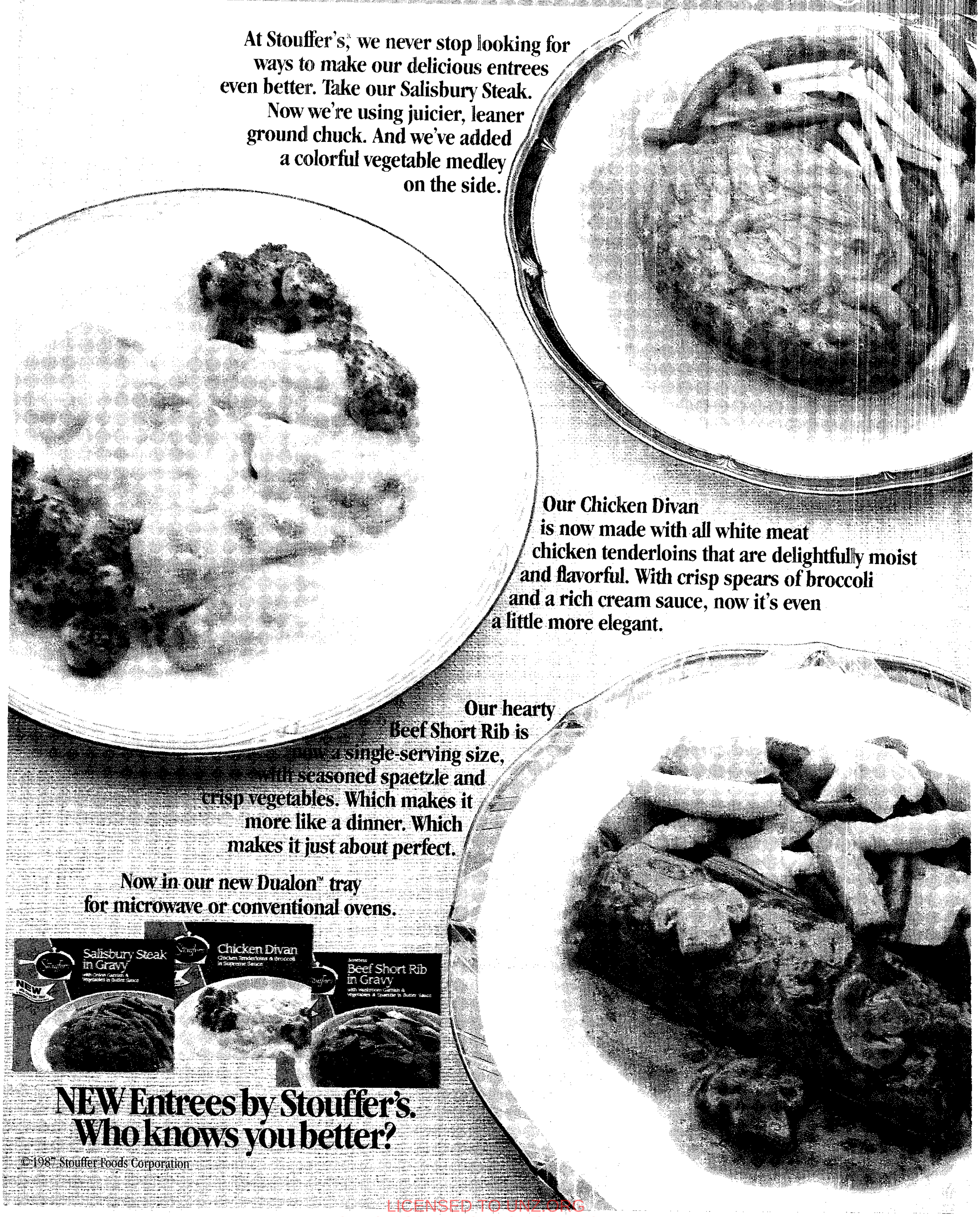
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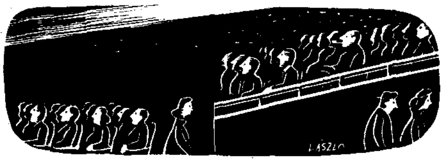
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 28: (Separate admissions) "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy; "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre; and "La Vie Est à Nous" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French).
From May 29: At 6:30, "Moonfleet" (1955; Fritz Lang), with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Joan Greenwood, and Viveca Lindfors; and "Unfinished Business" (Viveca Lindfors), with Lindfors and Peter Donat. At 9:30, "My Life for Zarah Leander" (Christian Blackwood; in German); and "La Habañera" (1937; Douglas Sirk; in German), with Zarah Leander.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gardens of Stone" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 21: "Tin Men" (†).
From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 21: "Blind Date" (†).
From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 21: "Platoon" (†).
May 22-28: To be announced.
From May 29: "Devil in the Flesh" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Maruschka Detmers.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "River's Edge" (Tim Hunter).
Theatre 2: Through May 28: "Outrageous Fortune" (†). From May 29: "Summer Heat" (Michie Gleason), with Lori Singer and Anthony Edwards.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Tin Men" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Gothic" (Ken Russell). From May 22: "The Second Victory" (Gerald Thomas), with Anthony Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Personal Services" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Stepfather" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raising Arizona" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through May 21: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.
From May 22: "Amazing Grace and Chuck" (Mike Newell).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 21: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).
From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Good Weather, but Stormy Late This Afternoon" (1986; directed by Gérard Frot-Coutaz; in French), with Micheline Presle.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Radio Days" (†). From May 22: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton. From May 22: To be announced.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Tin Men" (†). From May 22: "River's Edge" (Tim Hunter).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 21: "Monster in the Closet" (Bob Dahlin).
From May 22: "Extreme Prejudice" (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.
Theatre 2: "Ishtar."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve. From May 22: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: "Padre Nuestro" (†).
Theatre 4: "Law of Desire" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Meatballs III." From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Making Mr. Right" (Susan Seidelman), with John Malkovich and Ann Magnuson. From May 22: "The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film.
Theatre 3: Through May 21: "Project X" (†). From May 22: "Tin Men" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 21: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack.
From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through May 21: "A Room with a View" (†).
From May 22: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through May 21: "The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).
From May 22: "Blind Date" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Radio Days" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Law of Desire" (†). *From May 22:* "Tampopo" (Juzo Itami; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Padre Nuestro" (†). From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Project X" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tin Men" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beverly Hills Cop II."
Theatre 5: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 6: Through May 21: "Lethal Weapon" (†). From May 22: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Platoon" (†). From May 22: "Padre Nuestro" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Project X" (†). From May 22: "Extreme Prejudice" (directed by Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).
Theatre 6: "Raising Arizona" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "American Ninja 2" (Sam Firstenberg). From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.
Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 4: Through May 21: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack. From May 22: "The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Secret of My Success" (†).

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Steele Justice" (Robert Boris). From May 22: "Enemy Territory."
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Monster in the Closet" (Bob Dahlin). From May 22: "Happy Hour."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 21: "The Trial" (1962; directed by Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles;

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and "The Castle" (1969; Rudolf Noelte), with Maximilian Schell.

May 22-23: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, and Anjelica Huston; and "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges.

May 24: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The White Line" (1948; Luigi Zampa; in Italian, with an English narration), with Gina Lollobrigida.

May 25-26: "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman.

May 27-28: "The Fly" (1986; David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum; and "The Fly" (1958; Kurt Neumann), with David Hedison.

May 29-30: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 20: "Tokyo Olympiad" (1965; Kon Ichikawa), a documentary on the 1964 Summer Olympic Games in Tokyo.

May 21: "The Human Condition, Part 3: A Soldier's Prayer" (1961; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

May 22-30: "The Pornographers" (1966; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 23: "It's a Wonderful World" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), with Claudette Colbert and James Stewart; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.

May 24-25: "The Greatest Show on Earth" (1952; Cecil B. De Mille), with Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Dorothy Lamour, and James Stewart; and "Speed" (1936; Edwin L. Marin), with James Stewart, Wendy Barrie, and Una Merkel.

May 26-27: "The Stratton Story" (1949; Sam Wood), with James Stewart and June Allyson; and "Call Northside 777" (1948; Henry Hathaway), with James Stewart and Richard Conte.

May 28-30: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "No Time for Comedy" (1940; William Keighley), with James Stewart and Rosalind Russell.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

May 20: "Wild Is the Wind" (1957; George Cukor), with Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Franciosa; and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.

May 21: "The Lemon Drop Kid" (1951; Sidney Lanfield), with Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell, and Lloyd Nolan; and "Bachelor Flat" (1962; Frank Tashlin), with Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld, and Richard Beymer.

May 22-23: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig.

May 24: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

May 25: "The Inspector General" (1952; Vladimir Petrov; in Russian); and "A Summer to Remember" (1961; Georgi Daneliya; in Russian), with Sergei Bondarchuk.

May 26: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

May 27: "Lovers and Thieves" (1957; Sacha Guitry; in French), with Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault, and Magali Noel; and "Topaze" (1952; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.

May 28: "As You Like It" (1936; Paul Czinner), with Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier; and "The Tempest" (1960; William Schaeffer).

May 29-30: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 20: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.

May 21: "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin; and "Three Coins in the Fountain" (1954; Jean Negulesco), with Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan, and Maggie McNamara.

May 22-23: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

May 24-25: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

May 26: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

May 27: "Moby Dick" (1956; John Huston), with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Orson Welles, and Leo Genn; and "The Sailor from Gibraltar" (1967; Tony Richardson), with Jeanne Moreau, Ian Bannen, and Vanessa Redgrave.

May 28: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

May 29-30: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: May 21 at 2:30: "Rashomon" (1950; directed by Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 21 at 6: "Gandhi" (1982; Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley, Candice Bergen, and John Gielgud. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2:30: "All the King's Men" (1949; Robert Rossen), with Broderick Crawford and John Derek. . . . ¶ May 22 at 6: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2: "Gandhi." . . . ¶ May 24 at 2: "Oliver!" (1968; Carol Reed), with Ron Moody, Shani Wallis, and Oliver Reed. . . . ¶ May 24 at 5: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2: "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep. . . . ¶ May 25 at 5: "Oliver!" . . . ¶ May 26 at 2:30: "You Can't Take It with You." . . . ¶ May 26 at 6: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, and Susannah York. . . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: "Rashomon." . . . ¶ May 28 at 6: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn. . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30 and 6: "The First Legion" (1951; Douglas Sirk), with Charles Boyer and William Demarest. . . . ¶ May 30 at 2: "Lawrence of Arabia."

THEATRE 2: May 21 at 3 and 6:30: "Ganga Maya" (1984; Ludovic Segarra), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 22 at 3: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer

FRESH CLAMS
LIVE MINNOWS
NIGHT CRAWLERS
Robert Hubbell

HOW GM IS TAKING THE LEAD IN QUALITY

NOT JUST WORLD CLASS—A NEW, SCIENTIFIC STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

People were calling the heartland of American industry "The Rust Belt." It was 1980. We said there would be an American industrial renaissance. And we meant it.

GM laid out a four-part strategy. And went to work.

Make Your Own Comparison

We invite you to visit any GM dealer to test drive any new GM car. Compare its driveability to your demanding standards. Then compare it to any of the cars built by our competitors.

For example: Take any expensive Japanese car, with air conditioning, automatic transmission, and so on, and compare it to a medium-priced GM car. You're the customer, you decide which car has the best driveability. See for yourself how GM's vision is paying off.

At the heart of the strategy is the automobile, and at the heart of the automobile is the drivetrain. We were determined to set a new standard of excellence with the automobile in operation.

And we decided to do it the hard way. Instead of using engineering specifications or a survey method that fit well with our strengths and minimized our weaknesses, we asked you, our customer, what you want and need in an automobile in operation, what we call driveability.

Then we took the desires of the most demanding drivers, the 90th percentile, and called that standard our minimum. We said that every GM car, not just those that cost $25,000 or more, would have to meet the 90th percentile standard.

World class, which had been sufficient during the early stages of our strategy, was not a tough enough standard anymore. The GM Uniform Test Standard is a dynamic measure of excellence in engineering and manufacturing on a scale determined by the customer. It is the most rigorous test in the industry.

Across our entire 1987 production, from the Allante to the lowest priced car we sell, 96% of all GM vehicles tested meet the driveability expectation of the most demanding customers—the 90th percentile.

Here are some of the tests: After sitting out all night in low temperatures, the cars are checked for ease of starting and ability to back out of the garage and accelerate when cold. Then we check for idling at stop lights and smooth acceleration to 15, 25, 35, 45 and 55 mph maneuvers.

Every car is checked for performance in hard braking to a stop and then accelerating into traffic. And at the same time, the transmissions are evaluated for shift smoothness, noise, and overall operation.

When that's all done, we do it all over again under hot operating conditions.

The result: so far in 1987, 96% of all GM cars tested meet or exceed the demanding driver's standard.

On other aspects of quality—the fit and finish of the parts other than the engine and transmission—GM is also making enormous strides toward setting new standards of excellence.

And our goal is to keep raising the standard until GM cars stand above their competition in every category and every price range.

We've made this leap in quality here in America. In Fort Wayne, Ind., and Linden, N.J. In Michigan and Georgia and California. We are doing it here. With the best people and the best technology in the world.

We had a vision. We believed an American industrial renaissance was possible. And it is!

We are demonstrating to our fellow Americans in industry that timidity is not the answer. Retrenchment is no solution. At GM, we say, "Go for it!" And we have.

The vision is paying off.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles), with Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ May 22 at 6:30: "Stranger Than Paradise" (1984; Jim Jarmusch) with John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30: "Money" (1984; Henry Hills), "The Braddock Food Bank" (1985; Tony Buba), "Clotheslines" (1981; Roberta Cantow), and "What Do Children Think of When They Think of the Bomb?" (1984; John Canemaker). . . . ¶ May 23 at 5:30: "Memories of Underdevelopment," (1968; Tomás Guttiérez Alea; in Spanish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30: "Edvard Munch" (1974; Peter Watkins; in Norwegian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 24 at 5:30: "The Farm They Won" (1950; Morris Engel) and "America and Lewis Hine" (1984; Nina Rosenblum). . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Underground U.S.A." (1980; Eric Mitchell), with Patti Astor, René Ricard, John Lurie, and Mitchell. . . . ¶ May 25 at 5:30: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci. . . . ¶ May 26 at 3: "Confessions of a Stardreamer" (1978; John Canemaker); "Rhythm in Light," "Abstronic," and "Mood Contrasts," all directed by Mary Ellen Bute; and "Rushlight" (1984; Holly Fisher). . . . ¶ May 26 at 6:30: "Bronco Billy" (1980; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, and Scatman Crothers. . . . ¶ May 28 at 3 and 6:30: "Notebook from China" (1986; Jorgen Leth), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 29 at 3: "Luminous Zone" (1973; Barry Gerson), "Railroad Turnbridge" (1976; Richard Serra), "Ornamentals" (1979; Abigail Child), and "Pools" (1981; Barbara Hammer and Barbara Klutinis). . . . ¶ May 29 at 6:30: "Lives of Performers" (1972; Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ May 30 at 2:30: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ May 30 at 5:30: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—May 22 at 7:30: "Odd Obsession" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ May 29 at 7:30: "Fires on the Plain" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Eiji Funakoshi.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Angel Heart—There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

Blind Date—In Blake Edwards' latest, Bruce Willis, of TV's "Moonlighting," plays a bachelor businessman eager to impress his boss, and Kim Basinger is the sexy blind date who turns his big business dinner into a shambles. Edwards' set pieces, from the frenetic dinner scene to that screwball-comedy staple the lavish wedding that doesn't come off, aren't snappy enough to make up for the lack of any romantic feeling in the two leads. Willis seems game but self-absorbed and Basinger is blurry: the way Edwards directs her, we never even get a good look at her face. The movie plods along with a jokey but dispirited air, like a sketch on a Bob Hope special. When things get slow, somebody falls into the pool. With John Larroquette, William Daniels, and George Coe.—T.R. (Eastside Cinema; through May 21. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; starting May 22.)

Gardens of Stone—The period of this Francis Coppola film is 1968 and 1969, and the title refers to Arlington National Cemetery; most of the characters serve in the Old Guard, the Army's official ceremonial unit, and take part in the burials of up to fifteen young men a day. The film is far from being a seamless work of art, but it probably comes closer to the confused attitudes that Americans had toward the Vietnam War than any other film has come, and so its own messiness seems honorable. James Caan gives a sturdy, hypermasculine performance as the sergeant who loves the Army but doesn't believe the war can be won. The movie is too wet when it deals with his fatherly efforts to wise up an eager, gullible young trainee (D. B. Sweeney), but when Caan and James Earl Jones, as the sergeant major who's his best friend, express their profane disgust with the war and the Army bureaucracy they're great together, overacting joyously. (Jones' strange gray eyes have a dancing wit.) Coppola stages some terrific scenes. When the sergeant is giving a dinner party to impress the woman he has just met, a Washington *Post* reporter (played by Anjelica Huston), and the sergeant major is there with his steady woman friend, an aide to Senator Ervin (played by Lonette McKee), the conversational crosscurrents are explosively funny. At other times, the film is pulpy, and its energies are dispersed. With the magical, humorous Dean Stockwell, and Mary Stuart Masterson, Dick Anthony Williams, Casey Siemaszko, and, in a scene that's an embarrassment, Bill Graham. The screenplay, by Ronald Bass, was adapted from Nicholas Proffitt's novel; cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (5/18/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Law of Desire—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 21.)

Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Triplex; through May 21.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Outrageous Fortune—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. But with Arthur Hiller directing much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (Coronet; through May 28.)

Padre Nuestro—Director Francisco Regueiro has cast Buñuel veterans Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal in this movie about a dying Spanish cardinal (Rey) who returns home to put his house in order. His goals are to reconcile with his illegitimate daughter, a prostitute who dispenses her favors under the name of La Cardenala, and to arrange the disposition of his vineyards, which produce "the Blood of Christ"—Communion wine. The movie is full of dry little jokes about red hats and red lights, and at one point the Cardinal gives his brother (Rabal), a doctor who's supposed to be a worldly atheist, some pointers, in Latin, on sexual technique. Regueiro's work is intelligent, but the film is finally disappointing; the strong wine of Buñuel's wit seems to have been adulterated with a smooth, tame kind of "wisdom." Though he doesn't do anything he hasn't done before, Rey gives a lovely, funny performance. With Victoria Abril as La Cardenala and Emma Penella as the Cardinal's mother, who's outraged that her son didn't make Pope. Screenplay by Angel Fernández Santos and the director. In Spanish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 21. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting May 22.)

Personal Services—An astonishingly cheerful high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). With Julie Walters at the center of things, the soft spots don't matter much. She seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly, the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (Cinema II.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . ¶ Plaza, and Metro Cinema; through May 21.)

Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Project X—For its first half, this juvenile adventure, about chimps subjected to Air Force experiments on the effects of radiation, is amiable, unpretentious fun. Director Jonathan Kaplan, a veteran of low-budget movies ("Over the Edge," "Heart Like a Wheel"), keeps the action focussed on the animals' behavior, and his brisk, uncoercive style leaves us free to enjoy it. When—inevitably—the plot machinery kicks in, the film becomes more predictable and manipulative. Screenplay by Stanley Weiser, from a story by Weiser and Lawrence Lasker. With Matthew Broderick, Helen Hunt, and a charmer named Willie as the lead chimp. —T.R. (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center; through May 21.)

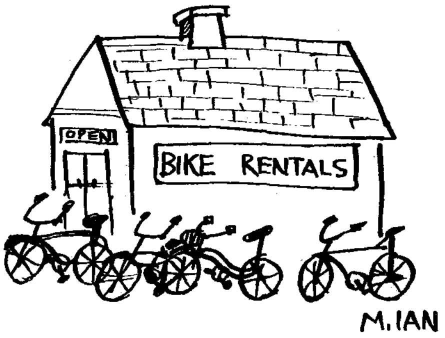
Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through May 21.)

Raising Arizona—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. Joel and Ethan Coen did the writing together, and Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman). With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Beekman, Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and Criterion Center.)

A Room with a View—With Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter, and Daniel Day Lewis; directed by James Ivory. (3/24/86) (57th St. Playhouse; through May 21.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. And she wants to do justice to the subtlety of her subject's political theories without getting didactic. She's caught, that is, between "Reds" and the hard place of middle-period Godard, and never works free. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival (the film world's equivalent of a party congress), is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Secret of My Success—The story of how the farm-bred Brantley (Michael J. Fox) comes to Manhattan, is given a lowly mailroom job by his distant uncle (Richard Jordan), and takes over his uncle's wife (Margaret Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. The picture is stupid and often perfunctory; at the same time it has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director, Herbert Ross, seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, and he gives the adventures of Fox's polite Yuppie hustler a spinning, light-headed quality. With standout "character" performances by Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, and Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma; the editing is by Paul Hirsch. The movie is painless, except for the music (by David Foster). (5/4/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Movieland.)



The Stepfather—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a nifty screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Tin Men—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (D. W. Griffith, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Waverly; through May 21. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting May 22.)

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BIRDS do it. Bees do it. United States marines in far-off lonely American Embassies do it. Jim Bakker, evidently, did it. So, the strong implication is, did Gary Hart. Why do we care? Recent news developments demonstrate, if we ever doubted it, that we do care, a lot—nocturnal pairings and a ride to Bimini on the good ship Monkey Business easily eclipse such grave questions as whether or not the President of the United States, in his zeal to see hostages released and the Sandinistas deposed, knowingly broke the law. A startled young woman gouged from her private life by a storm of publicity is a more interesting object than the Constitution, even in this year of the Constitution. The Hart affair (so to speak) is not merely, however, a testimony to the cheesecake in our hearts. Something new was injected into Presidential politics early in the Administration of Harry Truman: the President has his thumb on the red button. The man we elect can throw us into nuclear war and sudden death. Eisenhower's was a slow and experienced old thumb we trusted, but the Presidents since, search as the electorate will, have been nervous-making: Jack Kennedy was bright and handsome and jaunty but also young, with a macho thing about "Cuber" and Khrushchev; Lyndon Johnson groaned with good intentions but only seemed to know Texas-style arm wrestling; Nixon was a bundle of suspicions and tics; Ford kept tripping over things; Carter had that high, twangy voice and a scary way of popping his eyes during press conferences; Reagan . . . well, Reagan has been soothing, but has he been minding the store? And, if not, look who has! The issue was not whether Lee Hart could trust Gary but whether *we* could: he had an unsteady glitter to his eye, and maybe his hair was a little too long over his ears. We have to look these men over. With the limited accommodations the world has to offer these days, we all, more or less, get into bed with the President.

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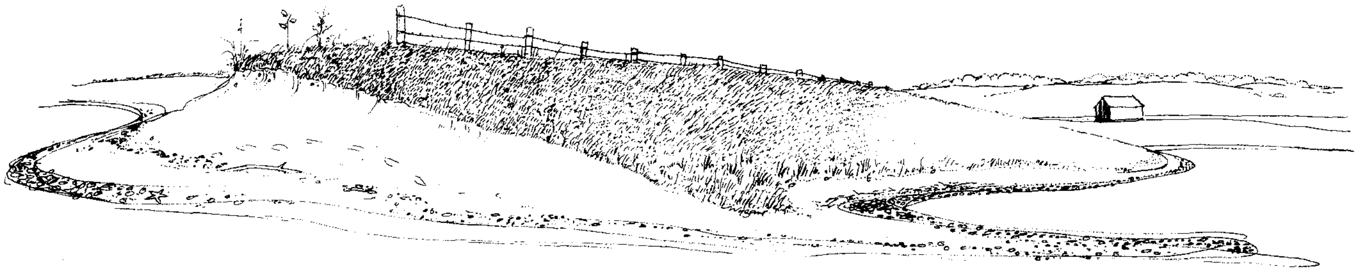
Not Strictly All Business

AS far as the Social Security Administration is concerned, Bill Schifrin is officially retired. Before he retired (it's been almost a year now), he sold wedding rings—for forty years, *only* wedding rings—from a booth in the National Jewelers Exchange, on West Forty-seventh Street. Mr. Schifrin is confident that he knows more about marriage than anyone else on the planet. Therefore, when he shows up at his former place of business—now owned and operated by his son-in-law, Herman Rotenberg—he has a tendency to speak in the present tense.

"The fellow at City Hall doesn't talk to the couples. *I* talk to them," Mr. Schifrin was saying the other day. "It takes a customer at least a half hour to pick out the wedding bands. So I talk. I'm interested. Why? Because maybe I'm just a busybody. What I know is I'm the only one that knows as much about couples as I do. I'm the only one who knows where girls should go to meet high-class fellows. You want to know? This time of year, you go to Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Ninetieth Street, any Saturday or Sunday morning from seven to ten o'clock. There's three hundred guys in running clothes to every girl. Is now a busy time of year in the wedding-ring business? Not particularly. Years ago, people got two weeks' vacation in the summer. So they got married in the summer. There was no such thing as a winter vacation. Maybe you don't know that, but I know that."

How to look dapper—Mr. Schifrin knows that, too. He has some gray hair, light-green eyes, a suntan, and a trim physique. He could pass for Jack Klugman's first cousin. The other day, he wore a blue blazer, gray slacks, black loafers, a white shirt, and a maroon necktie. He wore a gold pinkie ring with a round diamond on his right hand, a gold bracelet around his right wrist, and a plain gold wedding band on his left ring finger. Attached to his shirt collar was a gold monogram pin. "It's a new style," he explained. "Nobody wears a tie tack anymore."

Herman Rotenberg, who is tall, fortyish, graying, and usually easy-



going, was having some frustration with the telephone. "How do you sue the phone company?" he said.

"A fellow that sells a bracelet is not necessarily interested in people," Mr. Schifrin went on. "I genuinely am. I hear what people have to say. I hear if they're complaining about the in-laws even before the wedding. I play mental games with myself. Say a fellow comes here and says, 'I'll bring my fiancée in at four o'clock.' As four o'clock approaches, I try to picture her. Usually, I guess right. It's a cliché that love is blind, but only I *know* it is."

The older of Mr. Schifrin's two daughters, Ivy, was in the booth, as was his wife, Doris. "This is my daughter who's married to a diamond dealer," he said. "My other daughter, Gayle, Herman's wife, is at home taking care of her kids." Mr. Schifrin says about his wife, to whom he has been married for forty-five years, "She doesn't work. She helps out. She drops in to see the daughter and son-in-law." Mrs. Schifrin says about her husband, "He's never dull."

"From right where we're standing, I watched the sexual revolution happen," said Mr. Schifrin. "How did I know when it started? Well, I had read about these things. But here's how I found out for sure. A girl came in to see me and she wanted two wedding rings. Where's her fiancé? He's working, he can't take off. So I give her my ring sizer and tell her to bring it back the next day. She comes back the next day, and I say, 'Did you get his size?' And she says, 'No. When I left this morning, he was still sleeping.' That hit me. I knew the world was changing."

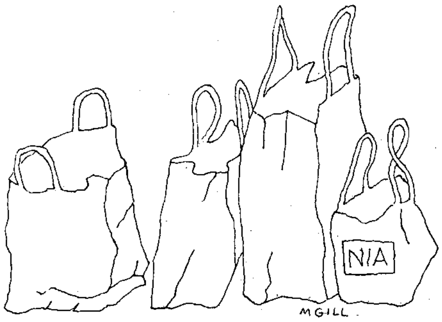
A casually dressed couple—late twenties, both with light-brown hair—approached the booth, accompanied by a blond little girl about four years old. "Nothing surprises me anymore," said Mr. Schifrin. "I'm confident this little girl isn't the one getting married. Otherwise, nothing surprises me. One girl came in pregnant and asked me to engrave a ring '3-2-81, Better Late Than Never.' Another girl came back after three months of marriage. Tears in her eyes. They broke up. She wanted to sell the ring back. I looked inside the ring. It said '6-21-79—Forever ever ever ever.' That's why I don't care much for engraving. By the way, I don't believe the statistics that say women past a certain age have no chance of getting married. People still get married. Only, they get married *later*. Sooner or later, they get married. *Everybody* gets married."

Seven or eight years ago, when Mr. Schifrin noticed that quite a few customers he was selling wedding rings to said their parents had bought wedding rings from him, he began to contemplate retirement, and eventually Mr. Rotenberg, who was then training to become a psychotherapist, decided to switch careers. Selling wedding rings, Herman Rotenberg believes, is "much more exciting" than psychotherapy. He gets along fine with his father-in-law. "Bill Schifrin is a gregarious man," Mr. Rotenberg said. "*I* would buy a wedding ring from him."

"Herman's a natural when it comes to relating to people," said Mr. Schifrin. "He's better than I am. The only difference is I joke around more. People come in, I ask them, 'Are you sure you know what you're doing?' Or I say, 'If you're already standing here, it's too late.' My son-in-law doesn't speak like that. If a couple seems nervous, I might say, 'You both made good choices.' Hey, I know what to say. I never considered this strictly all business. If people walked away without buying, I said, 'All right. But, remember, my wedding rings are lucky.' The girls' eyes always lit up when I said that. If someone complained about price, I would tell them, 'A wedding ring is the least expensive part of getting married.' I know all the answers. I told them, 'The wedding ring costs less than the cake. The flowers die the next day. The ring lasts forever.' "

The business cards that Mr. Rotenberg and Mr. Schifrin hand out say "1,873 Unusual Wedding Bands."

"We're always moving rings. Maybe we have more, maybe we have less," Mr. Rotenberg said. "I have no idea how many we actually have in stock." The inventory includes 14k.-gold rings, 18k. rings; "classic" rings, multilayered rings, flexible rings; diamond rings, sapphire rings, diamond-and-sapphire rings, diamond-and-ruby rings; rings of yellow gold, white gold, rose gold, and green gold; antiques, reproductions of antiques; multicolored, multishaped; sharp-edged, asymmetrical, four-sided, five-sided, ten-sided, twelve-sided; handwoven, handwrought; nuggety, Byzantine-looking, baroque-looking, custom-designed-by-the-customer, and animal-figurine rings. There are rings designed not to look like wedding rings, and rings for people who are missing ring fingers.



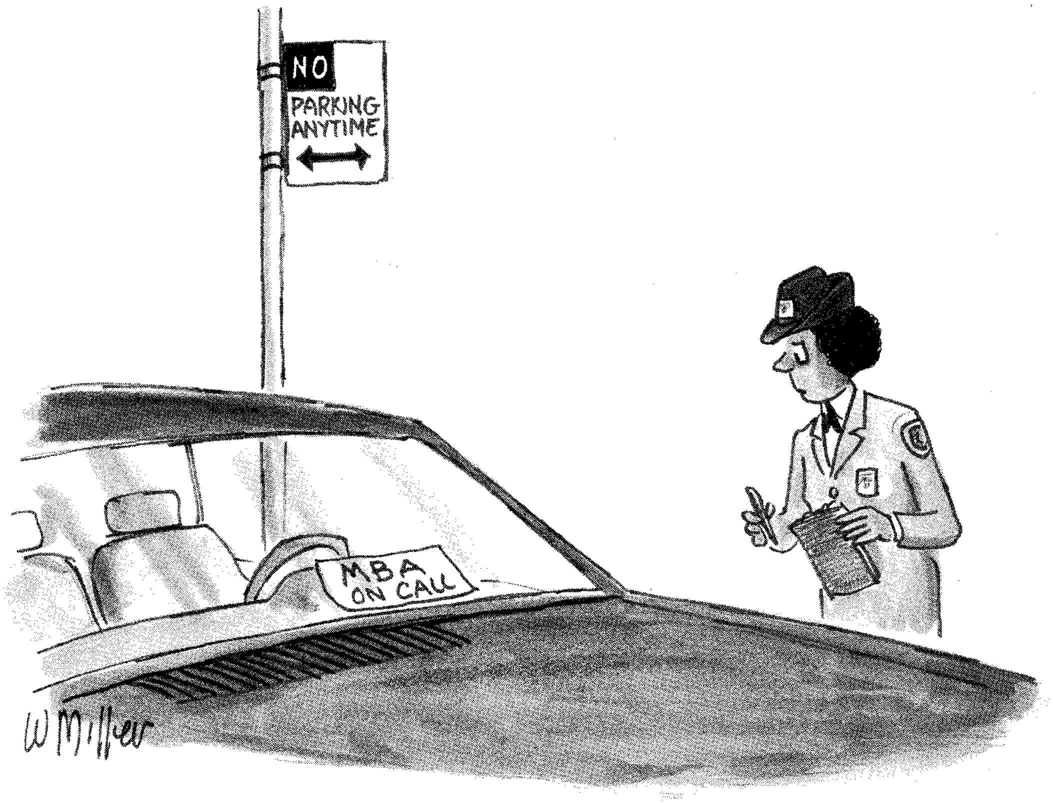
Anybody who needs to buy a ring on the run can be accommodated. "One guy came in with a tuxedo," said Mr. Rotenberg. "He needed one on the spot. Another time, a best man came in with a tuxedo and he needed *two* rings. He'd lost them both. A fellow came in once in a desperate mood. He'd come to town for a convention and had misplaced his ring. Not only did he want a replacement just like it—he wanted us to make it look twenty-five years old."

A sign on the back wall of the booth says "NO REFUNDS. EXCHANGE OR CREDIT WITHIN 7 DAYS." "That's an old sign," Mr. Schifrin explained. "It was there because I didn't want my wedding rings used for immoral purposes. Used to be a fellow'd come here Friday afternoon, buy a ring, and try to return it Monday morning. Why? Because the fellow was conning the girl. That doesn't happen anymore—because a girl doesn't need a wedding ring to go away for the weekend."

A couple of young professionals in business suits approached the booth. Mr. Schifrin whispered, "Take a look. Take a look. *Class?* A perfect match. They're gonna hit."

"Take your time," Mr. Rotenberg told the couple. "This is not something people do often."

The A. & O. Diamond Dairy restaurant does business on the mezzanine above the National Jewelers Exchange. Suddenly, Mr. Schifrin got in the mood for a vegetarian-chopped-liver sandwich on rye, so he invited us to join him at the A. & O. As he ate, his mood became reflective. "When I finished high school, my father arranged for me to go to work for a diamond setter," he said. "And I did it, because in those days you did what your father told you." After spending almost four years in the Army during the Second World War, he returned to diamond setting. "The only piece of jewelry I was really interested in was wedding rings. I made them. I designed them. Soon I devoted all my time to them. Somebody buys earrings, somebody buys a bracelet—so what? But a wedding ring is interesting. I succeeded because I talked to people. A clerk in a department store can't sell a wedding ring. It's an emotional purchase. The one who understands it has to be the one who sells it. In my career, I hit. You know why I had such a good time here? I saw girls at their best. All day long, I saw happy people."



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Mr. Schifrin spotted a couple at an adjacent table—he had a dark beard and tinted wire-rimmed glasses, and wore a three-piece gray suit; she wore a yellow sweater and black slacks. The man leaned across the table to kiss the woman.

"Watch this," said Mr. Schifrin. He reached inside his jacket pocket, removed a business card, passed it to the couple, and said, "Here, when you get ready to make it official, come see me."

The young man looked at the card, waved his left hand in the air, and said, "We're already married. And we got the rings from you."

Mr. Schifrin didn't miss a beat. "O.K., then, if you know any other fellows as foolish as you, send them to me."

Peace

WHAT'S the converse of "Yuppie"? We don't have a one-word answer, but the question occurred to us at a recent Family Night celebration held by the Peace Corps at Chase Manhattan Plaza for relatives of volunteers living and working in developing countries around the world. We joined more than two hundred parents and five children of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut members, and thirty-five R.P.C.V.s (Returned Peace Corps Volunteers), in an auditorium decorated with red-and-white "Go in Peace, Join the Peace Corps" signs and with silvery balloons designating regions—Central America, South America, the Pacific, East Africa, Asia, Southern Africa, and West Africa. As the evening progressed, we found a place in West Africa, the most crowded section, behind the parents of a young man currently promoting fish breeding in Liberia ("Our son lives in a mud hut. I haven't seen a map to know exactly where"), who were introducing themselves to the parents of a young woman teaching English in Mauritania ("The mail is quite good when she's in the capital city, but when she's in the village it's forever"). The man in the seat to our left wore a lapel badge identifying him as George Sokolsky ("I'm into computers") and the father of Anne ("She's teaching English at a high school in Ouarzazate, in eastern Morocco"). We introduced Mr. Sokolsky to the woman in the seat to our right: Iris Shapiro, mother of Mary, who is also teaching English—and translating water-development documents as well—at Al-Jadida, in *western* Morocco. "What I can't get over," Mrs. Shapiro said, "is that so many people think the Peace Corps has been disbanded. When I was on jury duty last month, I told one of the lawyers questioning me that my daughter was a volunteer, and he didn't believe me. 'This is the eighties, not the sixties,' he said. 'There *is* no more Peace Corps.' I told him to try telling my daughter that."

In fact, as we learned at the reception, the Corps, which is in its twenty-sixth year, now has six thousand members, trained in two hundred and eighty languages and dialects, and functions on an annual budget of a hundred and thirty million dollars (somewhat less than the federal appropriation for military marching bands). Volunteers earn salaries of a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, payable on completion of their two years' service, and during their time abroad they receive monthly living allowances ranging from eighty to four hundred dollars.

Presently, Loret Miller Ruppe, who became the agency's director in 1981, stood up to speak, and quickly claimed for herself "the best job in Washington," explaining, "I get paid to work for world peace, I get to travel, and everyone I meet thanks me for the contributions of your volunteers." Mrs. Ruppe is a Peace Corps mother herself (her daughter Loret is an engineer in Nepal), and she told her fellow-parents that returned volunteers are moving up in American business and political life. One United States senator (Christopher Dodd, of Connecticut), six members of the House, and some two hundred and fifty members of congressional staffs are R.P.C.V.s. So are twenty officers on the executive staff of Chase Manhattan, and that, Mrs. Ruppe said, "is how we happen to be in this auditorium."

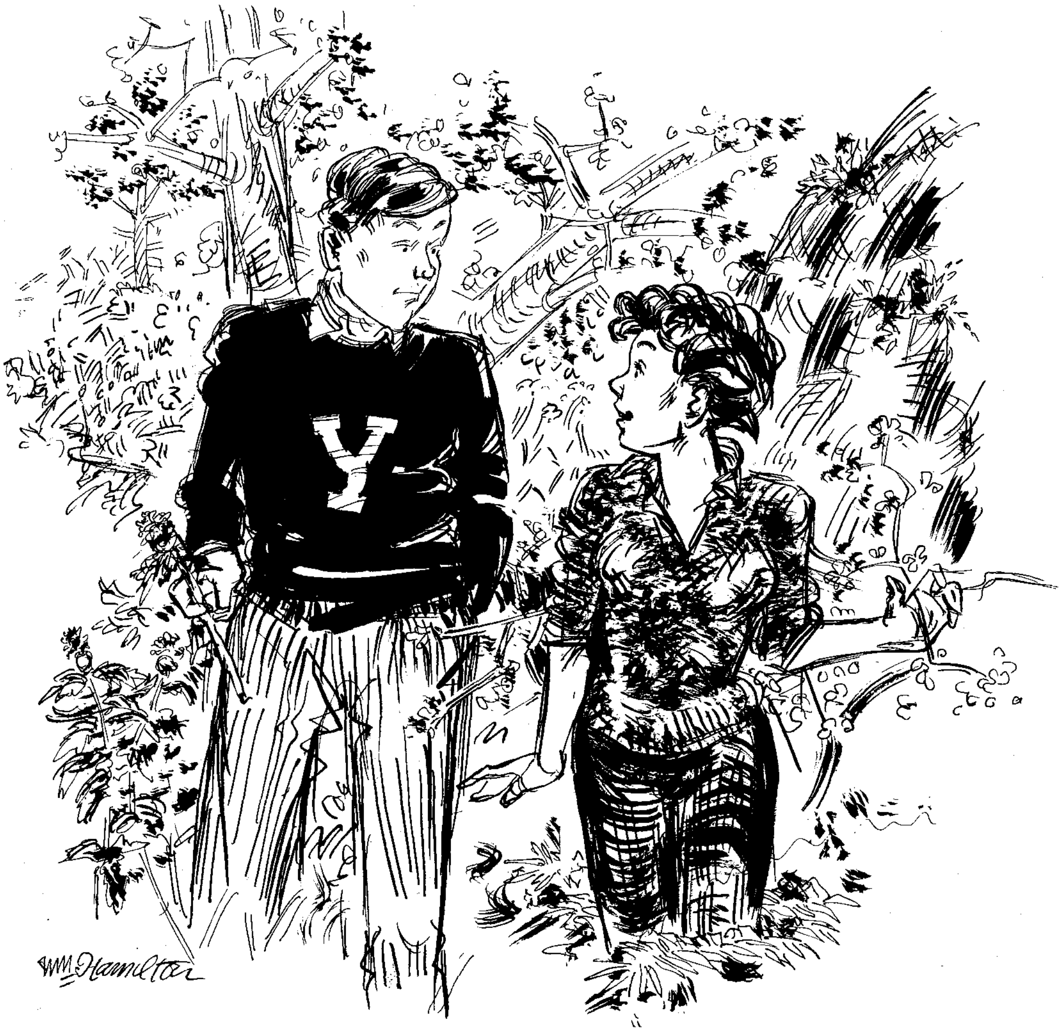
Parents in the audience had a number of questions for the director, primarily about the safety of volunteers. "There are evacuation plans for every country, but, really, what protects our members most is that they live with the people and know their language," Mrs. Ruppe said. "In the entire history of the Corps, volunteers have been the victims of only two political acts. In the seventies, one of our people in El Salvador was kidnapped for twenty-four hours—after they returned her, they named a market after her—and in Colombia a volunteer was held a long time, but he, too, was eventually released." She also answered inquiries about mail (Peace Corps members use the regular postal services, not diplomatic channels, and, as a result, Mrs. Ruppe conceded, "half the packages sent to our volunteers don't get there") and about visiting (the Corps encourages it, and, indeed, a show of hands revealed that about twenty per cent of those in the audience had already visited volunteers abroad).

One after another, three R.P.C.V.s took the microphone to tell their "peace stories." Jasperdean Kobes, an assistant treasurer at Chase Manhattan, joined the Corps in 1962. After her stint in Ethiopia, teaching math at a teacher-training school, she took a doctorate in comparative education and international affairs at Columbia. "But my Peace Corps service is still the most meaningful learning experience of my life," she said. "I know I got more out of it than I gave."

Ms. Kobes yielded to Keith M. Brown, a young man recently returned from Cameroon, who is now a coordinator at the Museum of Natural History: "I did extension work miles away from my site, in unfamiliar territory, and always felt welcome. I knew if my motorcycle broke down I could knock on any door and I would be looked after. Now I live on Ninety-fourth Street, ride the subways, and fear for my life."

The third returned volunteer, Ardath Cifuni, represented a growing contingent of older volunteers; the Corps estimates that twelve per cent of its members are now fifty or over. In 1982, after teaching in New York City for more than thirty years, Mrs. Cifuni volunteered to train teachers in Sierra Leone. "I had asked to be sent to a small village, and I lived in a mud-brick hut. I enjoyed every minute there," she said. Like many of her younger colleagues, Mrs. Cifuni found that the most difficult aspect of her Peace Corps experience was explaining to her family her decision to volunteer. "I have three sons, and while the two younger ones were supportive, the oldest told me I was insane. I guess he thought I was going to be eaten by elephants, or something. Then, when I came home after two years and told him I was going back for a third, he started yelling at me right there at Kennedy Airport. Eventually, he came around."

Mrs. Cifuni's Peace Corps career didn't end in Sierra Leone. She is now a staff recruiter in the New York office, and she had brought along a sheaf of Peace Corps brochures to Family Night. "Some of you parents just might want to think about following in your kids' footsteps," she said.



"That is incredible. Do you know that I, too, want as much as I can get as fast as I can get it?"

Folding

"ONCE you know how to fold, you always know how to fold," Robin Pinkowitz, the manager of the Benetton at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street, told us one afternoon last week. But the folding they do at Benetton is more than just folding. When Afra and Tobia Scarpa designed the Benetton stores, in 1967, they said they wanted the sweater shelves to look as if they were holding woolly accordions, and at Fifth and Fifty-third the sweaters are creased so neatly they're like origami. Once stacked, they're as much a part of the architecture as the lighting fixtures. Of course, folding like this doesn't come about naturally, Ms. Pinkowitz said. Benetton folders are made, not born. They're trained on the job (for the moment, but there's talk of establishing a university of folding at the Benetton headquarters, in Italy), and then they maintain a standard so rigorous and inspiring that it could permanently elevate the expectations that mothers have for their children in re closets and drawers.

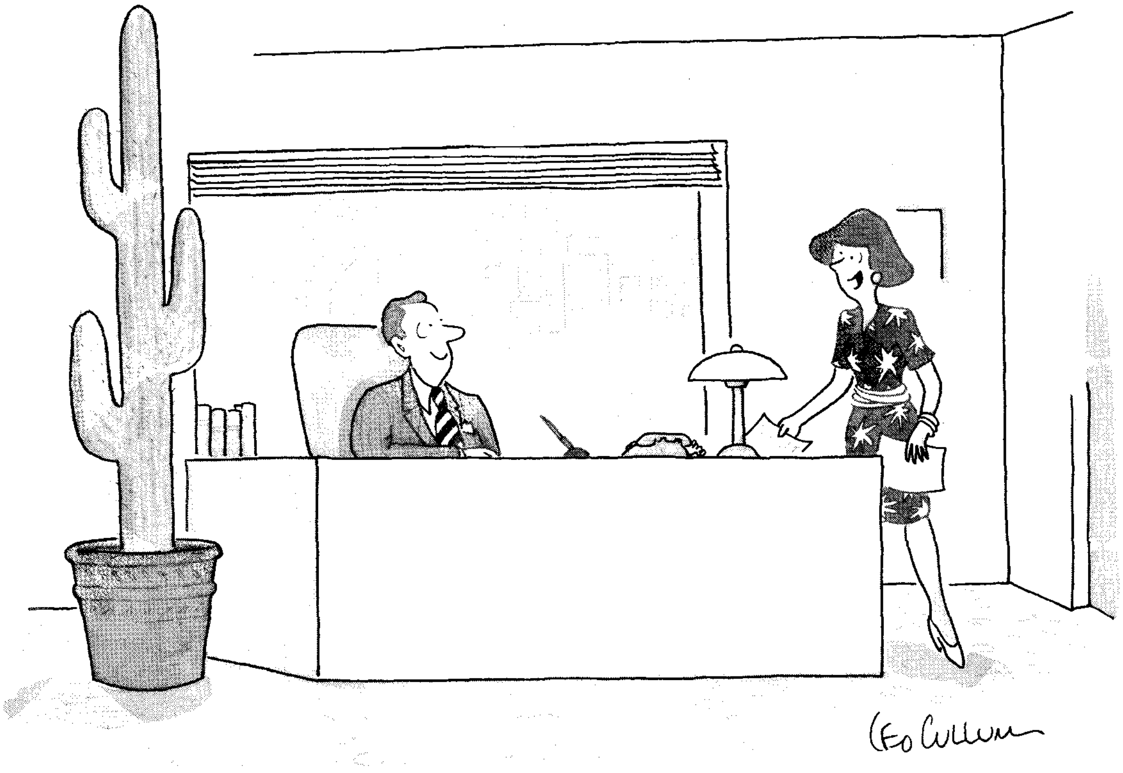
"When I started with the company, I didn't know how to fold," Ms. Pinkowitz went on. She herself was wearing a long black cotton V-neck sweater. "They put me on the floor with a pile of T-shirts and told me to fold them. I folded them. I folded that pile twenty times. That's how I learned. Now I think our display looks really nice. That's one of the reasons for design folding. Well, there's not a real name for what we do, but that's what we call it. Or creative folding." She pulled a purple-and-green Argyle cardigan off a stack, slapped it onto the standard-issue Benetton folding table, and, without a hitch, smoothed it, eyed it for size, folded the sleeves in, halved it, flipped it over for final molding, and laid it gently back on the shelf. "I can airfold, too," she said, "but my tablefolding is better. Everyone has a forte. Mine is slacks. Richard, who used to be the manager of the store at Fifth and Forty-eighth, can fold things starting with the bottom at the top. I can't. Look at this pile, though." She pointed to some orange-and-beige plaid seersucker slacks stacked on a shelf. "That's a good pile. Not a perfect pile, but still a beautiful pile." She poked a bulge to flatten it, and straightened the pair of slacks on top. "Folding is really like art work," she said. "Part of it is what the company tells us, but a lot of it is the folder's personality. If somebody is a blah person, you could probably see it in her folding."

When Ms. Pinkowitz hires a new employee, she tells that person five things. First of all, working at Benetton means living, breathing, eating, and sleeping folding. Second, fold your Argyles on the diamond. Third, fold your cardigans with a button showing on the shelf edge. Fourth, when you make your first fold the sleeve should nest approximately a quarter of an inch from the edge of the sweater. And, fifth, you can't yell at the customers if they mess up one of your piles, even a really good pile. Because Benetton is a store, she explains, there are customers around a lot of the time, and there are those among them who will thoughtlessly finger, and even unfold, sweaters. Then they fold them up, ineptly, and put them back. Some employees take this harder than others.

"You don't know how awful that is—you just don't know!" said Carolyn Rothkin, who was stacking some pink sweatshirts. "It's so upsetting. You feel like crying. It's heartbreaking. But you know you have to get used to it. I just had to learn. Some folders are better than others, by the way. There are people—I don't know if I should mention their names—that I really look up to. I just look at their stuff and I go 'Ohhh.' "

Michael Fox, who prepped at the Gap but has done graduate work in folding since he switched to Benetton, a year ago, can airfold as well as tablefold. He is the recognized sweater expert at Fifth and Fifty-third, and we found him looking over his section. He's a slim young man with a sculpted flattop, and he was wearing a navy cotton cardigan. "If you fold too, *too* well, you can scare the customers," he said. "But there really is a mastery to it. And now that I've mastered it I'm very pleased with myself. I find myself folding at home. I fold my own clothes. I fold my mom's clothes. I fold my dad's clothes. My parents are kind of worried about me, because I'm folding everything in sight." He said he wasn't sure, though, whether his interest in folding would stick with him beyond next fall, when he would be leaving for pre-dentistry at Columbia. "Look what happened to Lisa Lisa, of Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam," he added. "She used to work at Benetton and was known in her day as one of the best folders we had. Now that she's a big recording star, her folding talent has taken a back seat."

When the store closes each day, every one of the several thousand items in it—including socks, shirts, and sweatsuits—has to be folded perfectly and shelved for the night. "You look up close and it means nothing," Ms. Pinkowitz said. "But you stand back and it's like a great flow." She lowered her voice. "Of course, sometimes at home I get rebellious and just throw everything into my closet."



"The Southwestern look. I love it!"

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A SCRAP OF TIME

I WANT to talk about a certain time not measured in months and years. For so long I have wanted to talk about this time, and not about just this one scrap of time. I wanted to, but I couldn't; I didn't know how. I was afraid, too, that this second time, which is measured in months and years, had buried the other time under a layer of years, that this second time had crushed the first and destroyed it within me. But no. Today, digging around in the ruins of memory, I found it fresh and untouched by forgetfulness. This time was measured not in months but in a word; we no longer said "in the beautiful month of May" but "after the first 'action,' " or "after the second 'action,' " or "right before the third." We had different measures of time, we different ones—always different, always with that mark of difference that moved some of us to pride and others to humility. We, who because of our difference were condemned once again, as we had been before in our history, we were condemned once again during this time measured not in months or by the rising and setting of the sun but by a word, "action"—a word signifying movement, a word you would use about a novel or a play.

I don't know who used the word first, those who acted or those who were the victims of their action. I don't know who created this technical term, who substituted it for the first term, "roundup"—a word that became devalued (or dignified?) as time passed, as new methods were developed and "roundup" was distinguished from "action" by the borderline of race. Roundups were for forced labor.

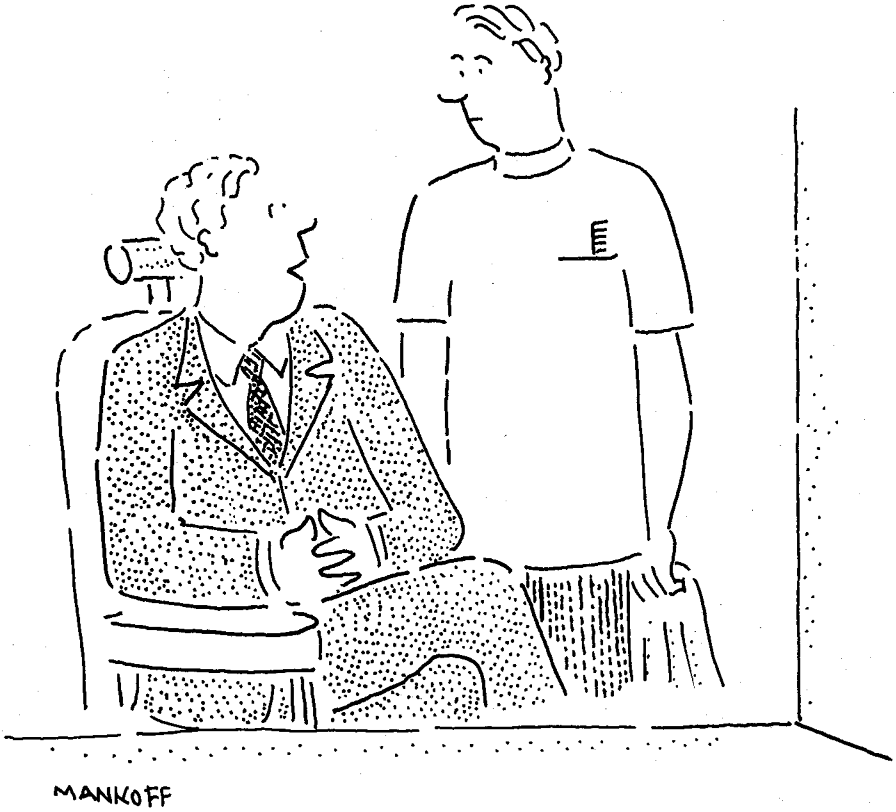
We called the first action—that scrap of time that I want to talk about—a roundup, although no one was rounding anyone up; on that beautiful, clear morning, each of us made our way, not willingly, to be sure, but under orders, to the marketplace in our little town, a rectangle enclosed by high, crooked buildings—a pharmacy, clothing stores, an ironmonger's shop—and framed by a sidewalk made of big square slabs that time had fractured and broken. I have never again seen such huge slabs. In the middle of the marketplace stood the town hall, and it was right there, in front of the town hall, that we were ordered to form ranks.

I should not have written "we," for I was not standing in the ranks, although, obeying the order that had been posted the previous evening, I had left my house after eating a perfectly normal breakfast, at a table that was set in a normal way, in a room whose doors opened onto a garden veiled in morning mists, golden in the rising sun.

Our transformation was not yet complete; we were still living out of habit in that old time which was measured in months and years, and on that lovely, peaceful morning, filled with golden mists, we took the words "conscription of labor" literally, and because mature people tend to read between the lines, our imaginations replaced the word "labor" with "labor camp;" one was being built nearby, people said. Apparently those who gave the order were perfectly aware of the poverty of our imaginations; that is why they saved themselves work by issuing a written order. This is how accurately they predicted our responses: after finishing a normal breakfast, at a normally set table, the older members of the family decided to disobey the order because they were afraid of the heavy physical labor, but they did not advise the young to do likewise—the young, who, if their disobedience was discovered, would not be able to plead old age. We were like infants.

This beautiful, clear morning that I am digging out of the ruins of my memory is still fresh, its colors and aromas have not faded: a grainy golden mist with red spheres of apples hanging in it, and the shadows above the river damp with the sharp odor of burdock, and the bright-blue dress that I was wearing when I left the house and when I turned around at the gate. It was then, probably at that very moment, that I suddenly progressed, instinctively, from an infantile state to a still naïve caution—instinctively, because I wasn't thinking about why I avoided the gate that led to the street and instead set off on a roundabout route, across the orchard, along the riverbank, down a road we called "the back way" because it wound through the outskirts of town. Instinctively, because at that moment I still did not know that I wouldn't be standing in the marketplace in front of the town hall. Perhaps I wanted to delay that moment, or perhaps I simply liked the river.

Along the way, I stopped and carefully picked out flat stones and skipped them across the water. I sat down for a



"*No haircut today, Peter. Just tousle me.*"

while on the little bridge, beyond which one could see the town, and dangled my legs, looking at my reflection in the water and at the willows that grew on the bank. I was not yet afraid then, nor was my sister. (I forgot to say that my younger sister was with me, and she, too, skipped stones across the water and dangled her legs over the river, which is called the Gniezna—a pitiful little stream, some eight metres wide.) My sister, too, was not yet afraid; it was only when we went farther along the street, beyond the bridge, and the view of the marketplace leapt out at us from behind the building on the corner, that we suddenly stopped in our tracks.

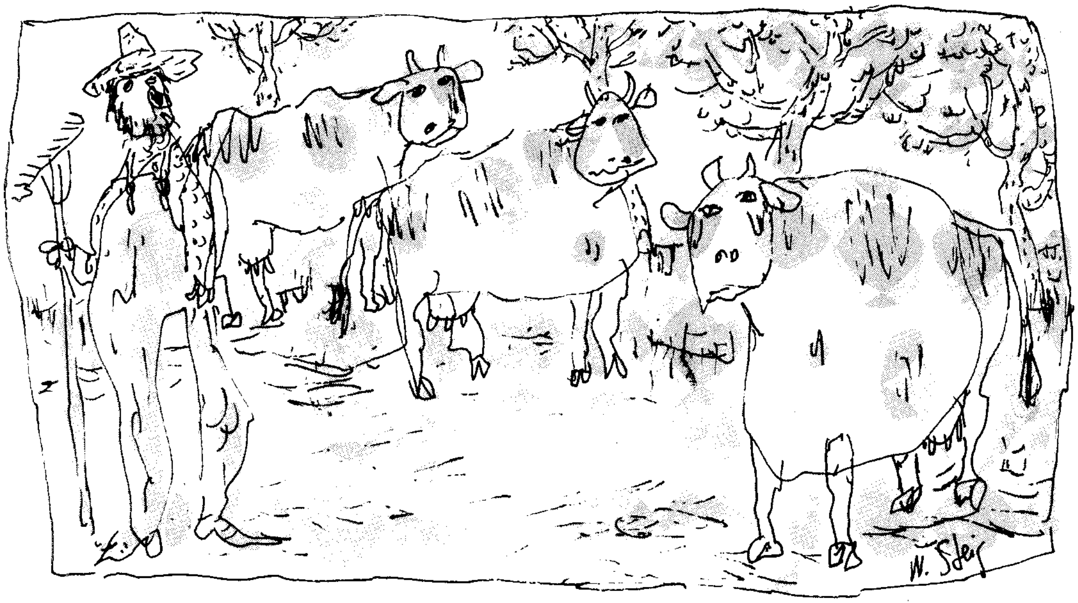
There was the square, thick with people as on a market day, only different, because a market-day crowd is colorful and loud, with chickens clucking, geese honking, and people talking and bargaining. This crowd was silent. In a way it resembled a rally—but it was different from that, too. I don't know what it was exactly. I only know that we suddenly stopped and my sister began to tremble, and then I caught the trembling, and she said, "Let's run away," and although no one was chasing us and the morning was still clear and peaceful, we ran back to the little bridge. But we no longer noticed the willows or the reflections of our running figures in the water. We ran for a long time, until we were high up the steep slope known as Castle Hill—the ruins of an old castle stood on top of it—and on this hillside, the jewel of our town, we sat down in the bushes, out of breath and still shaking.

From this spot we could see our house and our garden—it was just as it always was, nothing had changed—and we could see our neighbor's house, from which our neighbor had emerged, ready to beat her carpets. We could hear the slap, slap of her carpet beater.

We sat there for an hour, maybe two—I don't know, because it was then that time measured in the ordinary way stopped. Then we climbed down the steep slope to the river and returned to our house, where we heard what had happened in the marketplace, and that our cousin Dawid had been taken, and how they took him and the others, and what message he had left for his mother. After they were taken away, he wrote down what he had asked people to tell her; he threw a note out of the truck and a peasant brought it to her that evening—but that happened later. First we learned that the women had been told to go home, that only the men were ordered to remain standing there, and that the path chosen by our cousin had been the opposite of ours. We had been horrified by the sight of the crowd in the marketplace, while he was drawn toward it by an enormous force, a force as strong as his nerves were weak, so that somehow or other he did violence to his own fate, he himself, himself, himself, and that was what he asked people to tell his mother, and then he wrote it down: "I myself am to blame, forgive me."

We would never have guessed that he belonged to the race of the Impatient Ones, doomed to destruction by their anxiety and their inability to remain still—never, because he was round-faced and chubby, not at all energetic, the sort of person who can't be pulled away from his book, who smiles timidly, girlishly. Only the end of the war brought us the truth about his last hours. The peasant who delivered the note did not dare to tell us what he had seen, and although other people muttered something about what they had seen, no one dared to believe it, especially since the Germans offered proofs of another truth that each of us grasped at greedily; they measured out doses of it sparingly, with restraint—a perfect coverup. They went to such trouble, created so many phantoms, that only time, time measured not in months and years, opened our eyes and convinced us.

Our cousin Dawid had left the house later than we did, and when he reached the marketplace it was already known—not by everyone, to be sure, but by the so-called Council, which in time became the *Judenrat*—that the words "conscription of labor" had nothing to do with a labor camp. One friend, a farsighted older man, ordered the boy to hide just in case, and since it was too late to return home, because the streets were blocked off, he led him to his own apartment in one of the houses facing the marketplace. Like us, not comprehending that the boy belonged to the race of the Impatient Ones, who find it difficult to cope with isolation and who act on impulse, he left Dawid in a room that locked from inside. What our cousin experienced, locked up in that room, will remain forever a mystery. Much can be explained by the fact that the room had a view of the marketplace, of that silent crowd, of the faces of friends and relatives, and it may be that finally the



In the Dingle

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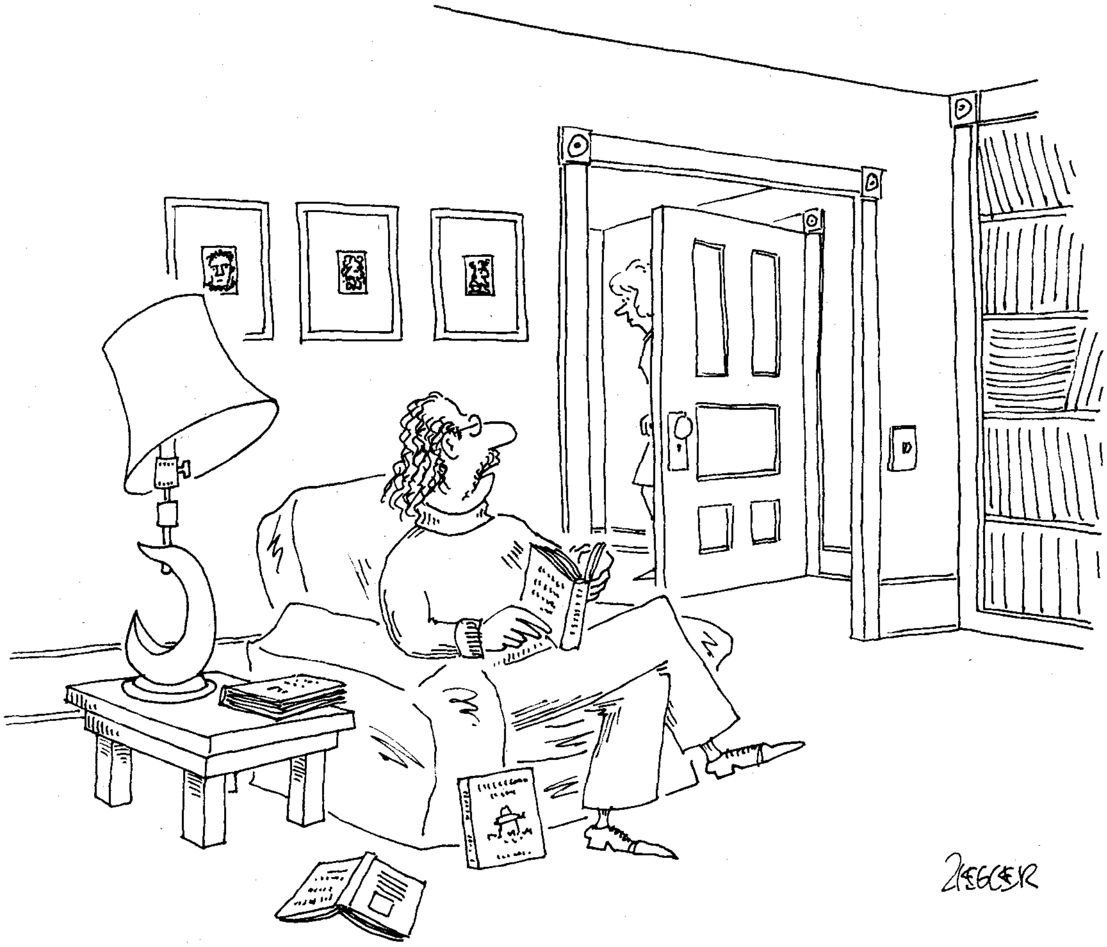


"I'm in here, rereading the great poets, myself among them."

isolation of his hiding place seemed to him more unbearable than the great and threatening unknown outside the window—an unknown shared by all who were gathered in the marketplace. It was probably a thought that came in a flash: not to be alone, to be together with everyone. All that was needed was one movement of his hand.

I think it incorrect to assume that he left the hiding place because he was afraid that they would search the houses. That impatience of the heart, that trembling of the nerves, the burden of isolation, condemned him to extermination together with the other first victims of our town.

HE stood between a lawyer's apprentice and a student of architecture, and to the question "Profession?" he replied, "Teacher," although he had been a teacher for only a short time and quite by chance. His neighbor on the right also told the truth, but the architecture student lied, declaring himself a carpenter, and this lie saved his life—or, to be more precise, postponed the sentence of death for two years.

Seventy people were loaded into trucks; at the last moment the rabbi was dragged out of his house—he was the seventy-first. On the way to the trucks they marched past the ranks of all those who had not yet told the interrogators what work they did. It was then that our cousin said out loud, "Tell my mother that it's my own fault and that I beg her forgiveness." Presumably, he had already stopped believing what all of us still believed later: that they were going to a camp. He had that horrifying clarity of vision that comes just before death.

The peasant who that evening brought us the note that said "I myself am to blame, forgive me" was sombre and didn't look us in the eye. He said he had found the note on the road to Lubianki and that he didn't know anything else about it; we knew that he knew, but we did not want to admit it. He left, but he came back after the war to tell us what he had seen.

A postcard from the rabbi arrived two days later, convincing everyone that those who had been taken away were in a labor camp. A month later, when the lack of any further news began to make us doubt the camp, another postcard arrived, this one written by someone else who had been deported—an accountant, I think. After the postcard scheme came the payment of contributions: the authorities let it be understood that kilos of coffee or tea—or gold—would provide a family with news of their dear ones. As a gesture of compassion they also allowed people to send food parcels to the prisoners, who, it was said, were working in a camp in the Reich. Once again, after the second action, a postcard turned up. It was written in pencil and almost indecipherable. After this postcard, we said, "They're done for." But rumors told a different story altogether—of soggy earth in the woods by the village of Lubianki, and of a bloodstained handkerchief that had been found. These rumors came from nowhere; no eyewitnesses stepped forward.

The peasant who had not dared to speak at the time came back after the war and told us everything. It happened just as rumor had it, in a dense, overgrown forest, eight kilometres outside of town, one hour after the trucks left the marketplace. The execution itself did not take long; more time was spent on the preparatory digging of the grave.

At the first shots, our chubby, round-faced cousin Dawid, who was always clumsy at gymnastics and sports, climbed a tree and wrapped his arms around the trunk like a child hugging his mother, and that was the way he died.

—IDA FINK

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Madeline Levine and Francine Prose.*)

SEIZING CONTROL

WE weren't supposed to stay up all night, but Mother was in the hospital having Jules, and Father was at the hospital waiting. We spent a long time out in this blizzard. We had the floodlights on out behind the house, and our back-yard shadows were mammoth. We kicked a maze—each of us making a path that led to a fort like an igloo we piled up at the center of the maze. We built the fort last, but then nobody wanted to get inside. Hazel patted the fort and said, "Victory!"—from a movie she knew, or something. We didn't quit and come in until Sarah, the youngest, was whimpering.

Our cuffs and gloves were stiff and had ice balls crusted on them. Our socks were soaked. All of us had snow in our boots—even Terrence, who had boots with buckles. Zippers were stuck with cold. Our ears burned for a long while after, and our hair was dripping wet from melted snow. We put everything we could into the clothes dryer and turned it to roll for an hour.

Our neighbors on both sides had been asked to guard us and watch the house (there were five of us kids, not counting Jules), so when it got late and even the TV had signed off we put out the lights and had a fire in the fireplace instead. We didn't subscribe to cable, and Providence, where we lived, has no all-night channel on weekends (this was a Friday). Sometimes we could get Channel 5 from Boston, but not that night, not with the blizzard.

Hazel, who was the oldest of us, was happy about the fire but baffled about the television. Hazel was retarded. She'd get the show listings from the Providence *Journal* and underline what she wanted to see. To do this, she must have had some kind of coding system she'd memorized, because of course she couldn't read. This was the first time Hazel had ever been awake when the TV wasn't working.

She watched the fireplace, and once when she saw an upshoot of flame she said, "The blue star!," which was what she called a beautiful blue ring that our mother wore. Hazel watched the fire some more and kept quiet enough. She had her texture board with her on her lap. "Smooth . . . grainy . . . soft," she recited, but just to herself, as she felt the different squares.

Terrence got on the telephone and called up a friend of his—Vic, who'd claimed he always stayed up all night. Terrence couldn't get anyone but Vic's very alarmed parents. He didn't give them his name. Terrence was drinking a bottle of wine cooler—Father's—which wasn't allowed, but the rest of us had shared a can of beer earlier and now we were having coffee that we'd made in the drip machine, neither of which we were allowed to do, either. We figured we were all about even and no one would tell.

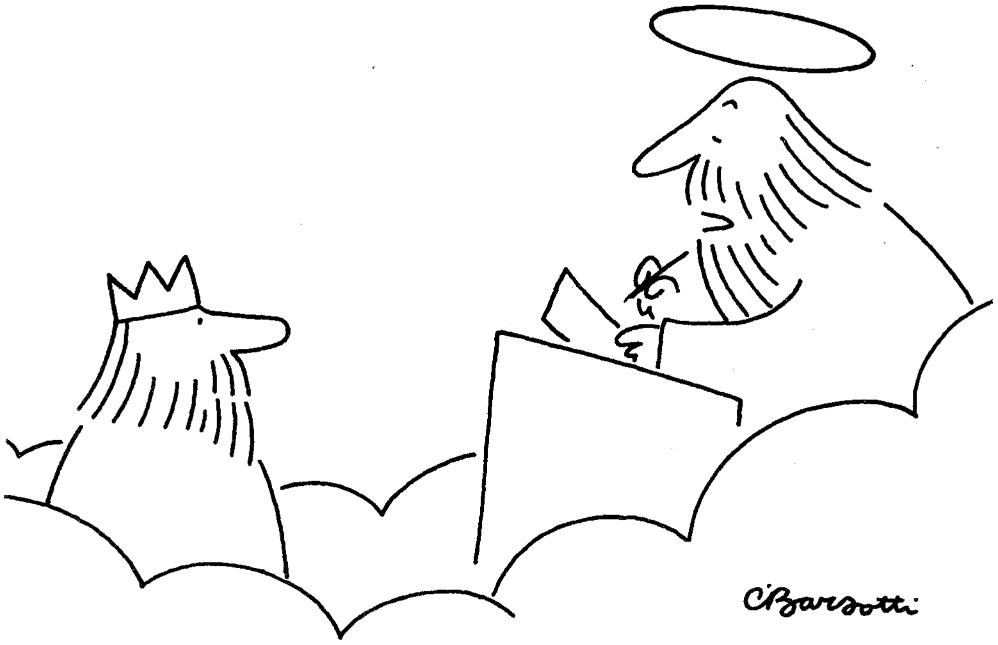
Hazel started to get annoying with her texture board. She had torn off the square of wide-wale corduroy, and she kept wanting the rest of us to feel the beads of rubber cement left on the backing. "Touch this," she said over and over to Willy, our other brother.

We took her to bed, to our parents' king-size bed—which we thought would be all right this once. And Sarah, the baby, was there in bed already. At first, Sarah pretended to be asleep while Hazel was undressing. She could undress herself if she stood before a mirror, and she knew to arch her back and work her hands behind to get her bra unhooked. She never wore clothing that looked retarded. In fact, whenever Father said to her, "How come you always look so pretty?" Hazel really would look pretty. She swung her arms when she walked, the same as the rest of us.

Sarah pretended to wake up suddenly. She wanted her cherry Chap Stick—her lips were so dry, she complained. Terrence must have heard Sarah—we were downstairs—because she was being insistent. He called, "You left it out in the yard! You had it outside with you. You left it." Sarah believed Terrence, because his voice had authority. He was attuned to voices and he knew how to use his, though he was only seventeen. He'd say to Hazel, "Don't sound like you're six years old. You're not six." Or if someone said just what was expected and predictable Terrence would ask, "Why should I listen when you're only making noise?"

Sarah wanted us to retrieve her Chap Stick. But the blizzard was still on, and nobody was going back out there, however sorry for her we felt. Most of the time when Sarah was outside she'd kept her wool muffler over her mouth to protect it. Willy had to wrap it around her, under the hood of her parka, so it was just right. She had baby skin and the cold got to her.

Later in the night, Hazel punched Sarah in the face when they were supposed to be sleeping. Probably they were asleep, and Hazel was probably having a dream. Terrence was interested in dreams and wrote about his in



"Edward the Good? Well, Eddie, we'll be the judge of that."

a dream journal he kept. Sometimes he'd ask us questions about ours, or he'd talk to Mother and Father about the meaning of dreams. But he didn't ask Hazel if she was dreaming when she swung and socked Sarah. Sarah looked bad—especially her bleeding nose. She stopped crying after a while, but she was scared.

We all talked at once: "I can't find a coat." "Wear mine." "Uh-uh, I *hate* that coat." "This is wet, go look in the dryer." "Get a blanket—get two!" "No one will see you except maybe the doctor." "It makes virtually no *difference* what you're wearing or how you look." "Another towel for her nose!" "Let's just get her out of here."

Terrence warmed up the old Granada, out on the street, where Father had left it parked because the driveway was snowed over. We left Hazel alone in our parents' bed, and we carried Sarah. We put her into the back, and then Willy and I got on opposite sides of her. He was holding her hand. Sarah was covered up with a blanket and also Father's old topcoat.

The snow blew around in the headlights. No one else was out, and we urged Terrence to run the red lights. He said he couldn't afford to—his license was only a learner's permit. He also had a fake license from one of his friends, but the fake said Terrence was twenty-six, which wasn't believable. We begged him to put on some speed. We said that with a hurt person aboard, the police might even give us an escort through the storm. Terrence said, "Well, I checked her out and she's not that hurt, unfortunately."

A man walking his brown poodle loomed up beside us for a moment and then was gone. The poodle was jumping around in the deep snow, loving it.

"Dog," Sarah said through her towel bandage. She was wide awake.

AFTER the emergency room, we left Sarah on the car seat. She was out cold from the shot, even though the doctor said it was just to relax her. Her nose was nowhere near broken. We'd driven awhile and then we hustled into an all-night pancake place, there off Thayer Street. Inside was steamy and yellow-lit, although it felt a little underheated. We took over one side of an extra-long booth, each of us assuming giant seating space and sprawling convivially. Our arms were spread and they connected us to one another like paper dolls.

We spent time with the menu, reading aloud what side stuff came with the "Wedding Pancake," or with the "Great American French Toast." Willy wanted a Sliced Turkey Dinner Platter, but Terrence said, "Don't get that. It's frozen. I mean frozen when served, as you're eating and trying to chew." The waitress approached, order pad in hand. She wore a carnation-pink dress for a uniform. We fidgeted in irrelevant ways, as if finding more comfortable spots on the booth seat. But we didn't whisper our orders. We acted important about our need for food. We'd been through an emergency.

After the waitress, we discussed what we'd tell Mother and Father, exactly. They'd be so busy anyway, we said, with baby Jules. They'd been busy already. Father had painted the nursery again, same as he'd done for each of us.

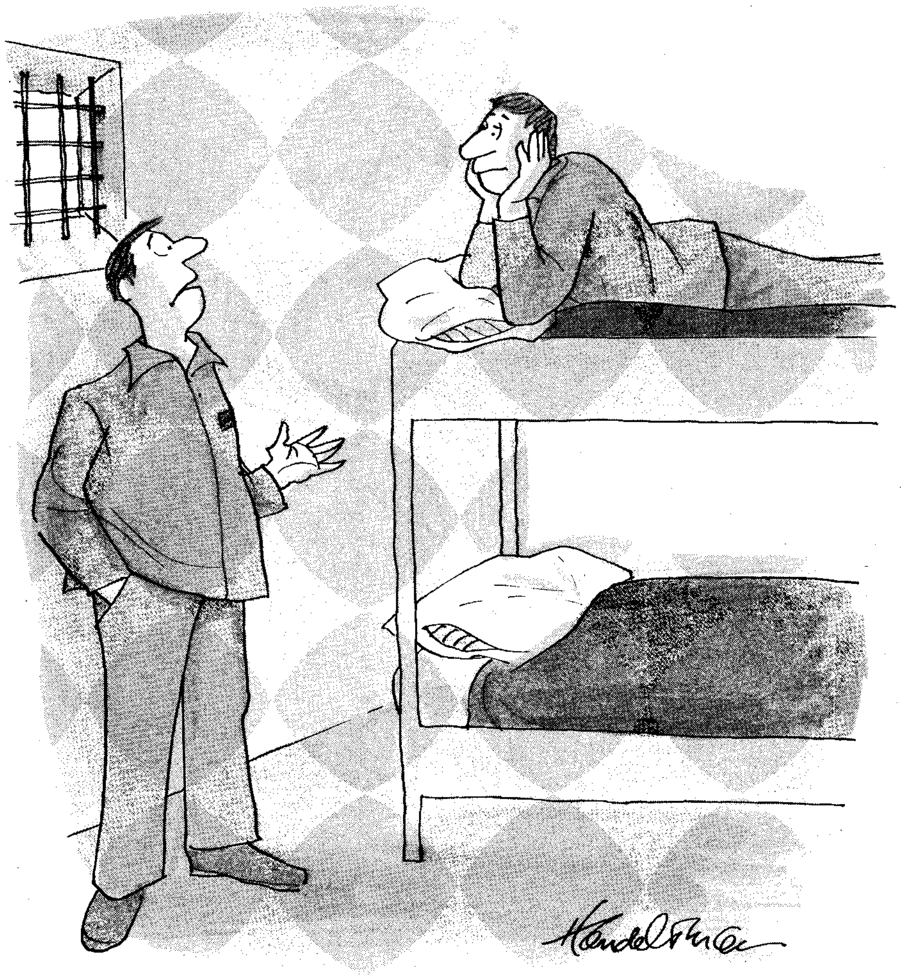
We wondered if washing-machine cold-water soap might remove the bloodstains Sarah had left on the pillowcase.

"We'll tell them . . ." Terrence said, but he couldn't finish. We pressed him. We wanted to know.

"O.K.," he said at last. "We just give them the truth. Describe how we seized control."

We said, "They're going to ask Sarah, and she'll say, 'Ask Hazel.' "

Our parents asked Hazel. She told them everything—all that she knew. She said, "Share. Admit who won. People look different at different ages. Providence is the capital of Rhode Island. Stand still in line. Mother and Father have been alive a long time. Don't pet strange animals. Get someone to go with you. Hold tight to the bus railing. It's never all right to hit. We have Eastern Standard Time. Put baking soda on your bee stings. Whatever Mother and Father tell you, believe them." —MARY ROBISON



"I always thought of myself as a romantic, dashing-outlaw sort of person. But, alas, the law makes no distinction between that and a common criminal."

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UNTRUSSED. Prince Philip underwent surgery in London hospital for a hernia. After being discharged, he warned that wild pandas face extinction within 30 years.—*Auckland* (*New Zealand*) *Sunday Star*.

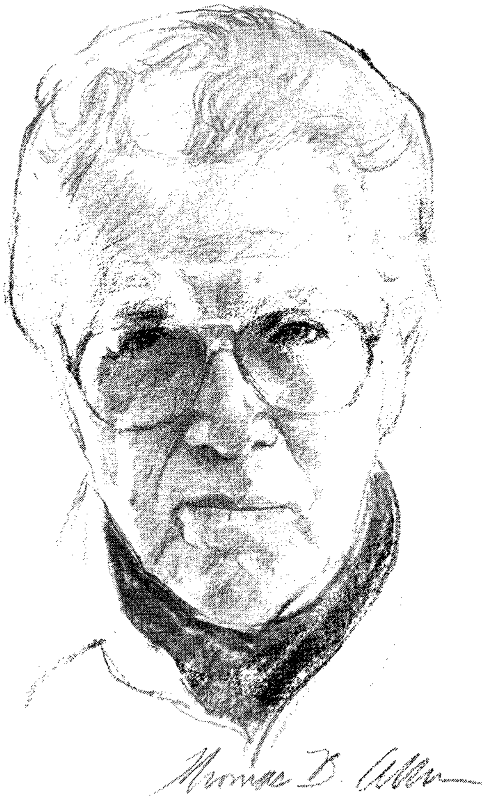
Probably just the anesthetic talking.

❋ PROFILES ❋

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO MEL POWELL?

THERE are two Mel Powells. One played brilliant piano and wrote brilliant arrangements for the great Benny Goodman band of 1941 and 1942—and then, after several years of backing and filling, gave up jazz altogether. The other is the quietly famous composer (school of Milton Babbitt, Elliott Carter, Pierre Boulez, Luciano Berio) and professor of composition at the California Institute of the Arts. The two communicate easily—unlike the older and younger selves of the same person who meet in Max Beerbohm's celebrated drawings—and last fall they met again briefly. This occurred when Powell accepted an invitation to play on a two-week jazz cruise, and, after six months of heavy, restorative practicing, performed beautifully in seven concerts with the likes of Dizzy Gillespie, Ruby Braff, Dick Hyman, Tal Farlow, Bob Wilber, and the late Buddy Rich. Powell talked about the cruise not long ago when he was in town for the New York première of his Woodwind Quintet. He was staying with Madelin Gilpatric, an old friend, on Park Avenue. She supplies him with comfortable quarters and a housekeeper who appears at the appointed hour with breakfast or lunch or tea. "I agreed to go on a jazz cruise six months before it took place," he said. "I had not played much jazz for a long time, and my fingers had turned to spaghetti. I forced myself to go to the piano every day, and by the time of the cruise I was ready. In fact, I probably played with more exuberance than anyone else because I hadn't been playing. What surprised me was that I could play fast tempos, and what didn't surprise me was that I didn't have the endurance I used to have. Playing for ten straight hours was nothing in the Goodman days. Now, of course, my fingers are spaghetti again, but they're not so bad that I can't get off a little Bach or Beethoven in my classes."

Why Powell quit jazz for the world of formal music is not as puzzling as it once appeared. He was eighteen when he joined Goodman, but he had already had a dozen years of serious classical training on the piano, had studied theory with a Juilliard professor, and had written chamber music. One recent morning, he had this to say about his crossing-over: "I have decided that when I retire I will think through my decision to leave jazz—with the help of Freud and Jung. At the moment, I suspect it was this: I had done what I felt I had to do in jazz. I had decided it did not hold the deepest interest for me musically. And I had decided that it was a young man's music, even a black music. Also, the endless repetition of material in the Goodman band—playing the same tunes day after day and night after night—got to me. That repetition tended to kill spontaneity, which is the heart of jazz and which can give a lifetime's nourishment."

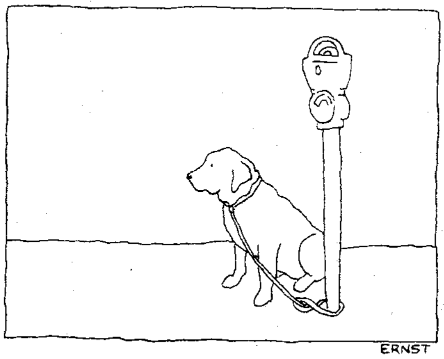


Mel Powell

Like many consummate teachers, Powell is a marvellous talker. He has a Paul Robeson voice—big stones roll around in it. He speaks in a careful, orotund, mock-facetious way, surrounding himself with the sonority and the small jokes that are the academic's defense against philistinism. Powell is over six feet, and has narrow shoulders—a tall building seen from the sidewalk. He has large blue eyes, a large, soft, settled face, and a wide smile. He still wears his hair, now largely white, in a pompadour; the effect, above his high forehead, is of a thunderhead coming over a mountain. He has difficulty getting in and out of chairs, and he walks slowly, with a cane. "I have muscular dystrophy," he said. "It hit about five years ago. I was on my way to play tennis when I stopped to buy a paper and suddenly found myself flat on my back. There are forty varieties of the disease, and mine affects my quadriceps, which are the lifting muscles in the front of the thighs. There is no pain, and I do what I do—only a little more pensively. I have to plot things. Self-pity comes because I can no longer play tennis. I had, of course, long since given up baseball. I grew up in a building on a Hundred and Sixty-first Street in the Bronx that overlooked right field at Yankee Stadium. I used to go up on our roof and sell peanuts to the spectators during the games. In fact, so many people went up there to watch games that Jacob Ruppert raised the right-field wall and blocked us out. But we had the satisfaction of having players like Lefty Gomez and Tony Lazzeri live in our building. I became friendly with Bill Dickey, the great Yankee catcher, and he coached me. I played first base for a dollar a game for a team sponsored by Garcia Grande cigars. We played in the sandlot across from the stadium. Then, one day, the shortstop rifled a ball at me and I caught it on my right thumb—I was a lefty—and the thumb got beaten up. There was a family conference about whether I would play baseball or play the piano. The piano won.

"I was born Melvin Epstein, in 1923—February 12th, which meant I never had to go to school on my birthday. The name Melvin was impossible and I didn't find Epstein a beautiful sonic structure. I changed my name to Mel Powell just before I joined Benny Goodman. The Powell was borrowed from a Polish uncle on my father's side who had written some songs and changed his name from Poljanowsky. My mother's maiden name was Mildred Mark, and my father was Milton Epstein. They were both from Russia, and I always like to think of my mother as having come from Minsk and my father from Pinsk, although they probably didn't. My mother was deeply devoted to her father, who lived with us. He was from Prussia, a man of God, a Talmudic scholar, a true patriarch. Reaching for the butter before he did was out of the question. My mother, in her way, was a matriarch. She was dour and severely Orthodox. She was said to have been a great beauty in the Lillian Russell mode, and as such she met the Jewish ideal of female beauty. She was almost completely nonintegrated into American life. But my father took to this country as though it had been custom-designed for him. He had been a professional boxer who used the name Kid Dougherty, but he was knocked out too often and gave it up. He went into the jewelry business and was very successful until 1929. Then he became a travelling salesman, and one of the reigning professional bridge players. He was always off to bridge clubs in Tulsa or Houston. He had embraced the world of credit and frivolity, and once, when I was with Benny Goodman, he called me and said he needed five hundred dollars. I was delighted to help him, and he arrived in a Cadillac with a liveried chauffeur. I asked why, if he was so broke, he didn't use the subway. He said, 'Where is this, the subway?' He also said that when he owed his chauffeur enough money he drove and the chauffeur sat in the back. He and my mother eventually got a divorce, and he married someone younger than I was and had two children, whom I have never met. He died nine or ten years ago. I have an older sister, Elinor Lenz, who lives in Westwood, in Los Angeles, and is retired from U.C.L.A. I tend to be cavalier about sociology and politics, but they are her life. I also had a brilliant brother, Lloyd, who died when he was twenty-one. To this day, we feel pain when we speak of him.

"In 1934 or 1935, my family moved downtown to 865 West End Avenue, at a Hundred and Second Street. Lloyd was a jazz aficionado, and it was around this time that he got me interested in the music. I remember our sitting in our beds, blankets up to our necks, listening to remote broadcasts of the big bands. I went to De Witt Clinton High School and on to City College when getting into City College was an achievement—when Bertrand Russell was teaching there, and giving lectures on free love. He immediately got my philosophical support. I majored in French literature, for reasons I no longer understand. I had studied piano for years with a severe German lady named Sara Barg. My grandfather, in one of his dazzling Turkish-bazaar arrangements, taught her nephews Hebrew in exchange. She was not above slapping your hands with a ruler—not so much for poor fingering as for poor preparation. I won third prize in a citywide competition for young pianists, and it was bruited about in the family that the judges must have been anti-Semitic because I had not won first prize. Walter Damrosch, who commanded limitless musical vistas in New York at the time, recommended that I go to Germany and study. But other currents were flowing through me.



"The first jazz group I ever saw was the Benny Goodman band at the Paramount Theatre on Broadway. I was thirteen. Lloyd and I sat in the first row, and the movie with the show

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AN AMERICAN NATURALIST WRITES TO A LONDONER, 1758

Now I will tell you my manner
of gardening here, which progresses
not by calendar but by natural signals.
On a clear March night, I sight down
the Dipper's bowl for a backward
question mark—tail of the rising Lion—
and then may be found slapping mud
from the plot into balls, squeezing
to test for water content, this before
even a single mallard clacks from
the creek, and pumpkins seem the wreckage
of last year's quarter-moons.
Then the whole plot is already staked
in my head, minus slugs, borers,
hornworms, loopers, beetles, and all
that plague I forget each year
until they descend like a host of
savages to be bought off
only by a feast of this or that leaf,
and dug out of vines and stems
where they poke without welcome.
Asparagus I intercrop with parsley,
since I have discovered they agree
with one another. The latter
is said to go to the Devil and back
nine times ere it breaks the soil,
but I have found it mild
and without evil influence. Beans
I keep far from onions they can't
abide, and basil, which breeds
a merry heart, I grow along borders
with umbelliferous dill, whose leaves
are agreeable with fish, though of
a strength not to everyone's taste.
These strong-scented herbs, with chives
and mint, may keep a barrier against
insects, though my studies here
need more attention. Native squashes
and gourds are set when the dogwood
flowers, and tomatoes during
the mayfly hatch. This conveys somewhat
my manner of gardening. I would
continue but that in the mere telling
I grow fatigued, and must ask myself why,
yearly, I engage in it with such ardor,
since I am without family. For the surety
of plenty? Or the images such growth
alone provides? Or because I do better
with vegetable kind than human
(no easy admission), and have come to
myself more than once knocking upon
and addressing a blue squash
of five-stone weight and pebbled like
the back of an alligator? By the time
of the Perseids, when my turnips go in
for autumn, I am as weary as some
old king fighting his battle with the sea,
down on hands and knees in that
riptide of beans and cabbage splashes,
a spume of chickweed flying over
my shoulders, wishing I had never listened
for spring peepers chiming their long,
ghostly sleigh rides through the dark.

—Brendan Galvin

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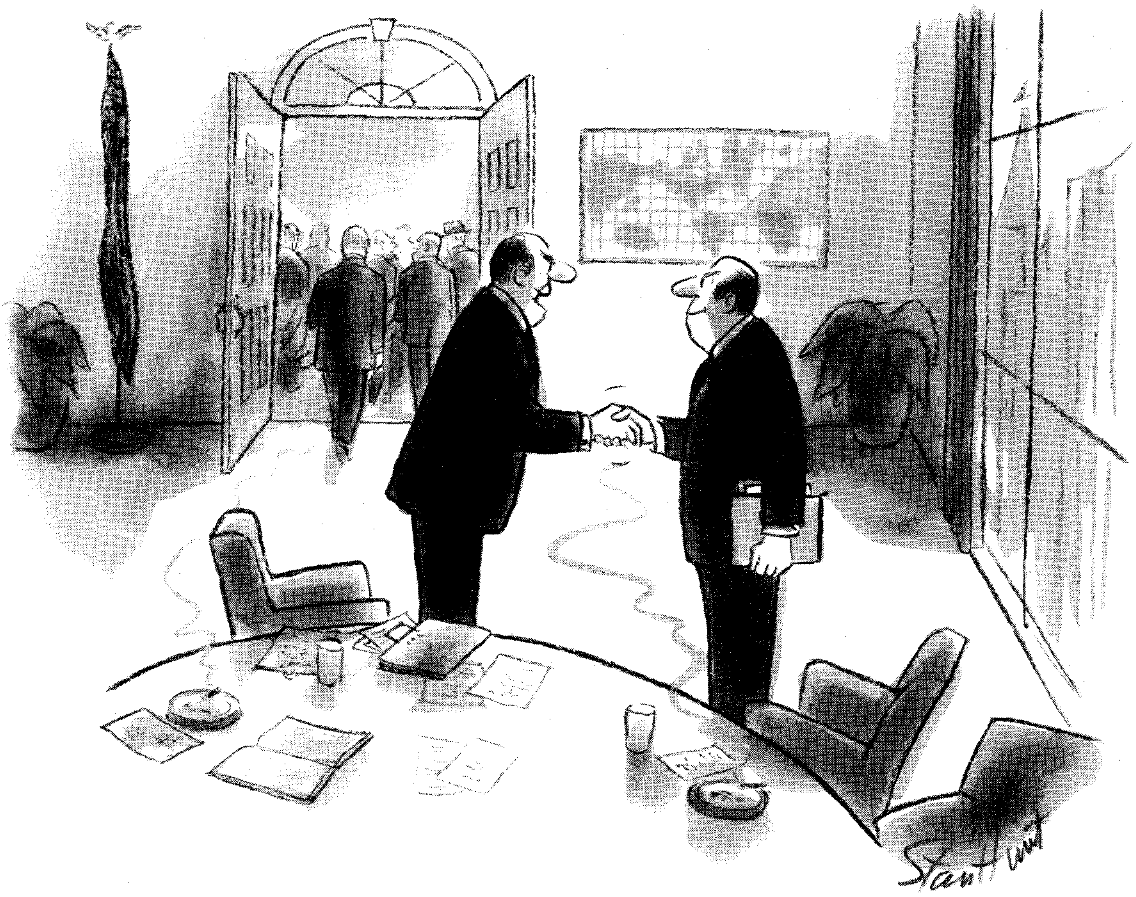
was 'Maid of Salem.' We saw it five times. I had never heard anything so ecstatic as this music, and yet so gleaming and crystalline in its precision. Teddy Wilson's pianism in particular astonished me. And when Lionel Hampton lost one of his mallets and it flew off the stage and landed in my lap it was almost too much. At the time, I was preparing Beethoven's first Sonata in F Minor for Miss Barg, and at my next lesson I took the liberty of varying a passage, and Miss Barg said, 'Melvin, what are you doing?' I said, 'I'm improvising,' and she slapped me with the ruler.

"There were a bunch of kids in my neighborhood who played stickball and had a little band. Their piano player came down with a cold once, and I was asked to fill in. The band had a job at a Polish wedding, and it paid three dollars. The first tune was 'Goody Goody,' and I did what I could, which meant reading it off, ticktock, ticktock. They didn't use me again. But in that group was a man who became a kind of mentor to me. He played cornet and a little piano. His name was Heggie, and he was in his twenties and he was tiny. He made me listen to Art Hodes and Jess Stacy and Bix Beiderbecke's 'I'm Coming Virginia,' and then to Earl Hines and Fats Waller. Heggie was a purist. He didn't tolerate Benny Goodman; Pee Wee Russell was his clarinettist. He'd cart me around to places like Nick's, where we heard Sidney Bechet and Zutty Singleton and Bobby Hackett. I started playing jazz piano, and I thought I was pretty good. I stayed up later and later, I began peeling off from C.C.N.Y., and I never graduated. Anyway, I asked to sit in one night at Nick's. Heggie was at the bar, and there was a black man sitting about fourteen inches from my left elbow. When I finished, he leaned over and said, 'You're going to be a real one.' Well, it was Art Tatum, and after he had spoken to me he sat down and played. I was never nervous about performing after that. Nick hired me to work with Brad Gowans and Pee Wee and Eddie Condon. At the urging of George Simon, the jazz writer, I auditioned for Benny Goodman one afternoon, then sat in with the band the same night at Madison Square Garden. I guess Benny was impressed, because he hired me. I followed the pianist Johnny Guarnieri in the band, and Benny paid me five hundred dollars a week, which was very good money then. My contribution to my family suddenly became significant, because the Depression had hit them seriously. I liked to think that I behaved like a Harriman or a Rockefeller when Benny and I negotiated, and that he had the impression I came from an affluent family. Actually, part of the reason he paid me so well was that I handled both the big- and the small-band work, and I began contributing arrangements. I was ecstatic for the first eight or nine months with the band. Imagine working at age eighteen with the likes of Sidney Catlett and Cootie Williams and Billy Butterfield and Benny, and imagine what it felt like to be on that stage at the Paramount when it rose into view at the start of each show! Catlett was a particular delight. He had delicacy as powerful as a bomb. The comfort his support gave you!

"Benny was always a little paternal with me, even the last time I saw him four or five years ago. I live in Los Angeles, and he called early one morning from the Ambassador Hotel and invited me for breakfast. He always stayed there, even though it had seen better days. I had a lecture to give, but I postponed it, because I hadn't seen him in a long time. I arrived with my walking stick, and he was very solicitous and told me I should swim every day. I told him that when I first worked for him he had been about thirty and I had thought of him as an old man, but that now we



"Well, Marsden, perhaps we should get together for another pleasant but fruitless exchange again sometime."

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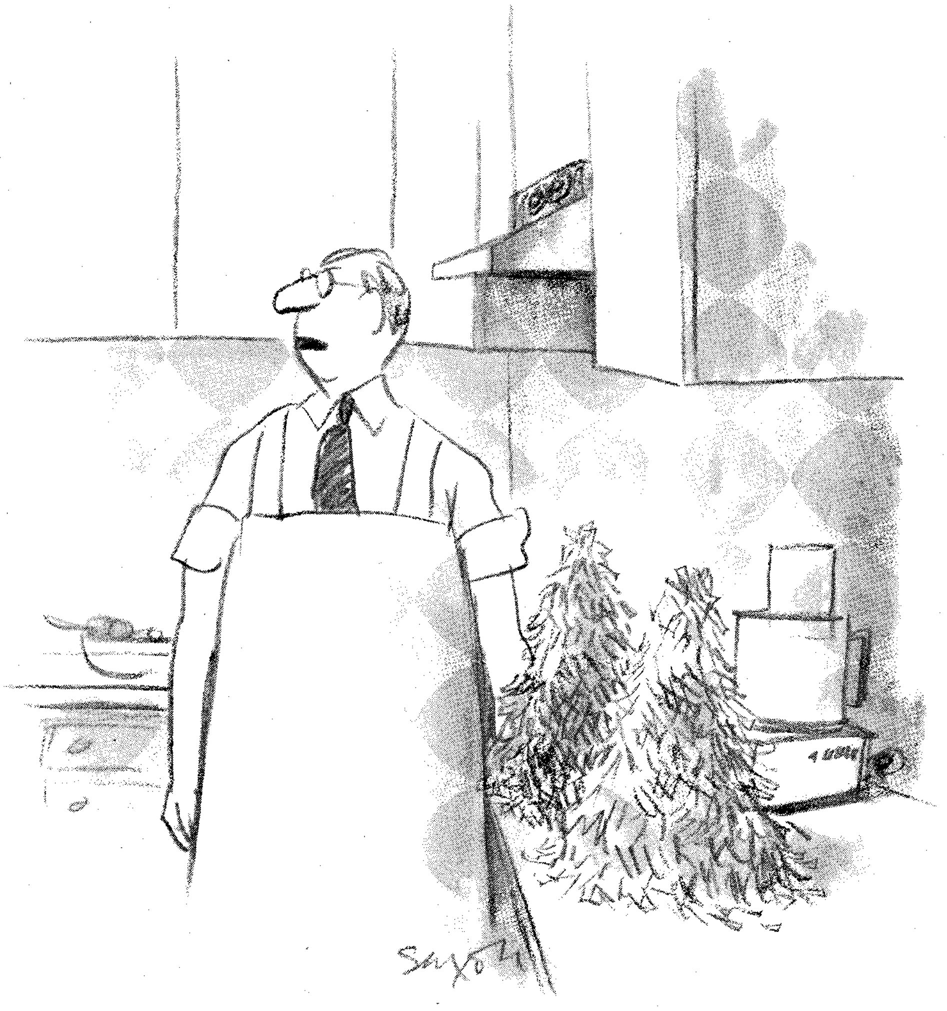
were just about the same age. He said, 'Wait a minute, sonny'—which is what he always called me—'I've discovered there's a big difference between seventy-two and seventy-two and a half.' You were never sure where Benny's mind was. Backstage at the Paramount in the early days of bebop, George Simon asked Benny what he thought of Dizzy, meaning Dizzy Gillespie, and Benny said, 'What's Dizzy?' I adored travelling with the band, but I began to tire musically after a year or so. So I quit late in the summer of 1942 and came back to New York. I prepared myself to spend what looked like the rest of my life in the service. I went for my physical with Charlie Christian, who had t.b. and God knows what else. When he was deferred, he said, 'Mel, you know why I'm 4-F? It's because I wear glasses.'

"I was drafted and sent to Fort Dix and went through basic. Then I got word from Glenn Miller that he wanted me for his Army Air Forces band. It was enormous, and had a string section and some fine players—Ray McKinley on drums, Carmen Mastren on guitar, Peanuts Hucko on clarinet, Bernie Privin and Zeke Zarchy on trumpets, and the singer Johnny Desmond. Miller was a Midwesterner like Benny, but he was from a very different background. He was a lot more austere, and he was fussy about both musical articulation and personal things. Sometimes we'd rehearse nine hours a day. But he was like a fan with his jazz players. About this time, my musical schizophrenia was taking hold. I began to write some string trios and brass-quintet pieces. It was a marvellous opportunity, because there were straight players in the band, and when I would write a new piece they'd get together and play it. The band was on its way by ship to the Pacific theatre when they dropped the bomb on Japan. We were in mid-ocean, and they turned the boat around. Ray McKinley had taken over after Glenn disappeared on that flight from England to Paris. He flew in a seven-seater, a C-45, I think, and Ray, Johnny Desmond, and I were supposed to go, too. But Glenn, who hated flying, said that since the weather was bad wouldn't it be better to keep the plane light and maneuverable? So he took off with the pilot and we followed later in a C-47, which is the old DC-3. What happened to Glenn's plane was a complete mystery until a year or two ago when a retired R.A.F. bombardier said he remembered seeing a plane like Glenn's go down over the Channel at about the time Glenn disappeared. The R.A.F. plane was on its way back from an aborted bombing run and it jettisoned the bombs it had over the Channel. The R.A.F. bombardier guessed that the smaller plane, which was low over the water, was hit by one of the bombs, and that somehow mention of the incident had got left out of the flight log."



"O.K., I julienned the carrots and the potatoes. Now what?"

NO jazz musician of comparable stature has had such a short career as Powell. It lasted about five years, and the amount of time Powell actually spent improvising can probably be counted in hours. His playing therefore never had a chance to go stale, to fall into mannerisms and preconceived patterns. His style drew on Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Jess Stacy, and Billy Kyle, all descendants of Earl Hines. Powell was never a copyist; he celebrated his idols with little exuberances—a Jess Stacy tremolo, a tumbling, on-the-beat single-note Kyle passage, a nifty, complex, zigzag ascending Wilson run—then went his inimitable way. His touch was oblique and dancing. Powell's fast solos steamed. His single-note lines, decorated with little tremolos, flashed. His chords jumped three steps at a time. His accented notes, sounding every three or four measures, pressed the momentum. His slow solos were delicate and exploratory. He would examine every facet of the original melody in a leisurely, behind-the-beat Billie Holiday manner, turning it this way and that, holding it to the light, testing its beauty and strength. Then he would draw new melodies from it, embellish them once or twice if he liked them enough, and move on. He had a superb sense of dynamics. His climactic chords were delivered in shouts, his runs in whispers, his single-note figures as conversation.

It was one o'clock, and Madelin Gilpatric's housekeeper, a small blond woman with tightly swept-back hair, appeared with a tray of soup and sandwiches and coffee. Powell gave a deep "aaah," laughed, and thanked her, saying that if home were like this he would never leave it. Then he pushed himself up from his armchair, seized his cane, and moved slowly across the room to a window. Bent slightly to one side, he moved like a sailing ship just under way. He lit a cigarette and apologized, and, returning to his chair, turned his back to it and fell, his arms braking his descent.

"I was fairly well committed to composition after the war," Powell said. "But first I got a call from M-G-M on the Coast asking if I'd be interested in a staff job. It seemed silly to me—writing backup stuff for Mario Lanza, and such. But Lenny Hayton and André Previn were out there, and they told me, 'Come on out. We'll have a ball.' I went for a year, and it was awful. Writing a glissando when the mouse ran up the clock. I had married the actress Martha Scott in 1946. We had met on a bond-selling tour before I went into the service. She's from Missouri, near Kansas City. She was Emily in 'Our Town'—on the stage and in the film, which got her an Oscar nomination. During the past ten years, she's become an accomplished producer, although she still acts in movies. She and Henry Fonda and Bob Ryan founded a repertory theatre called the Plumstead Playhouse. We have two daughters. Mary, who's the older, is a musician. She's a singer and songwriter who is probably too refined to be successful. Kati is a struggling actress. Martha has a son from a previous marriage—Carleton Scott Alsop. He's a very successful stage manager. There isn't a straight man among us.

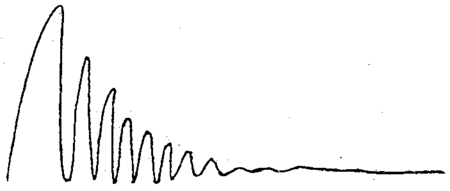
"From Hollywood, I went directly to Yale. I had submitted a composition to Paul Hindemith, who was in residence there, and he accepted me. My notoriety was good for my ego when I was standing in those long lines waiting to register. I'd hear whispers: 'Do you know who that is? Mel Powell. He played with Benny Goodman.' None of this impressed Hindemith. He found out quickly that I was a glib writer, and he didn't let me get away with it. He'd give me an exercise in which I had to write two-part counterpoint using whole notes against whole notes. I was reminded of Miss Barg. She paid less attention to finger dexterity than to musical content. She'd say to me: 'No, you must not *show* the subdominant, Melvin. You must *express* it.' Hindemith had the greatest pedagogical mind I've ever been in contact with. My style of teaching derives from him. He wouldn't tolerate cafeteria talk. Our work was as serious as if we were surgeons in a lab. Once, a student brought in a piece of work, and Hindemith, in his German accent, said, 'Vot is dis?'—pointing to a passage. The student said, 'I felt that—' Hindemith interrupted him, and said, 'I didn't ask how you feel. Dot is for your doctor.' He didn't try to charm you when he taught, and he didn't admire mere beauty of sound. He'd say that Ravel had a little French dressing, that Stravinsky had a little Russian dressing. When he heard my 'Filigree Setting,' a string quartet written in 1959, he said, 'I see you haf gone over to der enemy.' I said, 'No, I learned that from you.' He replied, 'I do not teach interesting noises.' When Stravinsky gave the Norton lectures at Harvard, he spoke in French. When Hindemith gave them, he spoke in English, as difficult as it was for him. He was short, and he may well have had some of that brusque Napoleonic temperament. Pierre Boulez, who is a foot shorter than I am, reminded me the other day that all good contemporary composers have been short—Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Bartók, Babbitt. I said there was at least one exception.

"During the early fifties, I still had one leg in the jazz world. I did occasional gigs with Benny Goodman, and I made recordings for John Hammond. But most of that had petered out by the time I taught my first course at Yale, in 1957 or 1958. It was called 'Late Renaissance Polyphony,' and I knew enough to stay about a week ahead of my students. Eventually, I taught myself to lecture without a syllabus or notes. The amount of preparation it took was unbelievable—sometimes I spent five days on one lecture. But this kind of showoff stuff has its advan-

tages. It keeps you flexible and allows you to constantly rethink things. I loved Yale, partly because of the intellectual life and partly because it was the sort of place where the great literary scholar W. K. Wimsatt and I could lunch together off and on for a year at George and Harry's and not know each other's name. I was Hindemith's assistant for three or four years, and when he left I became chairman of the Composition Department. I also became a full professor.

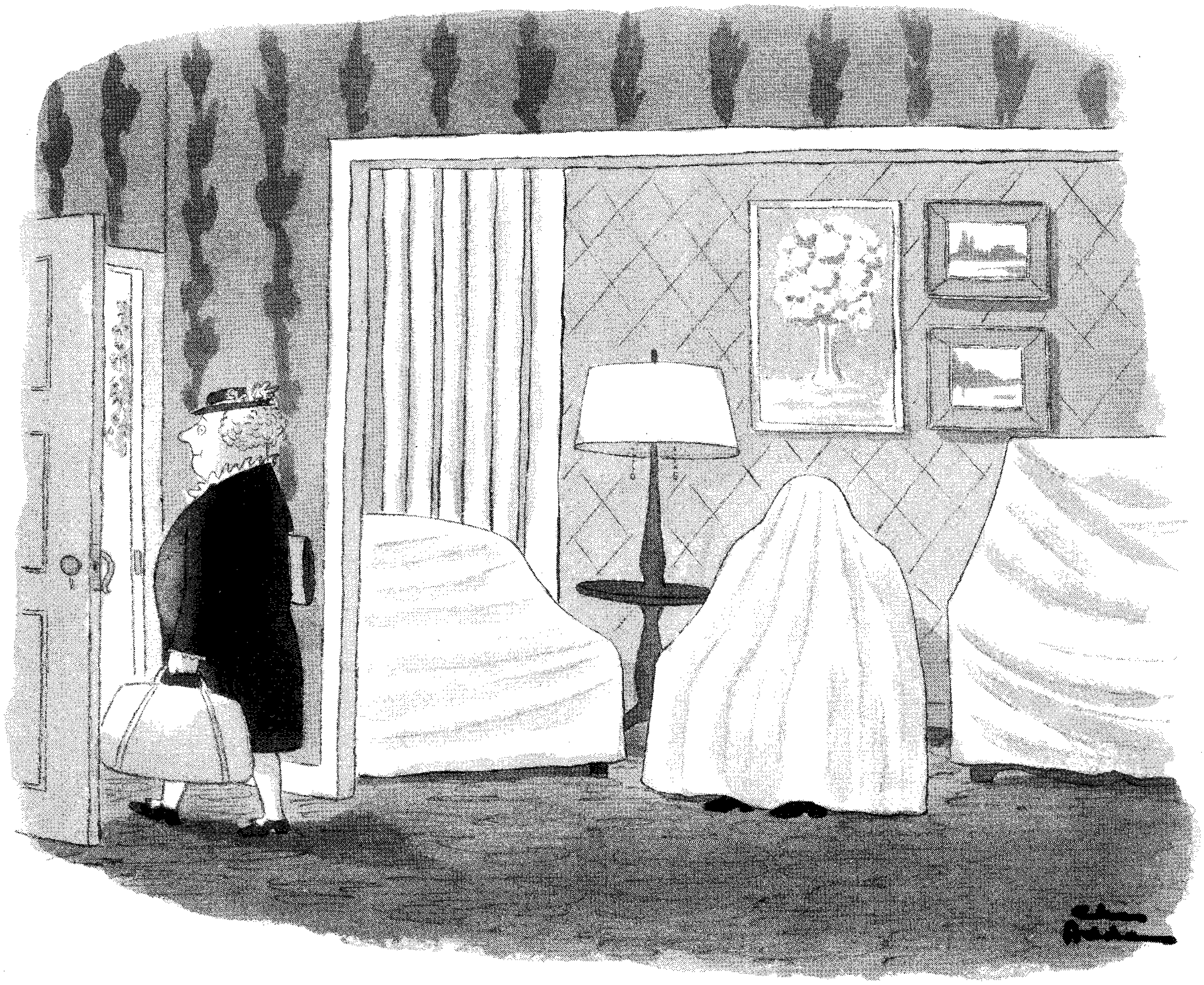
"Then, in the mid-sixties, Aaron Copland recommended me to Herbert Blau and Robert Corrigan, who were in the process of founding the California Institute of the Arts. They wanted to start a place where artists of every sort would be integrated, where playwrights and dancers and actors and poets and painters would all lunch together. They wanted me to start the music school. I wasn't sure I could do it. I had never administered anything, and it would be a severe change, quite uprooting. Kingman Brewster was the head of Yale, and when I told him what I was thinking of doing he looked at me as if I were mad. 'All they have out there is carnivals,' he said. But this gathering of artists was very attractive to me, and I accepted. There were the inevitable growing pains: terrific conflicts between the faculty and the trustees, mostly left-right things, and before I knew it I had been appointed provost of the institute, a job that I held from 1972 to 1976. Then I rebelled. I said I hadn't moved out there to worry about faculty-student ratios. I resigned and appointed myself to the faculty and forbade myself ever to attend another committee meeting. We have between seven and eight hundred students, and a hundred and thirty of them are in the school of music. We are the least academic of academic institutions. I teach a course called 'The Musics of Modernism,' and I have five or six graduate students in composition. I think it is crucial for composers to be taught by a composer. I also think it is crucial for a professor to cease teaching when it becomes a drudgery. I don't see it happening to me. Here I am at sixty-four, delighted to be working every day with bright young people of twenty, watching them experience the pleasures of discovery.

"I'm supposed to belong to the highly intellectual group of American composers which includes Babbitt and Carter. I like being thought of not as atonal but as nontonal. My music tends not to be long, and I tend to avoid the feverish expressivity of those of my colleagues who are even more influenced by the Europeans than I am. I like to think I have thinned out the self-pity—the whining quality I hear in their music. I try to keep the surface of my music dry. I am a slow worker—two pieces a year is very good for me. There is always the preposterous disproportion between the physicality of doing notation and the actual reality of the music. It's a kind of temporal dislocation. You are slowly writing down notes that will be played off in seconds. Before I put down the first of the many drafts I do of a piece, I try to do what Mozart is supposed to have been able to do—see an entire composition in a flash. I learned from Hindemith to have a godlike view of what you are about to do. Obviously, this view will not be greatly detailed. It will not include every C-sharp. Here is the first sketch of my 1982 String Quartet. It was the sketch I pinned to my lampshade as I went ahead with the work." Powell picked up a pencil from the coffee table in front of him, and rapidly drew this:



"What this means is that the piece begins with a great degree of complexity that is gradually resolved, like a haircut. You have to think through your whole structure. I would not dare to attempt writing a piece, small or large, without the knowledge of where it is going to end. I once heard a story about Charlie Chaplin asking Stravinsky at a gathering on the Coast, 'How

"Tues., May 19: Nothing on television again last night."



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do you know when to end a composition?,' to which Stravinsky said, 'Before I begin.'

"Composing is like the experiment with the ape. A banana is put outside his cage just beyond his reach. But a stick has been left in the cage, and eventually the ape sees the stick and uses it to reach the banana. You have to find the stick. When I worked under Hindemith, we were never allowed to touch a piano when we composed. Any instrumentalist who composes will perforce hear that instrument in his inner ear before he writes. Listen to the triad at the beginning of Stravinsky's 'Symphony of Psalms.' Nobody but a pianist sitting at his piano would write something like that. What has been particularly exciting for me recently in my music is working out the implications of what Schoenberg introduced in 1908 when he created nontonality. Not the problem of pitch but the problem of *time*. Up until now, Schoenberg's discoveries have largely been superimposed on a Brahmsian rhythmic structure. What we should be looking for is the analogy in time. We need a nontonal music that is also a nonperiodic music. There is a hierarchy in tonality—C major is boss. But in nontonality all pitches are equal, in principle. In the same way, tonality belongs to a two by two, singsong world. Rhythmic pulsing is its heart. This is inappropriate for nontonal music, which should be non-pulse. Finding out how to make it so is exciting. When I improvise, on the other hand, I live dangerously. I absolutely focus on the instant. I often find that I'm not thinking, beyond falling into certain patterns which may be dictated by finger convenience. Sometimes, when I play an Art Tatum run or a Mel Powell run, it is a signal that Powell is out of ideas, but he'll be back. He's flowing, but getting ready to fly. I used to hear this in Chopin. These are just breathing spells, and we're damn glad, we pianists, that they are there."

Powell laughed. "Who knows? Maybe I'll give up music and become a painter. In the late seventies, I was asked to give a lecture on modern music to some painters at CalArts, and I drew a graphic analogue to the structure of a Schoenberg piece I was going to discuss. I enjoyed doing it so much that in time I started doing watercolors. I found that I loved ordering color. I also found that it gave me instant gratification. I could put a beautiful red on the paper and see it winking at me, while I might have to wait five years to hear the notes I had just written down. We began to hang these watercolors in the house, and one day Keith Holzman, who used to be the head of Nonesuch Records, was visiting and looked at one and said, 'This would make a lovely cover for your new album.' He asked me if I happened to know the artist, and I said I knew him very well."

—Whitney Balliett

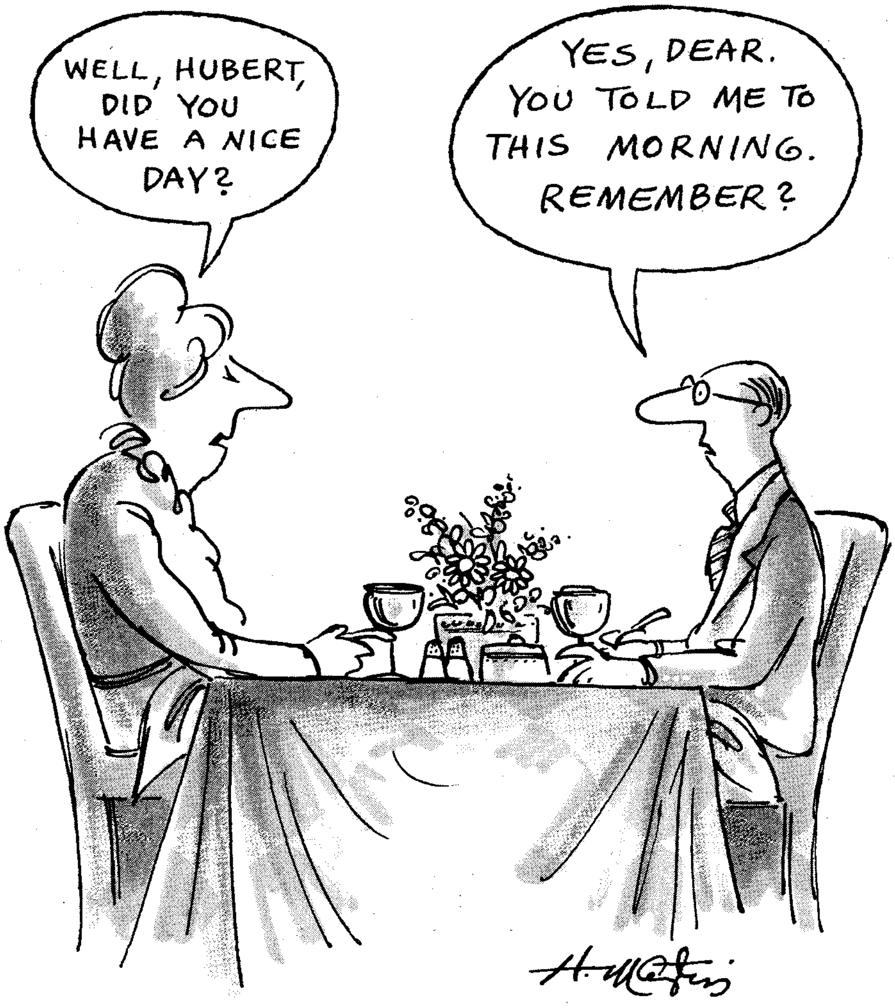
REFLECTIONS

ON NATIONALISM

FOUR of the last five American Presidencies have been damaged or wrecked by attempts to dislodge or dominate radical nationalism in a non-Western country, or by the consequences of illegal measures taken by Presidents or their agents to achieve such ends despite congressional and public opposition. The Presidencies of Lyndon Johnson, Jimmy Carter, and, lately, Ronald Reagan have all had their final months disrupted or ruined by essentially the same error, and that of Richard Nixon had been damaged by it before his ultimate downfall.

Such repeated and disabling collisions with radical national movements in Asia, the Middle East, and Central America are aspects of something more important. The gross political disruptions dominating the twentieth century have actually resulted from defective or unsatisfied nationalism—from the struggles of societies to become nations, to acquire the maturity and "national security" that come from a confident political identity, a cultural autonomy, a homogeneity of population, and, finally, clear and secure borders. Both the First and the Second World Wars exploded out of such national insecurities in Central and Southeastern Europe, as Germans, Serbs, Croats, Bosnians, Czechs, and Poles all struggled to affirm, or simply to establish, national identities still territorially indistinct or culturally insecure.

Late-nineteenth-century European history, prologue to our own, was dominated by "the German question," "the Balkan question," and "the Eastern question." Today, we have "the Middle Eastern question," which is the Eastern question in a new guise, and the German and Balkan questions have, so to speak, been put on ice: the Soviet Union's military and political domination of East Germany and Eastern Europe since 1945 has frozen, for the moment, national evolutions there, which are still unachieved, whose potential for trouble is not exhausted. Yet nationalism is generally regarded in Western Europe and the United States as a retrograde phenomenon.


WELL, HUBERT, DID YOU HAVE A NICE DAY?
YES, DEAR. YOU TOLD ME TO THIS MORNING. REMEMBER?

Nationalism actually had a good name before 1914-18. It was after the First World War that liberal opinion decided that nationalism had been responsible for the war—a struggle for which there seemed no reasonable justification and which had resulted in nothing but waste. Defeated Germany, however, and Italy, humiliated by its experiences in the war, went on to even more radical nationalisms, asserting the supposed claims of "virile" nations over the rest—and, in Germany, the primacy of the "Aryan" race over all others. Hitler, an Austrian provincial come to the metropolis, constructed a "greater" German Reich—which incorporated his native country—by exploiting the national discontents and irredentism of the states formed from the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The liberal West preached internationalism and collective security, ideas that had been in the air for a century and included a parliament of nations and the promulgation of world law. Under the influence of Woodrow Wilson and of a particular American political idealism, the League of Nations was established, to minimize the force of national interest in international affairs and substitute a disinterested relationship of contract and law. (Another kind of internationalism, the revolutionary kind exported by Moscow after 1918, was a second powerful influence on the Western political intelligentsia.) After the Second World War, the United Nations, another product of American idealism, was meant to correct the inadequacies of the League; it has not succeeded.

Internationalism and collective security have had their successes—notably the creation of the Western European economic and political community and, in the realm of defense, NATO. The states that have successfully coöperated with one another have, however, been those most confident of their individual nationhood—the Western European and North American countries and Japan. Elsewhere, unachieved nationhood has remained an anarchical, powerfully disruptive force in world affairs. For forty years, it has been the most important political force at work in Asia, acutely so in the Middle Eastern re-

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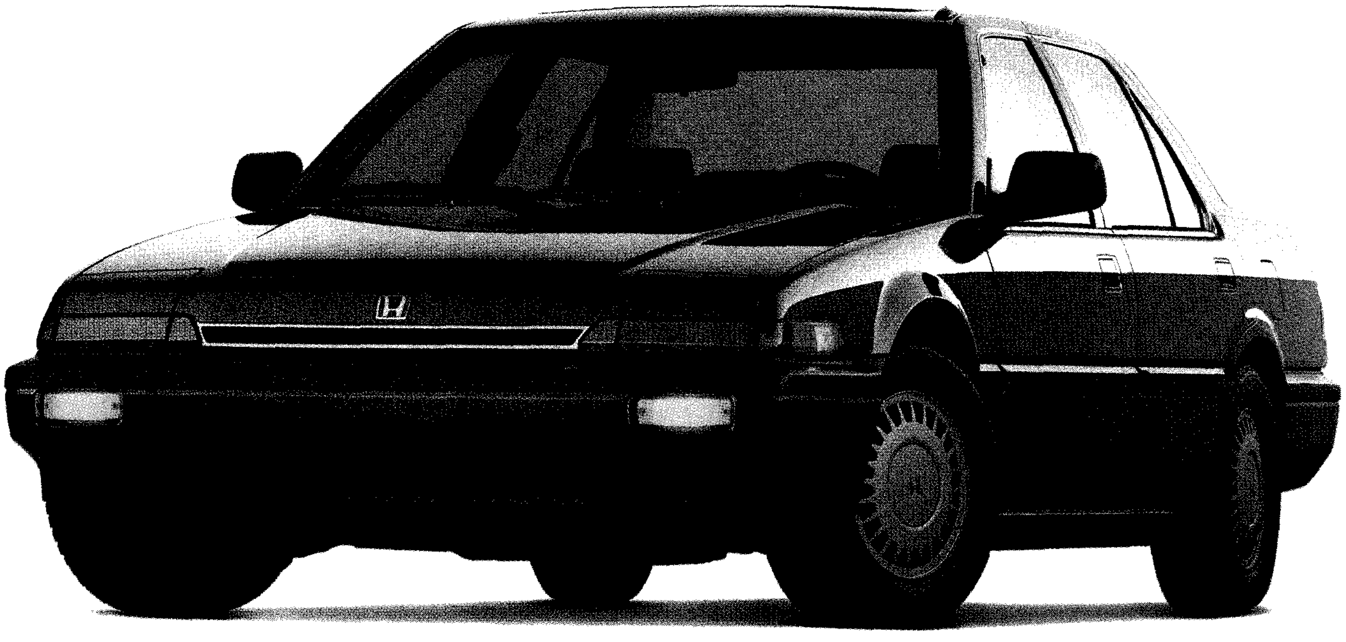

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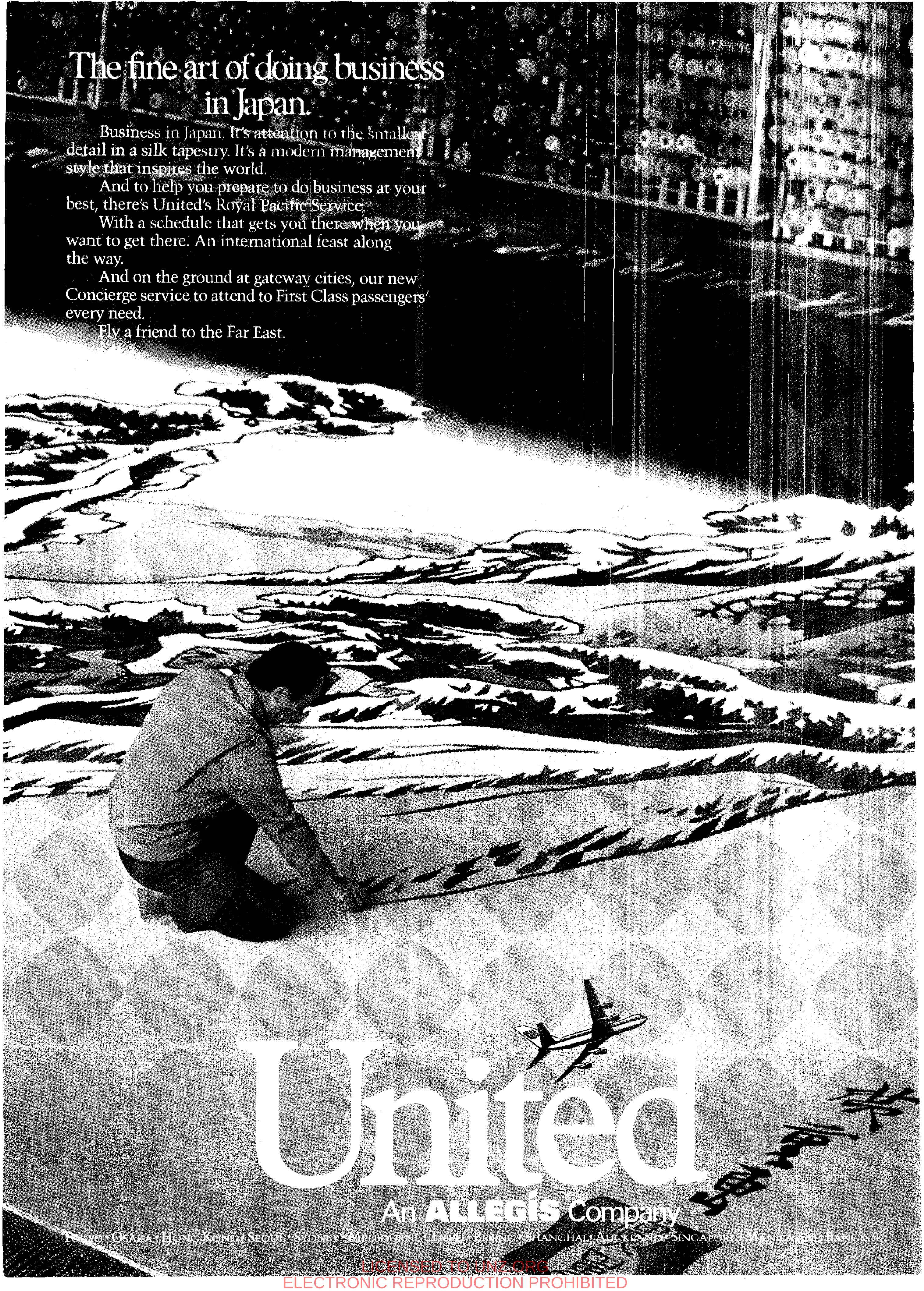

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gions that were formerly part of the Ottoman Empire. The fateful influence it had on Europe before 1945 has been arrested, but it is difficult to believe that new unrest will not occur in the former Hapsburg and Ottoman states of Central and Eastern Europe when, or as, Soviet power is eventually withdrawn—an ultimately ineluctable process, which Mikhail Gorbachev may have already launched, if inadvertently.

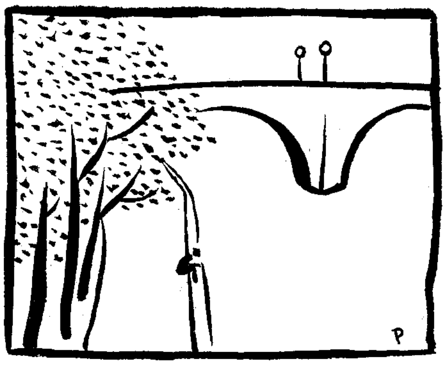
NATIONALISM is a less troublesome force today in Latin America and Africa, because South America, at least, is composed of relatively mature nations with serious internal problems but few international ones, while in Africa, on the other hand, nearly all the existing states are not real nations but political units that were artificially defined in the colonial period and survive today because of a consensus among Africa's ruling élites that any attempt to change and rationalize borders would produce chaos. This is not a consensus likely to last; but because Africa is not a major factor in international geopolitics and economics the incipient troubles there are not as dangerous as those in Central and Eastern Europe and in the Middle East.

The Latin-American countries as they exist today derive largely from the administrative demarcations of the old Spanish and Portuguese empires. The machinery of royal administration in the Spanish colonies was fully formed before the end of the seventeenth century; the old viceroyalties of La Plata, Peru, New Granada, and New Spain are recognizable in the boundaries that exist today. The Falklands War aside (the islands were an issue of contention between Spain and Britain as early as the eighteenth century), the last international war in South America was the Chaco War, between Paraguay and Bolivia, from 1932 to 1935. The problems of South America are nearly all internal, social, and economic in character, and are partly the result of the general failure, at least until fairly recently (and real change has yet to be confirmed), to deal satisfactorily with the absolutist political and intellectual legacy of Spain and of Iberian Catholicism—to which, in the nineteenth century, were added absolutist or doctrinaire forms of European republicanism and liberalism. Reforms have repeatedly broken down.

Central America, where the crisis exists today, is different. The viceroyalty of New Spain extended from the Isthmus of Panama northward through Mexico into California, Texas, and New Mexico. These last, of course, were lost to the United States, and Mexico underwent not only conflicts with the United States but also French occupation and repeated civil wars. The "United Provinces" of Central America severed themselves from Mexico in 1823, but their history thereafter has been of separatist struggles among Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, and Nicaragua, alternating with attempts to reunite them, usually under Guatemalan or Nicaraguan domination. From the mid-nineteenth century on, there have been repeated United States military and political interventions. What is taking place there today is clearly nothing new, and results from the fact that the nations of Central America remain unachieved, immature.

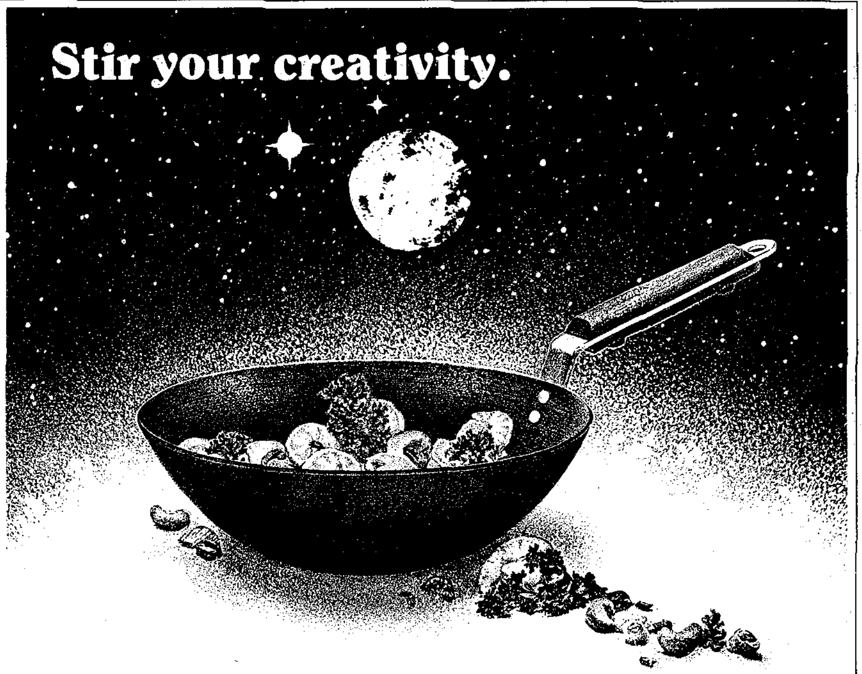
CONTEMPORARY events in the Middle East echo what happened in Central and Southeastern Europe during the late nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth. A series of struggles is taking place to create nations out of the raw materials of premodern society and out of political traditions antedating the modern state. The interventions of the Soviet Union and the United States in this process have rested on misconceptions of what is actually going on: the two major powers have misidentified proto-national struggles as having something essential to do with Soviet or American ideas—have interpreted them as conflicts of political values directly related to the Soviet and American ideologies. This miscomprehension has resulted in irrelevant and destructive policymaking on the part of both powers. The real issue—by no means the only one, but the basic and neglected one—is that of political immaturity, a striving for maturity.

The number of nations that are fully mature politically is quite small. One may speak of historical maturity as a more or less homogeneous society's possession of a fixed place, with fixed and acknowledged borders; a recognized history and distinctive national culture; and an absence of what in the political vocabulary are called revindications—claims on others' territories, claims on populations held elsewhere, claims to be satisfied only at the expense of others. A primary characteristic of a mature nation is that it is a satisfied nation, an achieved nation.



In Asia, Japan and China are ancient and fully achieved nations, even though one is a great industrial power and the other is still in crucial respects a premodern society. In Western Europe, England and France are fully achieved, mature nations. The British union of Scotland and Wales with England might be considered less than fully achieved, yet its reversal is scarcely imaginable. In any case, Scotland, whether or not there is ever to be an independent Scotland, is itself an achieved and mature national society. Welsh nationalism, more than Scottish, is vestigial, like the nationalisms of Catalans, Bretons, and Basques in France and Spain. Ireland is an ancient and achieved nation. The separate existence of a Northern Ireland under the British crown derives from the presence there of Unionist Protestants, a residual colonial population, whose eventual fate is likely to be that of France's settlers in Algeria after Algerian independence, or that which the whites face in South Africa. As long as these minorities resist reconciliation with and assimilation into the majority in their societies, their positions are provisional and their futures contingent. France is an achieved nation even though the French are not a homogeneous people. Normans, Burgundians, Catalans, Gascons, Provençals are all different, but the French nation to which they belong was achieved, with a common language and culture, and approximately the borders it possesses today, more than a thousand years ago. Spain and Italy are unions of mature provinces, kingdoms, or cities: Castile, Seville, Catalonia; Venice, Tuscany, Lombardy, Sicily, etc. The individual parts may resist the political or economic domination of the center, but the cultural identities of the Spanish and the Italian nations are in no doubt.

Germany, on the other hand, is not yet a nation, and would not be one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even if the West German Federal Republic and the East German Democratic Republic were united. The German Reichs and republics that have existed since 1871 have been unions of some or all of the more than one hundred separate German political entities that existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, legatees of the collapse of the Holy Roman Empire. The Hapsburgs, last holders of the Roman imperial title, renounced it only in 1806. Modern Germany was the political creation of Bismarck, and it lasted in approximately the form he gave it for less than seventy-five years.

Austria, even the German-speaking cantons of Switzerland, are as logically part of "Germany" as Saxony or Prussia, the historical entities that now make up the German Democratic Republic. The problem of the political form that a German nation should take has been the most explosive and destructive single issue in world politics since 1806. It was responsible for starting the First and Second World Wars and for drawing Soviet Russia into Central Europe, to assume the "imperial" role that the Hapsburgs and Ottomans had earlier been unable to sustain. Four decades on, it is clear that the Soviet Union has failed to turn its military domination into a real political ascendancy—a true conversion of élites, which is what makes an empire. It is a failure that guarantees future insecurity and unrest in the region.

"The German question" is responsible for the presence in Continental Europe today, forty-two years after the close of the Second World War, of American, British, and Canadian military forces. That it is an unresolved question is something constantly recalled by the polite but insistent reference to German "reunification" in the political discourse of the West German parties and the policy of the West German government, and by the existence of a minority current in German opinion, small but not entirely insignificant, that maintains a claim on the Eastern territories annexed in 1945 by Poland and the Soviet Union. A German nation (or nations) has still to be defined, and it is perfectly possible to think that this will not happen without yet more suffering for the Germans, and perhaps for their neighbors.

Questions of nationhood become more urgent as one moves eastward from Germany. Those that preoccupied Europeans in the nineteenth cen-

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Bernard Schoenbaum

"He was too cute to die."

• •

tury essentially involved how peacefully to give valid and stable political form to the national societies—the ethnic, linguistic, religious, and cultural communities—that emerged from the premodern political institutions or relationships of the Hapsburg and Ottoman Empires when those empires collapsed. There is as yet no answer.

IN 1918, when the Hapsburg Empire had failed, another romantic American political conception, that of universal national self-determination, brought about the creation of a Czechoslovakia that incorporated Slovak and German minorities; Yugoslavia (or the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, as it was initially known), an uneasy confederation of ex-Hapsburg and ex-Ottoman nations with Montenegro; an independent Poland; a new, truncated Austria; and an autonomous Hungary.

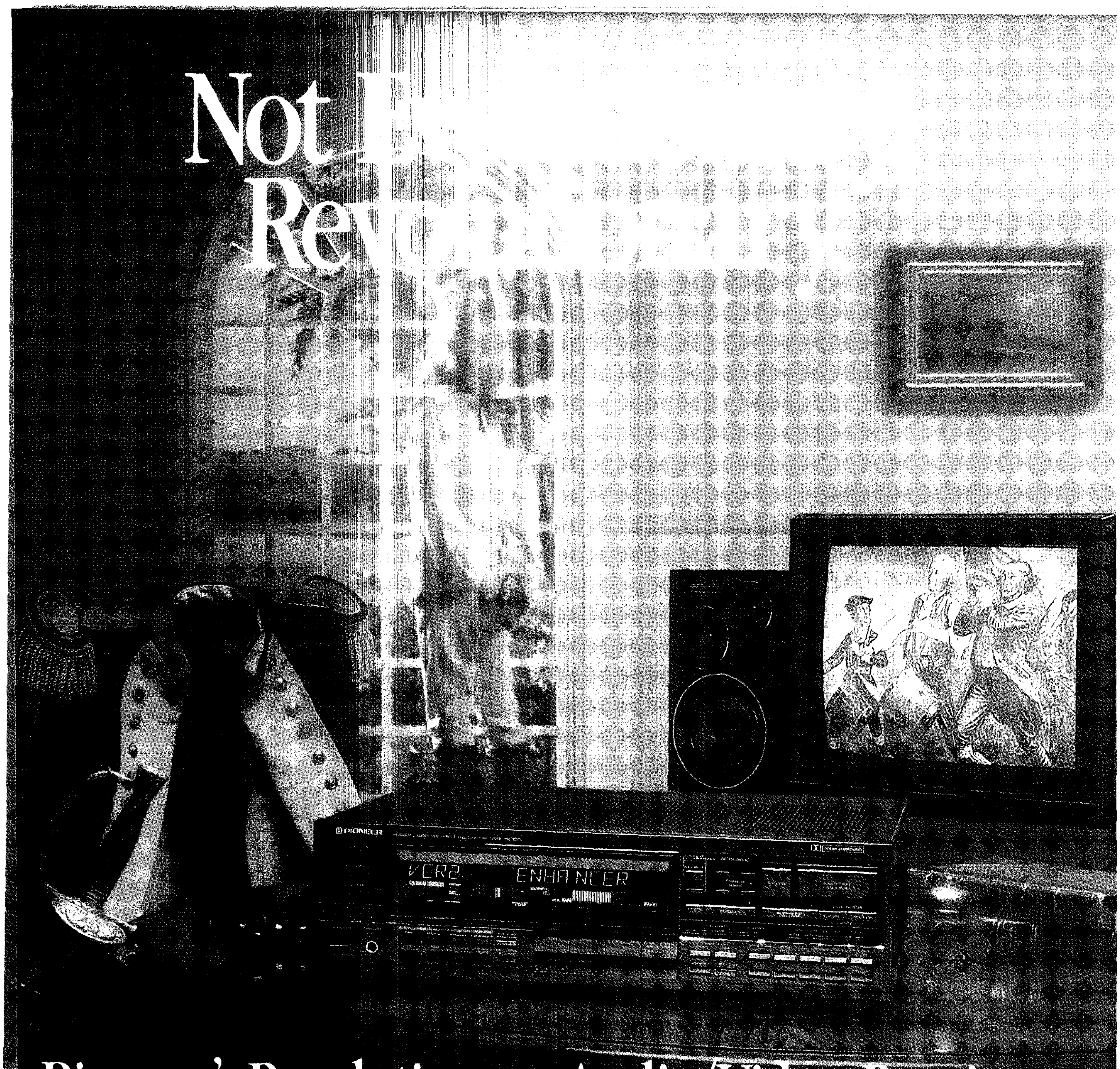
The Ottoman Empire had been a polyglot affair whose frontiers extended at one time or another as far as Vienna and Gibraltar—from the Indian Ocean and the Caucasus to the Atlantic—incorporating a great number of ethnic, religious, and political communities or entities of one or another kind under a flexible Ottoman political overlordship. Its components in the Near East had included Armenia, which was subsequently divided up among the Soviet Union, Turkey, and Iran. From its collapse came the various territories north of Saudi Arabia plus the Persian Gulf principalities (all of them mandates of the League of Nations or protectorates), as well as an independent, secular Turkish state.

Until 1918, for most of these societies the primary functions of the modern nation-state—defense, the conduct of foreign policy and diplomatic relations, the direction of industry and the economy—were performed, within the limits of the time, by the sultanate in Constantinople. On the other hand, the ordinary lives of the people who made up the Ottoman Empire had relatively little to do with Constantinople, with which relations usually were distant. In Europe, predominately Muslim societies—such as traditional clan societies in Albania and peasant agricultural societies in Bosnia and Herzegovina—coexisted under Turkish authority with Christian Serbs, Greeks, Bulgarians, Moldavians, and Walachians as late as the early twentieth century. An Albanian dynasty ruled Egypt under nominal Ottoman suzerainty, and there were quasi-autonomous Ottoman states in the Maghreb.

As Turkish rule failed, the new states that emerged claimed the attributes of modern nationhood but could only inadequately sustain those claims. Monarchies were invented by the Western powers for Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria. German princes, unemployed nephews and nieces of the Russian and English monarchies were invited to pack up and make the arduous voyage to primitive capital cities in Europe's South and East, there to rule peasant populations whose languages they could not speak. As late as the nineteen-thirties, the polyglot English aristocrat and traveller Aubrey Herbert, a sometime British spy, was offered the crown of Albania. Rumania's last two kings, Carol and Michael, were direct descendants of Queen Victoria, Czar Alexander II, and Hohenzollern princes. A witness to the Rumanian monarchy's collapse, R. G. Waldeck, said of the dynasty, "They all went a bit haywire under this violent sun and the deep blue skies. They could not take it. They overdid everything."

Parliaments on French or British models were set up in these countries, but political power usually continued to function by indirection through networks of personal or clan obligations established under the sultanate—to the disapproval or despair of Western observers. Field Marshal Mackensen, who was the German commander in Rumania in the First World War, said, "I came to Bucharest with a troupe of conquering heroes, and I leave here with a troupe of gigolos and racketeers."

Alien minorities were incorporated within the frontiers of virtually all these countries, and nearly all claimed



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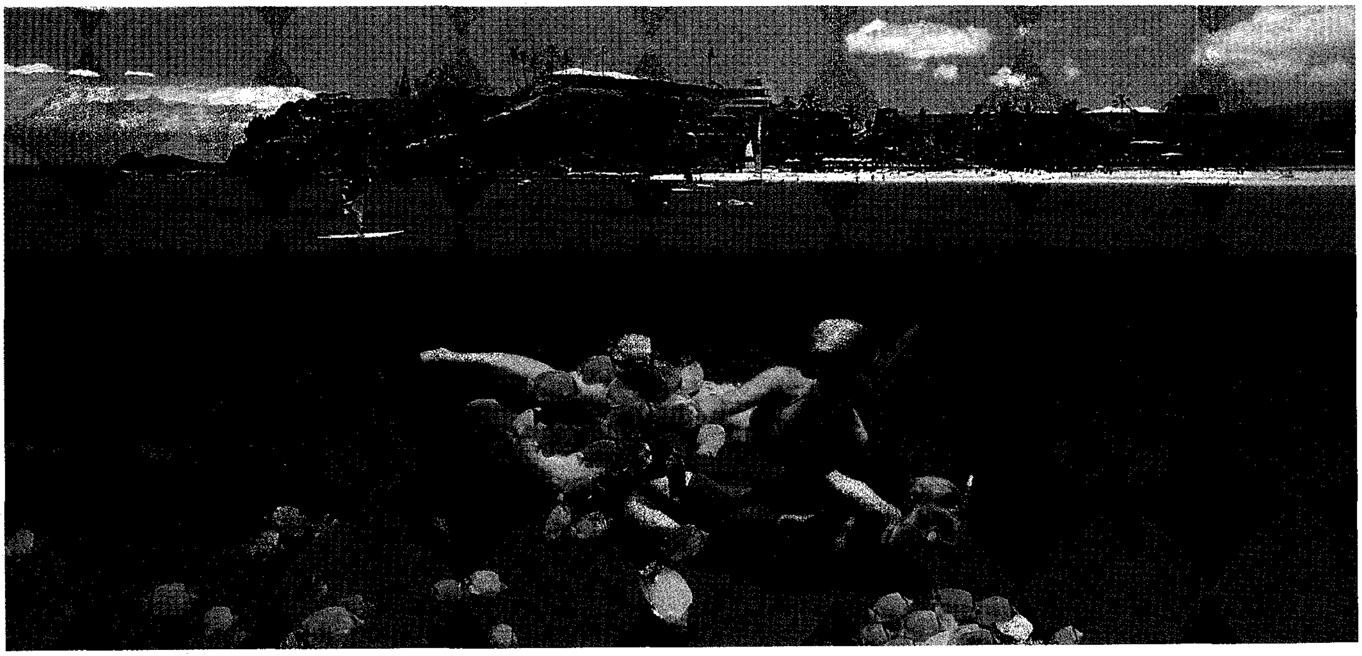
some bordering territory. Ex-Hapsburg Hungary today keeps up a muted claim to Transylvania, in Rumania, where there are two million ethnic Hungarians. Earlier this year, there was a formal protest by the Hungarian government against Rumania's treatment of this minority. Bucharest, in turn, has accused Hungary of falsifying history and reviving "theses of the Nazi era" in a three-volume history of Transylvania published by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The Rumanian government has published its own account of "atrocities" committed against Rumanians by Hungarian troops in Transylvania between 1940 and 1944.

Rumania would claim Bessarabia if it dared (it is part of the Soviet Union). Greece has claimed all of Cyprus; Turkey invaded and occupied a third of it in 1974. Bulgaria persecutes its Turkish minority, and Turkey, Iraq, and Syria all repress Kurdish minorities. Armenians demand an autonomous Armenia. Albania claims Kosovo, the Albanian-populated region of Yugoslavia; the Yugoslavs are inclined to regard Albania as by rights a Yugoslav dependency.

The borders of the ex-Ottoman Arab states are arbitrary. There was a nationalist movement in Egypt after the Napoleonic invasion; Egypt, after all, had been a nation since antiquity. The national idea that developed in the eastern Ottoman Empire was that of "the Arab nation," and it remains influential today. Syrian and Lebanese nationalism developed under French and American intellectual influence: it was centered in French schools and the American University of Beirut (then Syrian Protestant College). It began as chiefly a Christian phenomenon, inspired by the Arab Christians' anxiety about the pan-Islamic movements, which excluded them. The first secular nationalist movement emerged in Beirut in the eighteen-eighties; it was heavily influenced by European ideas.

The "nations"—which is to say quasi colonies, under the mandates or protectorates—that emerged from the post-1918 settlements were Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Palestine, Transjordan, and the Persian Gulf principalities. Arabia was conquered by the House of Saud, a tribe associated with the Wahhabi movement for puritanical religious reform. The thrones of Iraq and Transjordan were given by Britain to sons of Husein ibn-Ali, Sharif of Mecca, who was a descendant of the Prophet and had led the anti-Turkish movement among the Arabs in 1916. For the Arabs, though, there now existed the idea of—as Edward Atiyah writes—"one Arab kingdom east of Suez . . . inspired by dreams of past glory and intended to recreate as much of the Umayyad or Abbasid Empire as was possible." This was an unrealizable project, in view of the reality that "Arabia had not changed much since the time of Mohammed . . . whereas Syria and Iraq had several millennia of urban civilization behind them [and] Mecca and Medina . . . were still medieval and theocratically minded, untouched by the Western influences that had been at work for nearly a century in Syria." Arab society was then, and remains today, largely unready for the forms of national existence characteristic of Western Europe and North America. The pressures upon it, internally generated as well as external, to conform to an inappropriate modern model have been a powerful force behind the violence marking the region in recent years, behind popular alienation from the West, and behind the Islamic-fundamentalist reaction that has



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emerged from Iran, whose essential quality is to reject the modern secular state in favor of a romanticized conception of the political order of classical Islam.

Israel, whose installation in the Middle East was a catalyst for the violence from and among the Muslim states, is itself a political phenomenon rooted in the romantic secular national movements of nineteenth-century Central Europe, given terrible and transforming impetus by the Holocaust. It, too, remains an incomplete nation, with insecure borders and a large and hostile Arab minority population; under constant military and terrorist pressures; and experiencing intense internal controversy over the eventual course its society will take—whether secular and politically pluralist or theocratic.

Palestine, which was never a nation before 1948, has acquired the attributes of a modern nation now that Israel exists and there no longer is a Palestine. It has a recognized leader, a parliament, an Army, a military doctrine (that of terrorism), a foreign policy, and diplomatic representation throughout the world—everything except a country.

THE modern idea of nationhood, that every "people" should live under a separate, sovereign, central political authority in a well-defined and autonomous territory, is a recent development, and modern European nationalism, claiming these things for every "people," was largely the invention of nineteenth-century poets and intellectuals under the influence of the Romantic movement. For them, "race" and "blood" meant authenticity; ancient ballads and lost languages were revived in authenticity's interest. Nationalities were sometimes more or less invented, or, certainly, were embellished. Bonnie Scotland, with its kilts, sporrans, and legends, was to a sizable extent the creation of Walter Scott and his English readers. The Irish language was saved from extinction by nineteenth- and twentieth-century poets. Of the romantic claim that modern Rumanians descend from the lost legions of Rome, the traveller and scholar Patrick Leigh Fermor, in his book "Between the Woods and the Water," skeptically says, "We know that the Roman withdrawal took place in AD 271 (over a century before the Romans left Britain), but after that . . . the earliest mentions of Latin-speaking inhabitants of Transylvania

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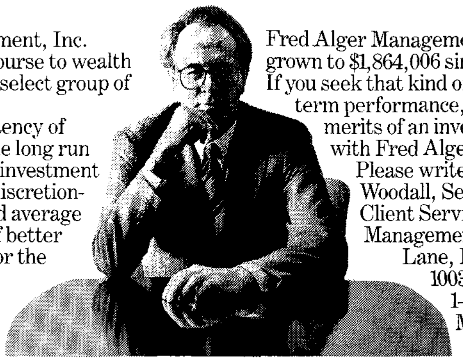

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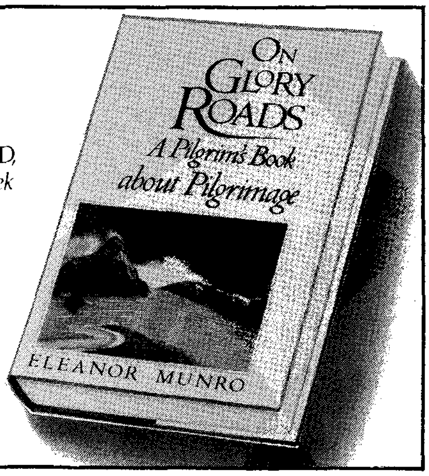

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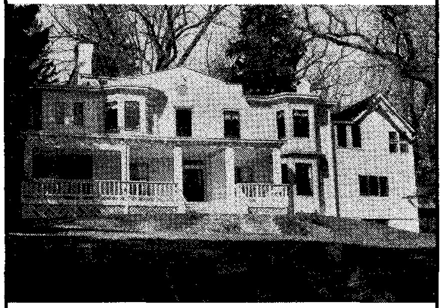

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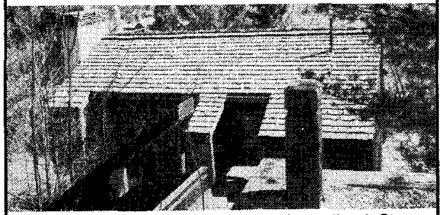

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occur in 1222 and 1231, when there is mention of 'the region of the Vlachs' and 'the forest of the Pechenegs and the Vlachs.' They [the Rumanian people] emerge—or re-emerge—from the shadows while the Valois and the Plantagenet dynasties were at their height, only twenty years after the Crusaders had captured Constantinople and a bare six after Magna Carta. It is baffling, and hardly credible, that so little is known."

The achievement of nationhood is a product of time as well as circumstance, and time is the one thing the makers of American foreign policy do not conceive of having at their disposal. It is all but useless to preach detachment, or patience with history, to an American government committed to action and problem-solving. Nonetheless, one would think a record of four disrupted American Presidencies a considerable lesson in the futility of interventions meant to dominate or check long-term historical forces of the kind recently at work in Vietnam and Iran and now evident amidst the uproar of the Middle East. A great power has the resources to influence such things, and to survive them, but it is unable to stop history. Throwing American military power against forces of this sort, at work within turbulently unachieved nations, has done nothing except damage the United States.

Vietnam, for example, only recently assumed its modern national form. The Annamese, drifting southward, occupied Cochin China, in the southernmost part of Indo-China, only in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, following the breakdown of the rule of the Khmers and the Chams—civilizations under Hindu and Indian influence. The French annexed the region between 1862 and 1893. The lack of cultural assurance or security among Vietnamese élites is evident in the fact that before the end of the century nearly half a million had been converted to Christianity in Annam alone, out of an estimated population of six million. The "nationalist" reaction against the French, and subsequently against the United States, was a cultural as well as a political upheaval, related to the need of the Vietnamese to define a social and political civilization still inchoate. This upheaval had begun to take political form by the first decade of the twentieth century, influenced by the Japanese defeat of Russia in 1905—a victory of Asians over Europeans. The

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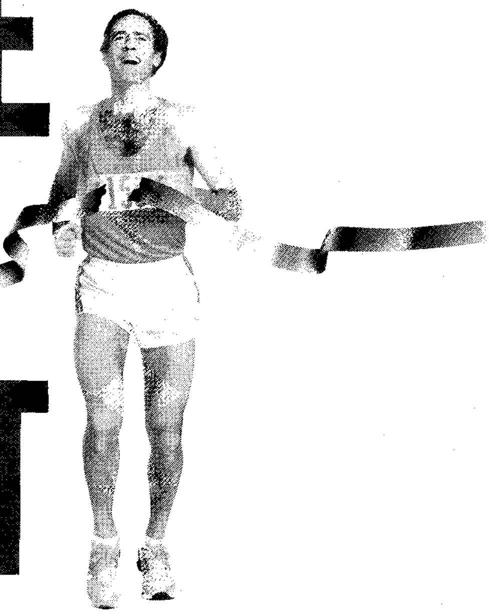

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United States entered the Vietnamese struggle late and ignorant, and was eventually violently rejected as an alien and irrelevant factor in the Vietnamese people's own crisis, which today is still unresolved.

In Iran, the United States thoughtlessly assumed the quasi-colonial role that Britain had previously held with respect to the Iranians—the ancient Persians—at a time when they had scarcely begun their recovery from more than two centuries of national decline and foreign domination, first by the Afghans, then by the Russians and the British. When the United States was ejected from Iran in 1979, it was made the victim of resentments of domination and humiliation which had only incidentally to do with the United States and had virtually nothing to do with the narrowly political and ideological interpretation made of the matter in Washington.

American policymakers dealt with these problems, as they continue to do with those of Central America, in almost complete innocence of the history involved or the cultural stakes in play, as if each problem were a discrete conflict of ideology and national power, winnable by coercion and money or, when these fail, by the application of military power. The forces at work are, to Washington's surprise, repeatedly discovered to be unamenable to these methods: "unreasonable"—or reasonable only by a different calibration of reason. The result is failure, repeated failure, caused by a pedestrian American belief in nearby cause and immediate effect, and a willful indifference to the long look, "The backward look behind the assurance / Of recorded history, the backward half-look . . . towards the primitive terror," to quote Eliot: toward the confusion that prevails behind the nominal nation, toward the ordeal of becoming. —WILLIAM PFAFF

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Written by A.D.M. Johnson

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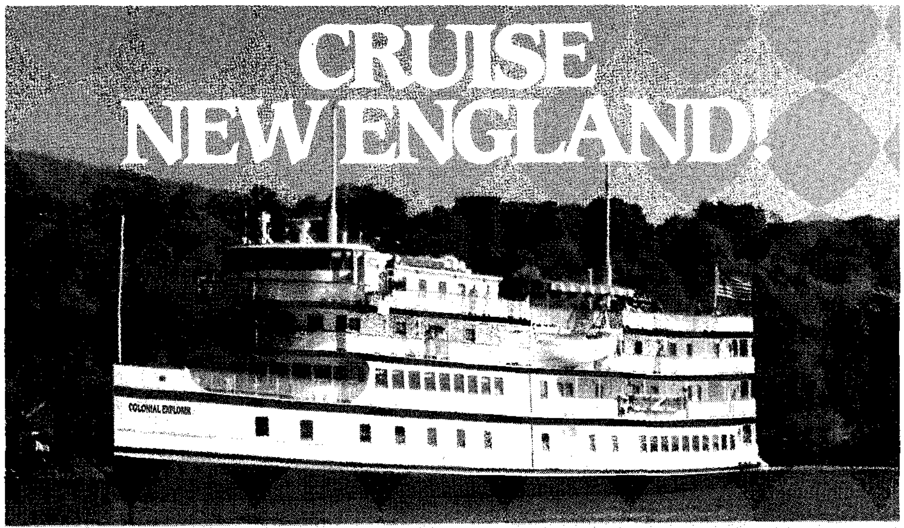

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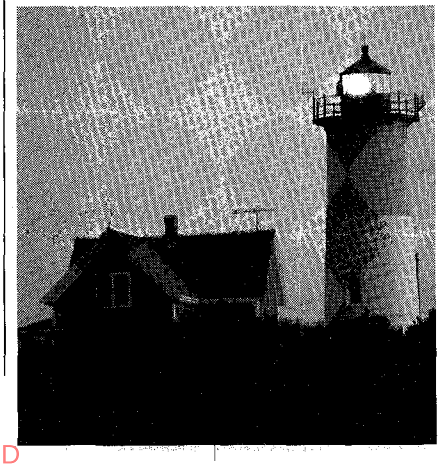
Though its climate may have contributed to a wintry independence in its artists, in the past (and present), Massachusetts is also where many artists—Thoreau and the Transcendentalists of Concord; Eugene O'Neill and the Provincetown Players—have worked and flourished closely together. Today, Massachusetts' cultural motto may be "Work done in solitude but enjoyed in company"—music at Tanglewood, dance at Jacob's Pillow, theater at Williamstown, art in Cape Cod's Truro.

Massachusetts is above all a literary state. The home of America's oldest university, its earliest publishing house, and a culture weaned on sermons and hymns, Massachusetts still knows the strength of the word. If New York is the literary marketplace, Massachusetts is often where the work gets done. Modern Massachusetts is home to writers from John Updike to Richard Yates, Jayne Anne Phillips to James Carroll; historically, it ranks among our richest literary states. Even its cemeteries (Mt. Auburn in Cambridge, Sleepy Hollow in Concord) are literary finds—their tombstones reading like Library of Congress cards: Emerson, Hawthorne, James, Alcott. An ideal way to know Massachusetts is by seeing its historic literary homes, in towns such as Lenox, Amherst, or Concord. Each tells its own story of days gone by, in a region still rich with theater, dance, music, and ideas.

"We are quite a literary precinct," William Dean Howells observed in 1882. Howells, first president of The American

The Nauset Beach Lighthouse (below): a colorful beacon for Massachusetts' many scenic seashore resorts.



Eugene O'Neill (above), famous for his play "Long Day's Journey Into Night," put Cape Cod on the cultural map when he established the Provincetown Players. From Provincetown to Truro, the Massachusetts seashore is still a haven for writers and artists.

Academy of Arts and Letters, was speaking of Boston's Beacon Hill and its environs. The Hill, like the nearby Old Corner Bookstore and The Parker House, was the haunt of writers from Webster to Longfellow. It was Louisburg Square, specifically, that Howells had in mind. At number four he had begun *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885); the Alcotts had resettled at number ten. Bronson Alcott's utopian freethinkers were the very crowd Howells' friend, Henry James, examined in *The Bostonians*, the novel he conceived of during his stay at 13 Ashburton Place. If 19th-century Boston is most finely detailed in James' fiction, then 20th-century Boston belongs to the poetry of Robert Lowell, born at 91 Revere Street.

Boston's most fascinating home is not, strictly speaking, a literary one. Yet its history could easily have been a Henry James invention: an ambitious outsider returns from Europe after the death of her Boston brahmin husband and builds a palazzo, stocking it with an art collection nurtured by a noted young connoisseur. The owner is Isabella Stewart Gardner, her "house" a three-storied Italianate palazzo poised on The Fenway, a short walk from The Museum of Fine Arts.

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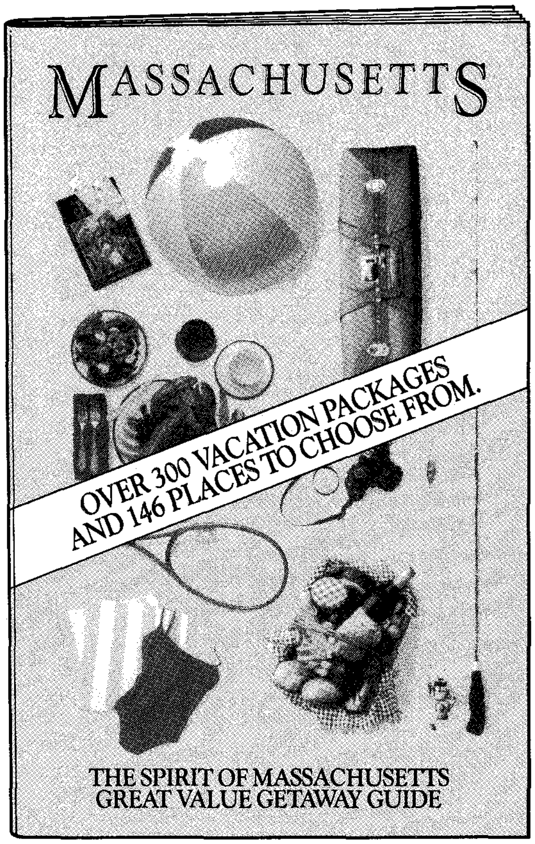
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Bernard Berenson himself. Unchanged since her death in 1924, the museum is a (literal) treasure hunt—the Rembrandt kept under the lightswitch, the Fra Angelico tucked to the side of a fireplace, the Botticelli over a doorway.

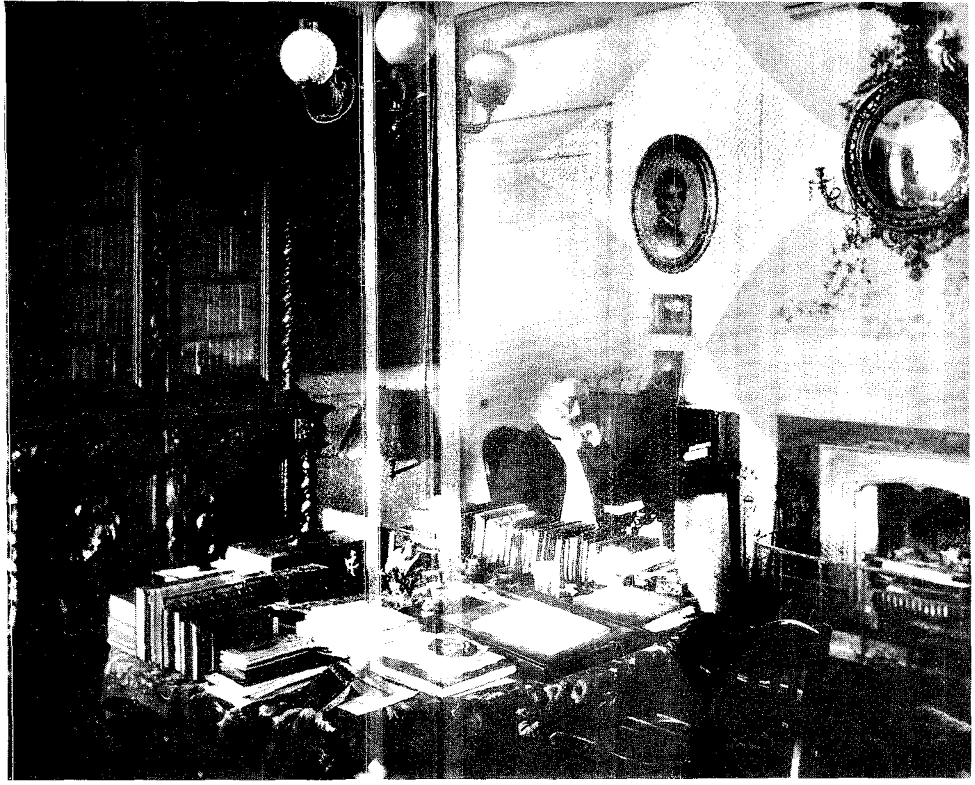
Literary life begins across the river in Cambridge. If today's Harvard students are fortunate to hear lectures by novelist Carlos Fuentes and poet Seamus Heaney, it is only the continuation of the literary tradition of the university, which has been home to writers from T.S. Eliot to Robert Lowell. Cambridge's most historic literary home belongs to a former Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Craigie House, 105 Brattle Street, was the poet's home from 1837–87. Built in 1759, the Federal-style mansion was Washington's military headquarters between 1775–76. Today, its heroic grandeur—its 11-foot ceilings, the 20-by-30-foot ballroom—have been wonderfully preserved.

The home where Longfellow later entertained Dickens and Thackeray was originally a wedding gift from his father-in-law. While his wife, Fanny, decorated the interior—which is still stocked with their original furniture and possessions—Longfellow oversaw the spacious garden. At Craigie House the poet wrote both *Evangeline* and *The Song of Hiawatha*, the

Louisa May Alcott (below), who wrote her most famous works while living at Orchard House, in Concord.

latter which in January, 1856, was selling 300 copies a day. Longfellow's literary success was overshadowed by personal tragedy. On July 9, 1861, while sealing locks of her children's hair, Fanny's dress caught on fire. She died the next day.

The writers whose portraits rimmed Longfellow's study (Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau) exerted an influence not only on his life and work but on the history of American literature. While many visitors make the 20-mile trip to Concord to see the North Bridge, the scene of the Minute Men's first battle in the Revolutionary War, the real shot heard around the world was literary. Between 1836–60 this same picture-perfect New England town was the birthplace of the credo of American individualism, the moral and intellectual independence known as Transcendentalism.



Ralph Waldo Emerson pictured in the study of his home at Lexington Road in Concord, where he lived for nearly fifty years and wrote Nature, *along with his Essays.*

"Every spirit builds itself a house," Emerson wrote in *Nature*, "and beyond its house a world, and beyond that world a heaven." For Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts, that world was Concord, that heaven, their work. So overlapping and cross-referenced are the lives of Concord's writers, that the best place to begin a tour of literary history is at The Concord Antiquarian Museum. Situ-

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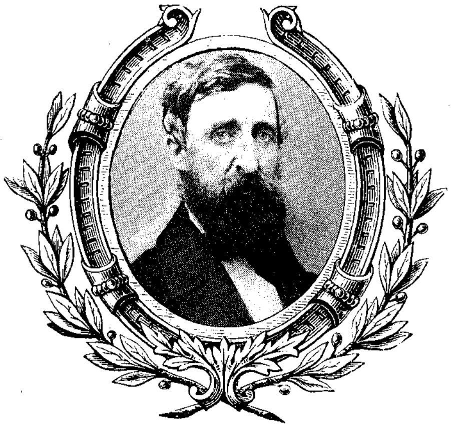
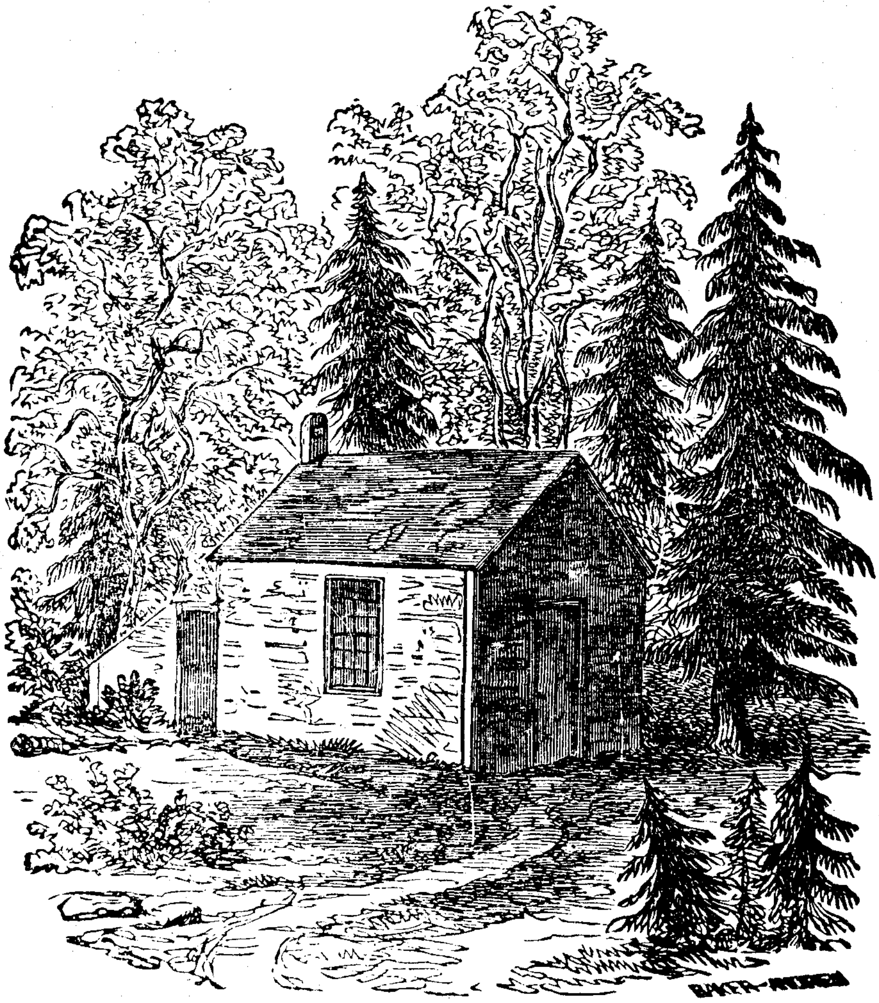
ated on the Concord Turnpike a half-mile east of the town center, the museum consists of 15 period rooms, among them Emerson's mahoganied study and Thoreau's spartan cabin belongings.

Directly across from the museum on Lexington Road is The Ralph Waldo Emerson House, a two-storied colonial where the writer lived for 47 years. More than geographic proximity suggests it as another ideal starting point of any Concord tour. No figure exerted a greater influence on Concord's literary life than Emerson. Here, sitting in his first-floor study, contemplating a portrait of the Three Fates, he wrote *Nature,* his two-volumed *Essays,* scores of lectures, and his journals.



Henry David Thoreau (above), who embraced Emerson's philosophies and settled on Emerson's land at Walden Pond. There he built a cabin (below), studied nature, and wrote his most famous work, Walden.

Emerson's influence, as visitors will see, was often decidedly practical—his garden (still thriving) supplied the Hawthornes with flowers, and an upstairs bedroom provided lodging for the young Thoreau. Emerson's own well being and productivity were dependent on the ordered domesticity life provided here: the mile walk into town after breakfast, morning errands at the butcher and gro-



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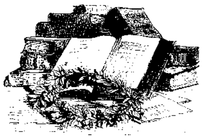
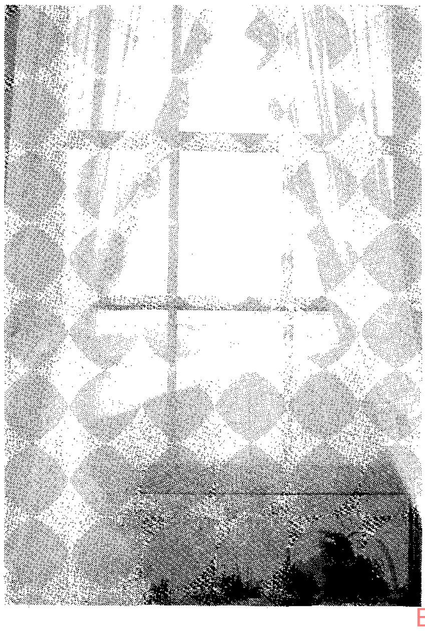


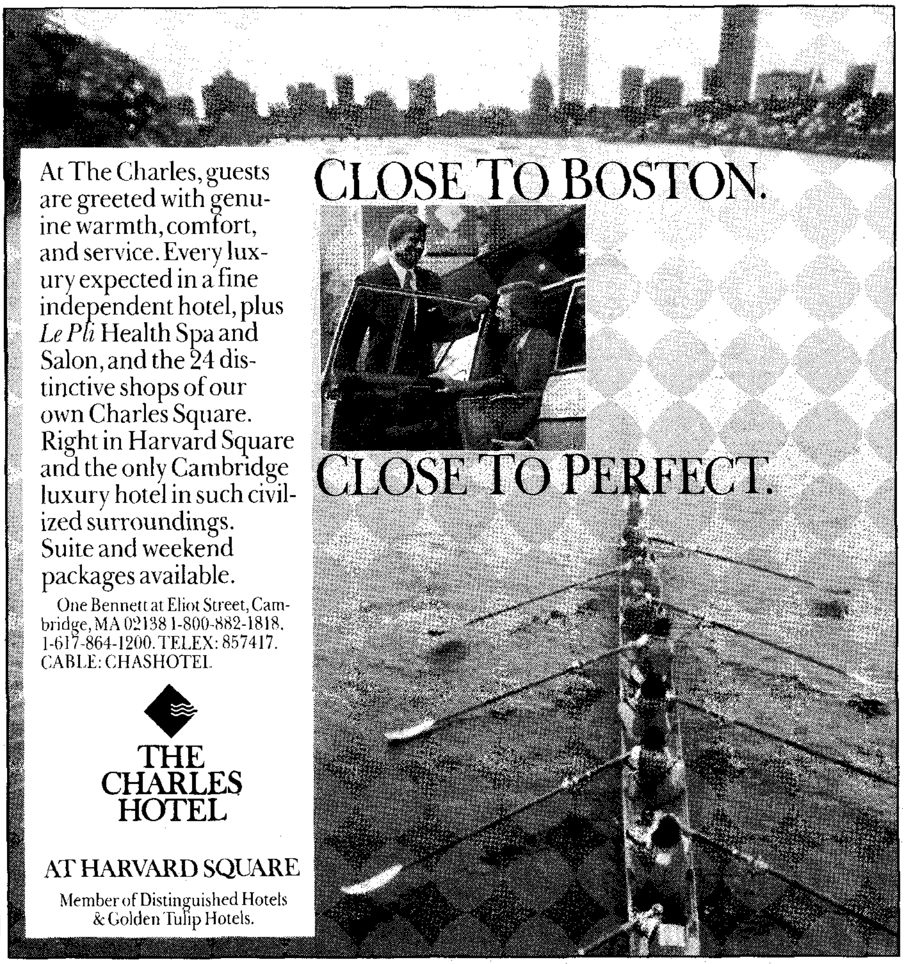
cer, work till the midday meal at one o'clock. That routine was to be traumatically interrupted on July 24, 1872 when his home caught fire. Rallying to his support, Concord friends were able to raise enough money to restore the home exactly as Emerson had known it.

After the fire Emerson took refuge temporarily at The Old Manse, his family home, located on Monument Street near the North Bridge. Its literary history predates him. In 1842, Nathaniel Hawthorne and his bride, Sophia, rented the 18th-century clapboard house where they lived until 1846. The interior, as Hawthorne noted, was "a dismal tinge of brown," the furniture "rheumatic." The couple took down the portraits of somber ministers, and brightened the house with brass and flowers. He wrote in the upstairs study, she painted in the downstairs dining room. (In a gothic detail reminiscent of her husband's tales, Sophia etched messages on two of the windowpanes.)

In 1852, after the success of *The Scarlet Letter,* the Hawthornes bought The Wayside on Lexington Road. Formerly the Alcotts' residence between 1845–48, the house figures in Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*. The Hawthornes renovated drastically, most notably adding a tower study in 1860 modelled after a Florentine villa.

"Every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond that world a heaven." When Emerson wrote this in Nature, *he was no doubt inspired by the beauty that surrounded him in his beloved Massachusetts.*





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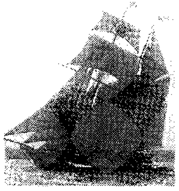

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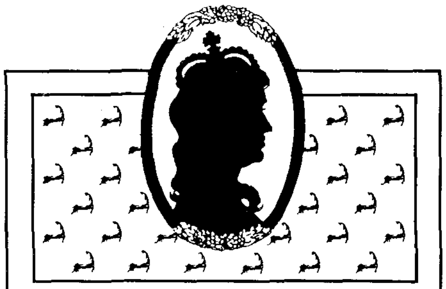

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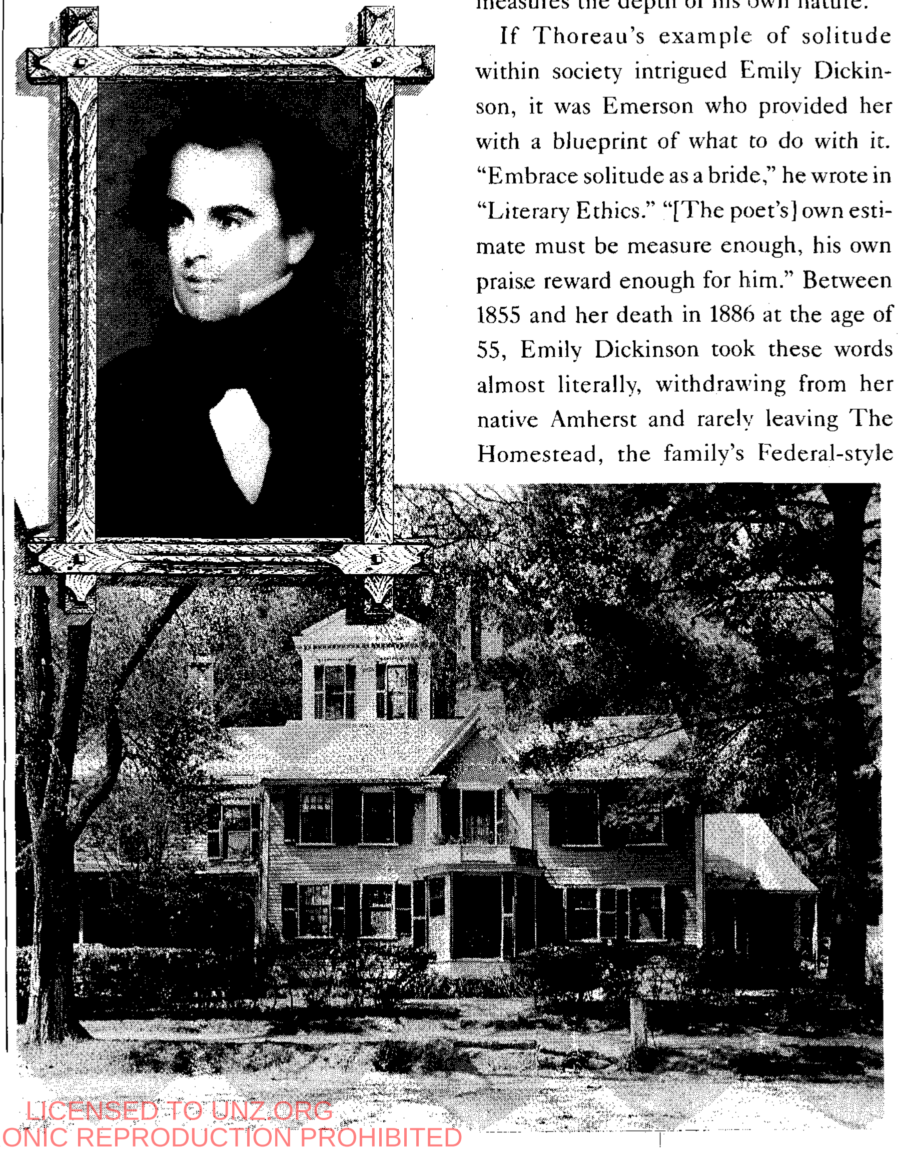
While Hawthorne moved seven times in New England, the nomadic Alcotts moved 22 times in Massachusetts alone. Their most important house, though, is Orchard House, bought in 1858 with help from Emerson. Situated directly next to The Wayside, the house is the site of Bronson Alcott's School of Philosophy, which is better appreciated when seen in tandem with Fruitlands, his failed utopian farm in nearby Harvard. Orchard House's fame, of course, rests on Louisa May Alcott, who despite itinerant jobs as teacher and nurse, wrote *Moods*, *Hospital Sketches*, and *Little Women* here. The proceeds from the latter enabled her to buy the old Thoreau home on Main Street in 1877 for her sister, Anna.

The stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne (below) described Massachusetts towns and societies in a more colorful fashion than any literature before. After writing his celebrated Scarlet Letter, *he settled at The Wayside, in Concord, previously owned by the Alcott family.*



"To go into solitude," Emerson observed in *Nature*, "a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society." What Emerson wrote, Henry David Thoreau lived. In 1845, at the age of 28, the Concord-born Thoreau built a one-room cabin on Emerson's land at Walden Pond. Here, between July, 1845, and September, 1847, he completed *Walden*, a work written with a naturalist's eye for detail and a poet's instinct for celebration. Armed with pencils, a microscope, a jackknife, and a music book in which to press flowers, Thoreau cataloged Walden's rich inventory: the pines fringing its shores, the fish knifing its waters, the clouds scudding overhead. "It is earth's eye," he wrote, "looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature."

If Thoreau's example of solitude within society intrigued Emily Dickinson, it was Emerson who provided her with a blueprint of what to do with it. "Embrace solitude as a bride," he wrote in "Literary Ethics." "[The poet's] own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him." Between 1855 and her death in 1886 at the age of 55, Emily Dickinson took these words almost literally, withdrawing from her native Amherst and rarely leaving The Homestead, the family's Federal-style

Emily Dickinson (above), shy and withdrawn from her native Amherst society, retreated in later years to her house and gardens at The Homestead, where she produced an abundance of poems and letters.

mansion on Main Street. There she wrote some 1,779 poems and 1,000 extant letters.

With its Greek Revival additions, its cupola and conservatory, it's hard to reconcile the home's glaring opulence with the powerful simplicity of the poetry produced inside. Built in 1830 by Dickinson's grandfather, The Homestead had been reclaimed by her father, Edward, a lawyer and Representative of Congress. Despite her stern father and invalid mother, Dickinson managed to write, rising at dawn, working on Sundays when the family was at church, jotting down poems on scraps of paper in the kitchen. Items such as her 17½-inch square writing table, her childhood belongings, and, of course, many of the manuscripts themselves, are on view at Amherst's Jones Library, 43 Amity Street.

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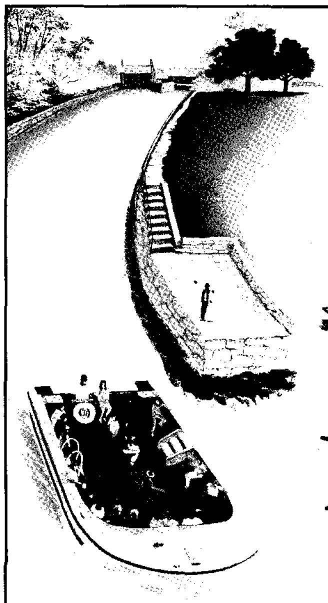

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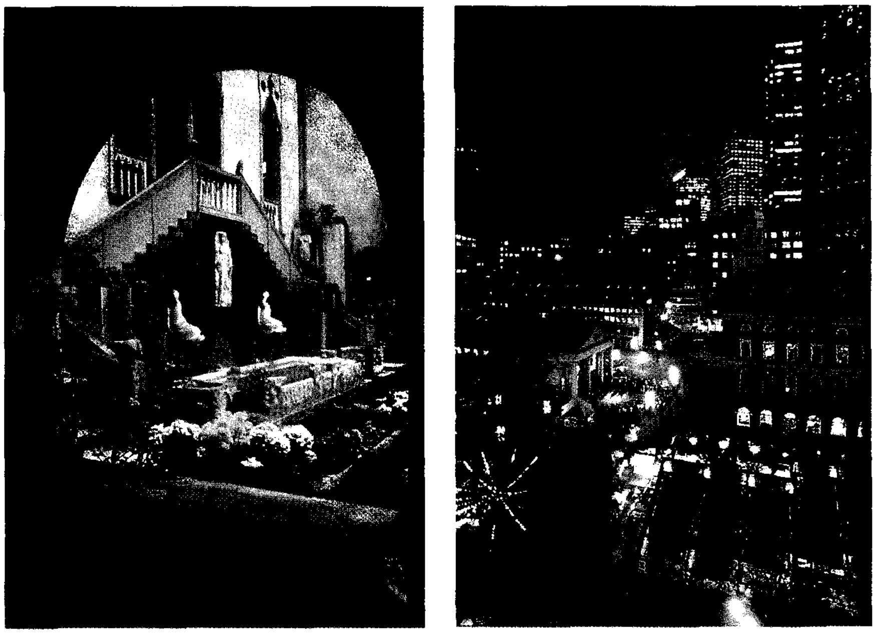

Boston was, and continues to be, the cultural magnet of New England. From its wealth of museums, large and small (the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, above left), to its streets lined with theatres, cinemas, cabarets, and clubs, as well as its famed orchestras and ballet, visitors find the capital of Massachusetts a premier destination.

Modelled after Belton House in England, The Mount is where Wharton secured "the freedom from trivial obligations" to pursue her writing. Writing in bed after breakfast she produced *The House of Mirth*, *Summer*, *The Age of Innocence*, and parts of *Ethan Frome*. Now the home of Shakespeare and Co., the theater group, The Mount is still much as Wharton knew it: a stately residence where even the basement is paved in marble.

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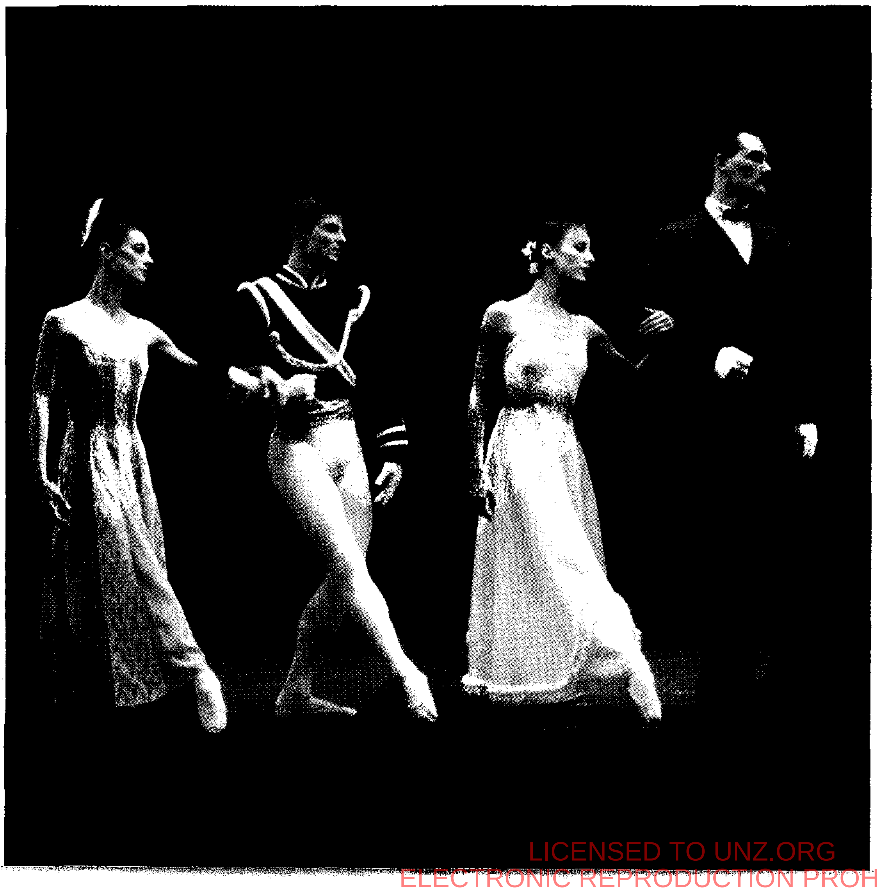

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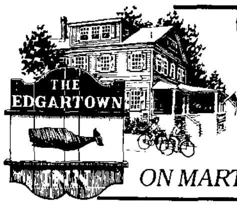

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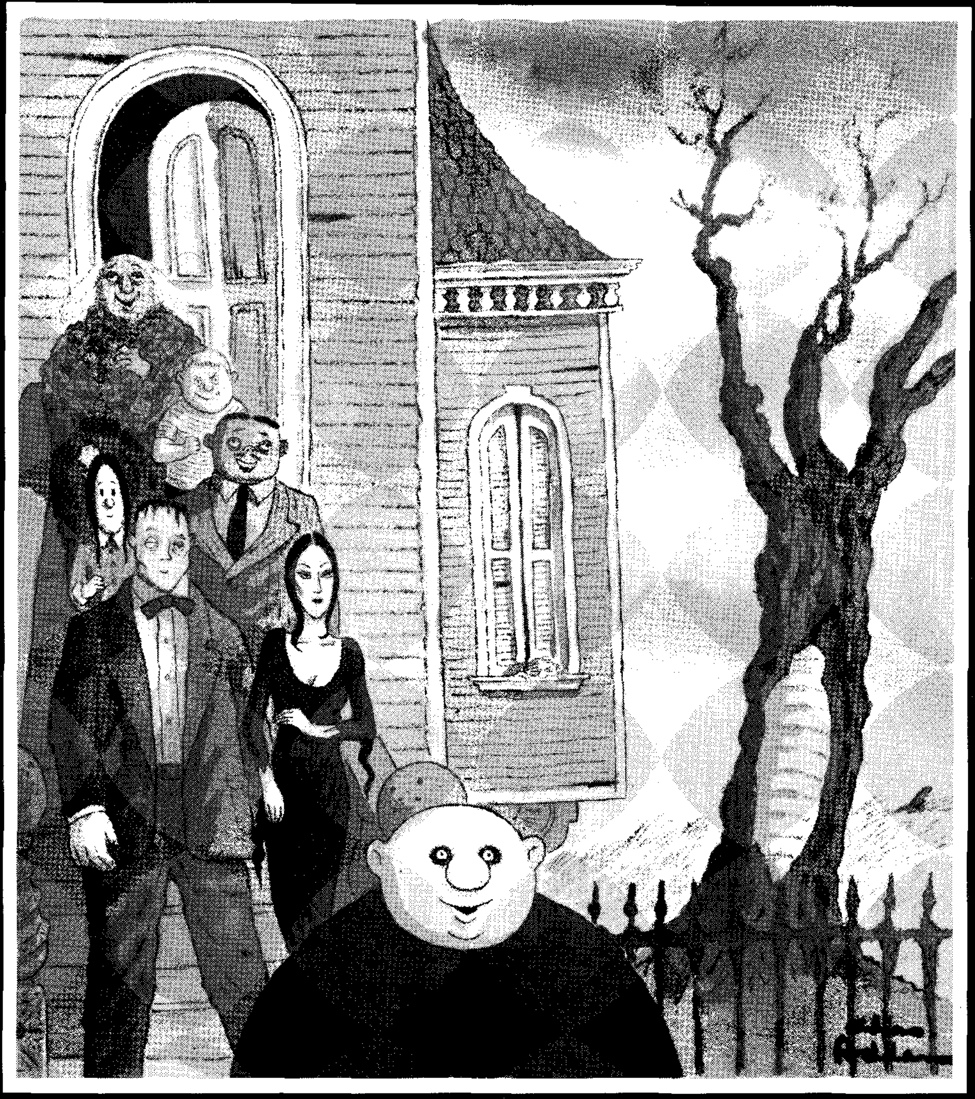

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

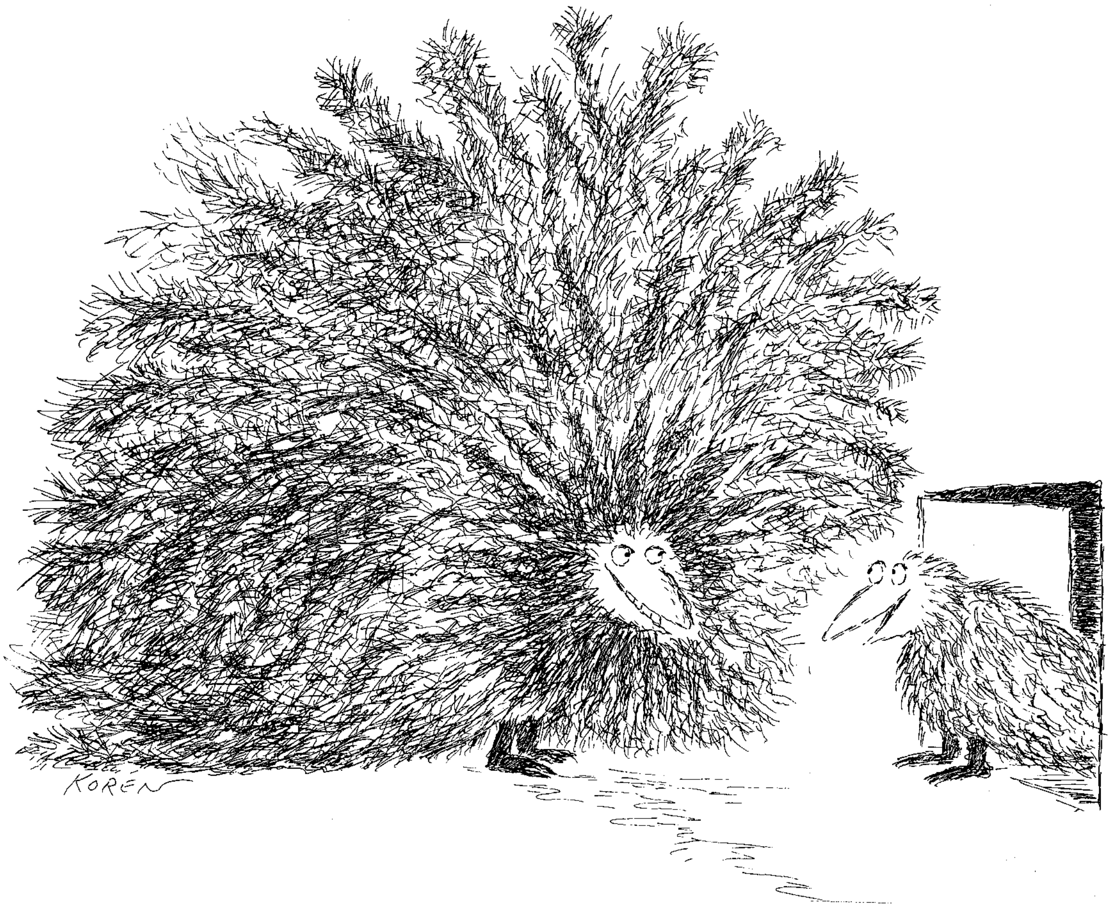
A MIRACLE, A UNIVERSE—I

I MIGHT as well have been blindfolded—a possibility my driver had half-jokingly considered—for all I was then able to gather or would later be able to recall about where we were going that day. São Paulo is Brazil's largest city and, indeed, with a population of almost thirteen million, one of the largest cities in the world. Before visiting, I'd envisioned a low, far-slung concatenation of villas and shanties. Blindfolded, I might have been able to continue imagining it that way. Eyes open, I found it indeed far-slung—wide and broad and as seemingly endless as Los Angeles—only, it's almost all skyscrapers. Twenty- and thirty-story buildings ranged one beside the next, mile after mile, neighborhood after neighborhood—the very apotheosis of the Brazilian Miracle, that remarkable period in the late sixties and the early seventies when the country was relentlessly racking up annual G.N.P.-growth rates of ten per cent and more. The urban centers amassed huge concentrations of wealth during that period and attracted vast influxes of migrants from the countryside, some of whom found low-paying jobs in the burgeoning industrial complexes that were powering the growth surge—but most of whom were relegated to meagre existences in the dismal scrap-wood, tin-roofed favelas that came to ring the cities. Ring them and web them, for the favelas also sprang up along the side beds of the highways that coursed, like badly sclerotic arteries, into and out of the central cities.

For a while, as we drove that day, we were racing past some of those narrow bands of slums, but soon we turned off the highway and onto a series of side streets that wove in and out among the skyscrapers. My driver seemed to add a few extra curlicues to his route just to further confuse me. Presently, we turned in to a driveway and entered the courtyard of a fairly anonymous ecclesiastical institution of some sort. At one side of the building, we came to a stop, and the driver beckoned me out of the car. We entered the building through a back entrance, proceeded down a succession of blank, institutional-style corridors, and finally came up to an unmarked and unremarkable door. My guide reached into his pocket, pulled out a key, paused, gazed up and down the corridor to make sure he couldn't see any inopportune passersby, paused a few more moments to make sure he couldn't hear any, and then slid his key into the lock and opened the door. Once we were inside, he turned on the lights and said, "This, I believe, is what you came down here to see."

The room, medium length and fairly narrow, was entirely filled by parallel rows of gray metal bookshelves, upon which were ranged, from floor to ceiling, hundreds of light-brown cardboard filing containers, each container labelled simply with a handwritten number. The containers seemed to go on endlessly—thousands of them. There seemed to be as many of them as there were skyscrapers in the city outside. And, indeed, as I came to understand in the ensuing days, their contents documented another side of the Brazilian Miracle.

I'D first met my guide in the fall of 1986, at a sparsely attended press luncheon in New York City signalling the publication of a book he'd been involved in putting together. He was a large, barrel-chested man in his late fifties with an expansive nature, an open, jowly face, a partly bald pate, long gray sideburns, and glasses—he looked like Paul Volcker minus the cigar. Several of the friends and colleagues who'd dropped by the luncheon to visit kept calling him Jim Wright, but most of the time, I learned, he goes by the name Jaime, and since most of the time he's in Brazil, the "j" is pronounced in the soft Portuguese fashion, as in "jam." Wright was born with dual American-Brazilian citizenship but gave up the American half in 1958 and considers



"I was __*just*__ *thinking about you!"*

himself wholly Brazilian. He and his wife have five children and five grandchildren, and all of them are Brazilian. His English is fluently American but is laced with some exotic inflections, no doubt as a result of his upbringing. He was raised in Brazil by American missionary parents from Arkansas, who would take him back home on their furloughs. He attended college in Arkansas and went on to the Princeton Theological Seminary before returning to Brazil, where he has served three separate stints as executive for the mission there of the Presbyterian Church/U.S.A.

The book he'd come to New York to help launch, "Torture in Brazil" (*Vintage/Random House*), was an English translation of "Brasil: Nunca Mais" ("Brazil: Never Again"), originally published in Petrópolis in the summer of 1985. The jacket copy of the American edition describes the book as "a shocking report on the pervasive use of torture by Brazilian military governments, 1964-1979, secretly prepared by the Archdiocese of São Paulo." I hadn't had much time to look through it before the luncheon, but what I'd found was indeed shocking, not only because of its content—detailed accounts of torture used systematically by the Brazilian military against political opponents—but, even more, because of the sources of that content. I'd read other accounts of torture, in reports by Amnesty International and Helsinki Watch and Americas Watch, for example, and, more recently, in the remarkable Argentine volume "Nunca Más." But these reports almost always consisted of testimony by victims or witnesses which had been collected, as it were, after the fact—after the victims or witnesses had escaped or been released and were hiding or living in exile, or else after the regime concerned had fallen. In this regard, the Argentine volume, recently published in an American edition by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, is an exemplary model, largely consisting of the scrupulously ordered and painstakingly corroborated testimony of hundreds of victims and witnesses—testimony that began to be compiled within days after the fall of the Argentine junta by an official National Commission on the Disappeared. In fact, the establishment of the commission was one of the new civilian President Raúl Alfonsín's first acts upon taking office, on December 10, 1983.

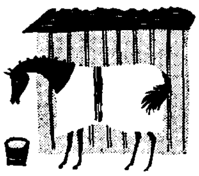
But "Brasil: Nunca Mais" was different, for it was based on the official records of the regime itself—verbatim transcripts of military trials which were no doubt never intended to be read by the public at large. Documents of this sort are never supposed even to survive the fall of a totalitarian regime: in the rare cases where they exist at all, they're destroyed when the regime collapses. Marshall Meyer, who served as a rabbi in Buenos Aires for twenty-five years and was one of the members of Alfonsín's National Commission (though he's now moved back to New York City, where he heads the B'nai Jeshurun congregation, on the upper West Side), once told me how he and his colleagues rushed over to the headquarters of the SIDE, the Argentine military's secret security police, within days of the country's changeover to civilian rule, only to find the place gutted: they could still smell the ashes of the archives. The Argentine regime had had to abandon power in haste, in utter humiliation, following its ignominious defeat in the Falkland Islands war. The Brazilian military, on the other hand, had taken its time in leaving. The inauguration of the new civilian President, José Sarney, in the spring of 1985, had been preceded by a carefully calibrated, delicately cadenced transition—the so-called *distensão*, or relaxation, and then *abertura*, or opening—which had been over a decade in the making. The Brazilian military authorities had certainly had time to clean up loose ends, to efface any embarrassing or incriminating pieces of evidence. And yet here that evidence was—in their own words, wrenched from their own files.

Jaime Wright was listed as the translator of the American edition of "Brasil: Nunca Mais," but it was clear from the introduction, by the Brazilianist Joan Dassin, that Wright had been heavily involved in the project from its inception. Indeed, although more than thirty people were involved at one stage or another in putting the book together, only two of them had allowed themselves to be identified at the time of its publication—Paulo Evaristo Cardinal Arns, who is the Archbishop of São Paulo, and the Presbyterian minister Jaime Wright. At the press luncheon, Wright explained that the other people who had participated in compiling the volume not only had managed to keep the existence of the project absolutely secret for more than five years—the time it took to complete the work—but also had succeeded in keeping their own identities absolutely secret over the year and a half since the book's publication. Such secrecy had, of course, been essential to the work on the project during the time when the military still held power in Brazil; however, it remained essential, they all agreed, because, though civilians were now nominally back in control of the Brazilian government for the first time since 1964, the military remained a powerful presence on the scene—only halfway out the door, as it were—and a continuous threat to come barging right back in. Indeed, Wright informed us, the publication of "Brasil: Nunca Mais" had been followed a year later by that of a furious answering polemic, the work of a decidedly unrepentant lieutenant in Brazilian military intelligence, which was entitled "Brasil Sempre" ("Brazil Always").

In subsequent meetings with Wright, I learned how this Presbyterian minister had become so intimately involved in a top-secret project of São Paulo's Catholic archdiocese. That relationship had its origins several years earlier. Jaime Wright's younger brother, Paulo Stuart Wright, had been a Christian student activist and had then become an assemblyman in the southern Brazilian state of Santa Catarina during the tumultuously reformist early sixties; he was, in fact, the first child of American missionary parents ever to attain such high political office in Brazil. He must have been effective at his work, for he was one of the first legislators to be stripped of their mandates in the weeks following the April 1, 1964, coup that brought the military to power. Paulo Wright fled the country, but the following year he smuggled himself back in and began to work in the underground, organizing peasant coöperatives and rural networks in, among other areas, Maranhão, José Sarney's home state, in the north. (President Sarney, for his part, was in those days a close civilian collaborator of the military overseers.)

"Paulo was teaching people how to

stick together," Jaime Wright explained to me, "and to a military regime that's subversion." During that period, Jaime saw his brother from time to time ("I'd be in my office in São Paulo and the phone would ring and it would be Paulo saying to meet him at 2 P.M. in the Praça da República, and I'd know that that meant to meet at 3 P.M. in the Praça da Sé"); he never asked detailed questions about Paulo's organizing work, and Paulo didn't tell him much. ("That was partly for the security of his organization and partly for my sake, so I wouldn't have the burden of such knowledge.") This kept up for eight years, and then, one day in September, 1973, Jaime got another telephone call. "*Êle caiu*," an anonymous voice said distinctly—"He is fallen"—and then the line went dead. Paulo had been "disappeared"—been abducted from the streets of São Paulo without leaving a trace. Jaime tried frantically to locate him in the military prisons, to no avail. He subsequently learned that his brother had been tortured and, within forty-eight hours, killed; indeed, he was eventually able to find proof of his brother's murder among the papers that the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" people ferreted out. But for years he knew nothing for certain and looked everywhere for the slightest scraps of information; and he has never been able to obtain the body or any knowledge of its burial site.



During his efforts to obtain information about his brother, Wright, to his chagrin, had found his colleagues in the various Protestant hierarchies of little help. Many of the Protestant churches in Brazil had "acculturated with a vengeance," as he puts it; the more solidly established Protestant denominations often attracted nouveau-riche beneficiaries of the Brazilian Miracle and hence were tacit supporters of the military regime. This was true to a large extent of the Brazilian Presbyterian Church. (Wright makes a clear distinction between the position and work of that church and those of the Presbyterian Church/U.S.A. in Brazil.) Some of the more evangelical groups, like their Pentecostal sponsors back in the United States, were, if anything, more shrilly anti-Communist than the regime itself. For that matter, the security apparatus of the regime was known to include an inordinately high proportion of Protestants. By contrast, Wright, in his quest for information about his brother, was able to enlist considerable support from Cardinal Arns, who had been displaying a progressively more forthright and assertive stand regarding the military regime's use of torture on its political opponents ever since his appointment to the leadership of the São Paulo archdiocese, the world's largest, in 1970. Wright speaks glowingly of Cardinal Arns. "To begin with, Cardinal Arns is a Franciscan, and the Franciscans, with their vows of poverty, seldom aspire to become bishops," he says. "He has a deep knowledge of the Scriptures, which he memorized as a boy. And he has a pastoral heart: he is moved by deep compassion in the face of violence and persecution. I tease him by telling him he's a Protestant in disguise—a true Protestant."

In the years after 1973, Jaime Wright and Cardinal Arns worked ever more closely together on the desperate human-rights issues facing their flocks. In October, 1975, when Wladimir Herzog, a popular and widely respected São Paulo television journalist, died under torture, his colleagues convened a special ecumenical service in his honor at the São Paulo Cathedral. Cardinal Arns agreed to preside, while a distinguished rabbi represented the Jews (Herzog was a Jew) and Jaime Wright represented the Protestants. ("Well," Wright says, " 'represented' isn't quite the right word: none of the other Protestant leaders would accept the invitation.") Over eight thousand people filled the cathedral for the Herzog service, with a crowd of thirty thousand more spilling out into the surrounding plaza, and the event is considered crucial in sparking the resurgence of an independent civil society in Brazil in the decade that followed. A few years later, Wright and Cardinal Arns collaborated on another decisive gesture. On March 29, 1978, they and several fellow human-rights activists decided to gamble that on the occasion of President Jimmy Carter's state visit to Brasília the regime would be reluctant to engage in outright censorship—so they chose that day to place in *Folha de São Paulo*, one of the country's leading newspapers, a two-page spread detailing the military's record of tortures, disappearances, and other human-rights violations. The text included the first published mention of the facts surrounding the abduction

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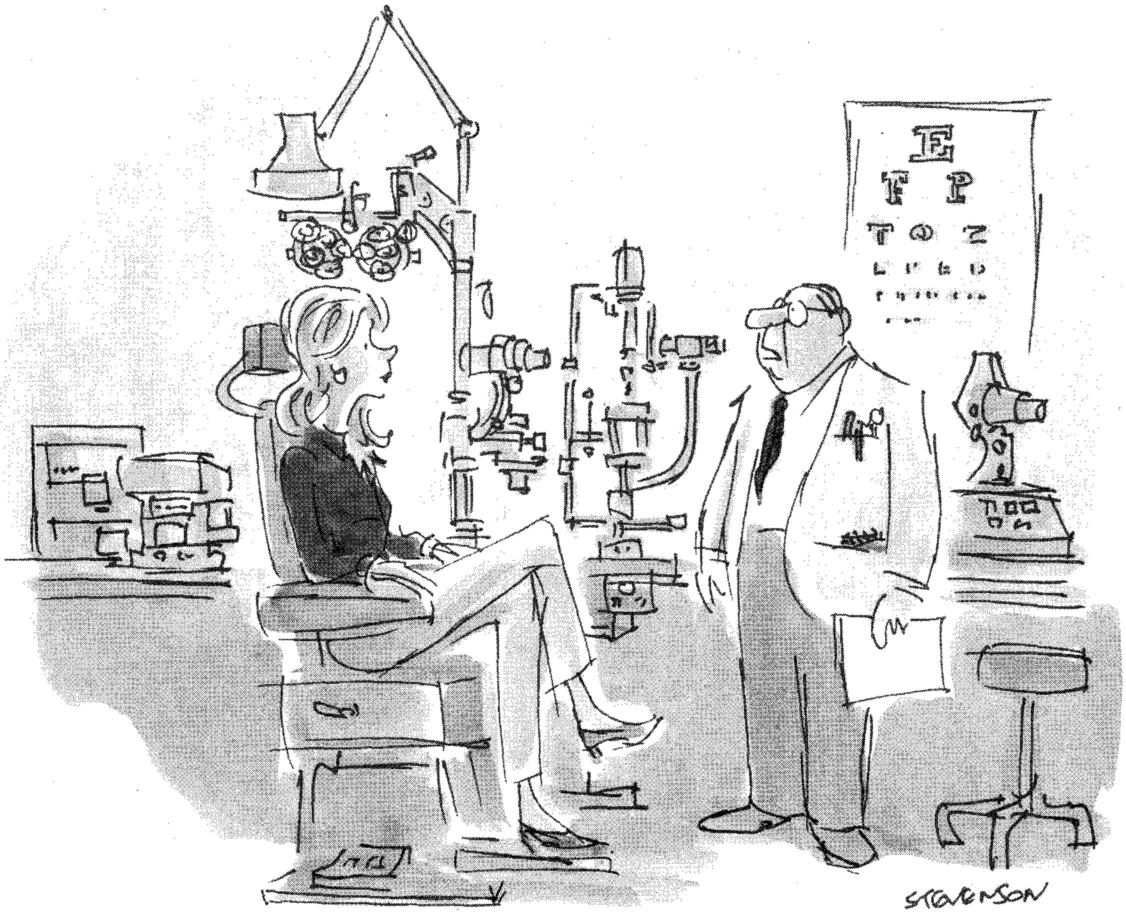


"You're dewy-eyed."

• •

and disappearance of Paulo Stuart Wright (along with a small photograph of him). "The sudden lifting of censorship like that, for that one day—it literally took one's breath away to see it," Wright recalls. "Whatever may be said about Jimmy Carter's performance back in the United States, you have to appreciate the effectiveness of his foreign policy abroad. In Brazil, in particular, his Administration's sustained pressure was a major factor in the regime's ongoing liberalization."

In 1978, also, Wright completed his third term as executive of the Presbyterian Church/U.S.A. in Brazil and received permission to work even more closely with Cardinal Arns. "As far as I know," Wright told me, "I am the only Protestant minister who works inside the Catholic Church at the invitation of a cardinal." He has an office in the Curia building, right beside Cardinal Arns's, and the Cardinal has on occasion referred to him as "my auxiliary bishop for international affairs and human rights." Indeed, Wright is so deeply trusted by Arns that he participated in the drafting of the sermons that the Cardinal's office prepared for Pope John Paul II during his visit to São Paulo in 1980.

IN March, 1979, the wary, gradual, fitful process of military liberalization, which had been under way for several years during the Presidency of General Ernesto Geisel, entered a new phase with the inauguration of Geisel's chosen successor, General João Baptista Figueiredo. (It was at this point that the *distensão* began turning into the *abertura*.) The institutionalized practice of torture against opponents of the military had been on the wane for some time, but military officials were concerned about an eventual investigation into and retribution for their earlier human-rights abuses. In fact, the prospects for any further liberalization were momentarily frozen, pending the resolution of these concerns. Against this backdrop, President Figueiredo, as one of his first initiatives, promulgated a plan for a so-called mutual amnesty. For several years, there had been a rising cry on the part of civil society, led by Cardinal Arns and his associates, among others, for a complete amnesty of those accused of political crimes—both exiles and prisoners. Figueiredo now acceded, in part, to these demands (there were several annoying loopholes in his initiative), but he coupled this gesture with another, offered in a sudden spirit of ostentatious magnanimity: a blanket amnesty for any state security agents who might otherwise someday become liable to charges arising from their human-rights violations. Indeed, his edict was drafted in such a way as to foreclose even the possibility of any future official investigations into the behavior of the security forces between 1964 and 1979. Bygones were to be bygones: the book was closed. The *abertura* could proceed.

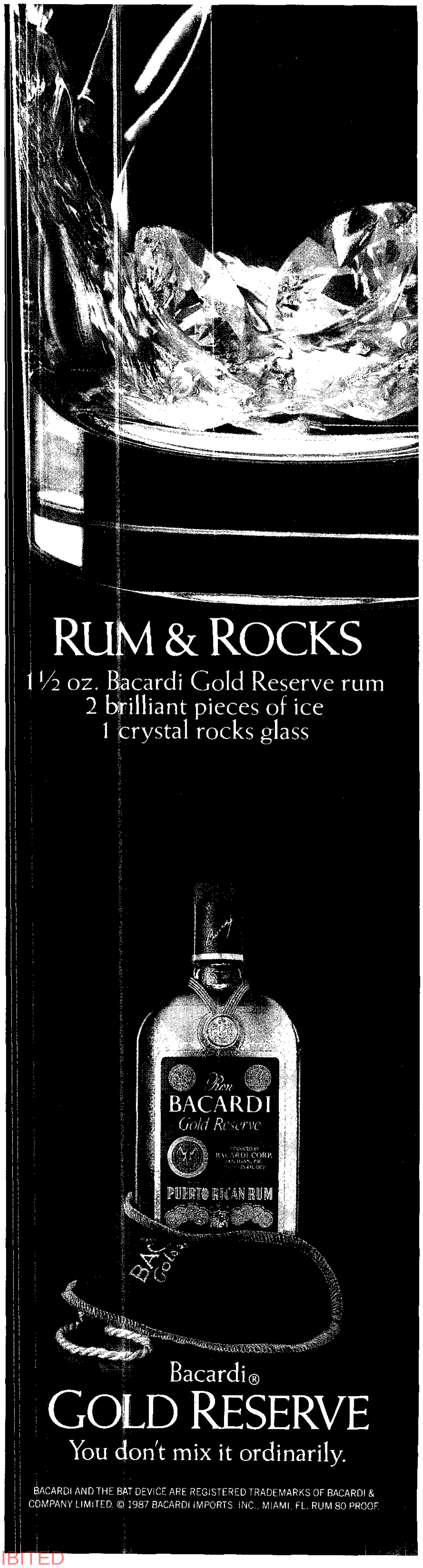
For the regime's thousands of victims and their families and friends, however, closing the book wasn't going to be so easy. Furthermore, for Jaime Wright and Cardinal Arns and several of their colleagues, allowing the book to remain closed would prevent any future understanding of what had happened in Brazil between 1964 and 1979 and what its happening had meant—an understanding without which, they feared, the country would forever be liable to a harrowing reversion. It was during this period that Wright and a very small group of his colleagues hit upon a daring plan.

"To understand what we set out to do in 1979, you have to understand something about the unusual nature of the military dictatorship in Brazil," Wright told me. "The Brazilian generals, you see, were technocrats. They were intent on doing things by the book, on following the forms, even if the results were often cruel and perverse. For example, they were obsessed with keeping complete records as they went along. They never expected anyone to delve into those records—certainly not in any systematic fashion. They never imagined they'd be held accountable to anyone. But the forms, the technicalities, required complete and well-ordered records, so they kept them. Now, in the early stages of an internee's *processo*—that's the Portuguese word for a military court proceeding—the authorities often had recourse to torture. This was partly because they were eager to extract as much information as quickly as possible so they would be able to make further arrests before the prisoner's friends and comrades could learn of his arrest and cover their tracks. But it was also an almost traditional reflex, going back to the days of slavery and the Inquisition. A confession was extracted through torture, and its truthfulness was conclusively affirmed when the victim signed the written version of his statement. About a third of the *processos* eventually came to semi-public trial before one of twelve five-judge military tribunals operating throughout the country. (The other two-thirds never made it that far.) At that point, the prisoner or his lawyers sometimes denounced the supposed confession as having been obtained under duress. It's amazing, when you think about the risks involved—after all, these prisoners could expect to be given back over to their jailers following the trial—that anybody ever chose to make such a denunciation. But, from what we've been able to ascertain, about twenty-five per cent of the prisoners did. Anyway, in such cases the judges would dutifully listen as the defendants described their tortures; the judges would then summarize these accounts and order the court reporters to enter the summaries into the record. Everything was done by the book. And then the tribunals would hand down their decisions. Once in a while—admittedly, very rarely—they'd actually find the defendant innocent. But it didn't really matter, because either way the losing side would appeal the case to the Supreme Military Court in Brasília, which would almost invariably find the defendant guilty after all. In the process, though—and this became very important for us—all the transcripts and files of all the cases were transferred from the various provincial tribunals to Brasília, where they were carefully catalogued and stockpiled in the archives of the Supreme Military Court. It therefore occurred to us, back in 1979, that the regime's own records would include detailed sworn testimony regarding the use of torture throughout the period of military rule—if we could only get at them."

The 1979 amnesty law provided Wright and his colleagues with a pretext, because lawyers were now being permitted access to the archives, though only on a piecemeal basis, as they prepared amnesty petitions on behalf of their still imprisoned or exiled clients. Lawyers were allowed to take out individual files for twenty-four-hour periods, after which they had to return them. Wright and his colleagues quickly realized that under this pretext they might be able to photocopy a sampling—perhaps even a significant sampling—of the Supreme Military Court's own records, thereby laying the groundwork for an unimpeachable study on the subject of torture in Brazil.

"The idea actually first occurred to a few of the lawyers who had been courageously working on behalf of political prisoners all during the military dictatorship," Wright explained. "They broached the idea to me, and we had some initial discussions about it. I think the decisive moment came one afternoon in August, 1979, when a few of us went out to the airport to greet Paulo Freire, who was returning after a fifteen-year exile." Freire was a distinguished Brazilian educator who advocated teaching peasants and the urban poor to read and write as a means of "consciousness raising"—his phrase (in fact, he coined the phrase). He was especially influential during the fifties and early sixties in the state of Pernambuco, in the destitute northeastern section of the country, where he taught at the state university. After 1964, he'd first gone to Chile, from which he'd had to flee in 1973, at the time the Allende government was toppled. He went on to Geneva, and from his base there he helped to establish literacy programs in the former Portuguese colonies in Africa—Guinea-Bissau, Angola, and Mozambique.

Wright continued, "Many of the exiles were now beginning to return, so there was a certain amount of joy, but we were also trying to figure out some way to make sure that these horrors would not themselves return someday, with people like Freire having to go right back into exile, or worse. So we sat there in the car mulling over the implications of the



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existence of that archive, and the chances of our having access to it. One of the passengers in the car was a member of the staff of the World Council of Churches, visiting Brazil from the W.C.C.'s headquarters in Geneva, and he became enthusiastic about the idea. We hatched the whole plan right there in the car, waiting for Freire. We realized, of course, that everything would have to be handled with the utmost secrecy. The next day, I went into the Cardinal's office and presented the plan to him. He immediately endorsed it, and volunteered his personal sponsorship. He agreed that it would be a good idea to approach Philip Potter, the general secretary of the World Council, for assistance in funding the project, and he signed a letter to Potter that we'd drafted in the car the day before and which the W.C.C. envoy hand-delivered a few days later, on his return to Geneva. Potter's response was immediate. He set about fund-raising right away, and we received our first contribution—about twenty-five thousand dollars—the following month." The W.C.C.'s ongoing secret financial support for the project eventually constituted one of the largest individual grants in its history—over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

By the beginning of 1980, the secret collaborators had hired their first staff members and rented a little suite in a nondescript office building in Brasília. "No sign on the door," Wright recalled, "and, inside, just three leased photocopying machines. We had twelve lawyers working with us who on a seemingly random basis began systematically checking out files from the archive. Our staff put in ten-hour days, seven days a week, copying page after page. The lawyers would then return the originals, as required, thus allaying any suspicion. There were seven hundred and seven cases in all in that section of the archives, involving over seven thousand defendants. You could check out a whole case at a time, and I remember one time a lawyer arrived with a case consisting of more than two dozen volumes, weighing over eighty kilos. We'd initially hoped to be able to photocopy a scientific sampling of the cases in the archive—we certainly didn't expect to be able to continue on such a basis without being discovered for long. We were transporting the photocopies out of Brasília almost immediately, storing them in São Paulo and already starting to process them there. We just resolved to keep photocopying until we were somehow forced to stop. Eventually, we'd copied half of the archive—way more than we ever expected—and then, one day, after over three years of photocopying, we realized, to our astonishment, that we'd managed to copy *every single file* in their entire holdings—over a million pages! We had duplicated the universe of documents in the archive."

Wright's story was beginning to sound like a fantasy out of Borges. (Or perhaps not: for while the inspired scheme to replicate an entire archive would certainly have appealed to the "Library of Babel" side of the Argentine master, the fact is that through most of the sorry recent history of his own country Jorge Luis Borges maintained a studied, almost imperious indifference to the wretched tortures and disappearances occurring all about him. Not his concern, he kept telling visitors who urgently tried to enlist his considerable moral authority in the fight against the Argentine junta. That is, until late in the game, when, remarkably, he seemed to switch over entirely: during the last

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year of the junta—and, to his credit, well before the Falklands fiasco—Borges began making modest but firm statements deploring the tortures and condemning the torturers, statements that resonated all the more loudly for the troubling silence that had preceded them. And, curiously, his concern over this issue, when it finally did surface, had a very un-Babel-like quality: once, when a visitor began reciting a litany of terrible recent human-rights cases, as if to emphasize and reëmphasize the dimensions of the horror, Borges interrupted him after the first, saying, "Stop—one is already too many.")

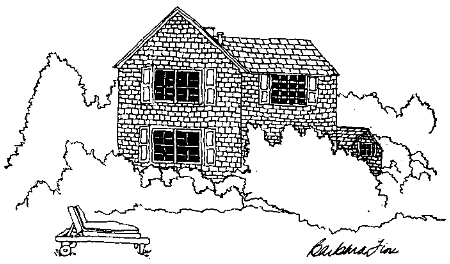
IN New York, Wright told me more of the saga—and there was a lot more: how the team had catalogued the million pages, transferred the data to computers, reduced the material to an initial seven-thousand-page report, and then reduced that report to the summary digest; how it had procured a publisher for that digest and sworn him, too, to secrecy; and, for that matter, how the team had managed to do all this and keep the project a secret till the day the book suddenly just appeared in bookstores. And then what happened after that. But I was already hooked. I'd made up my mind: I wanted to go to São Paulo and talk with as many of the participants in the project as I could track down. Wright was dubious. The secret had held this long. Except for him and Cardinal Arns, none of the participants had thus far spoken with any members of the press about the project. I explained that I didn't want or need to know their names, only their stories, and eventually Wright agreed to see what he could do—he would talk to some of his colleagues and find out whether anyone would be willing to talk to me on that basis. But he wasn't making any promises.

When I arrived in São Paulo, about a month later, Wright's initial news wasn't at all good. The Cardinal, with whom he'd hoped to arrange an interview for me, had been called out of town; I might, if I liked, leave some written questions and he'd answer them in writing when he got back, but that was the best we were going to be able to do. (I did, and he did.) As for the other principals, there were a lot of problems. For one thing, although more than thirty people had worked on the project at some point, most of them didn't know that they had. The project's coördinators had so cleverly divided up the tasks that most of the participants were unaware, even after the book came out and began generating headlines, that that was what they'd been working on. In particular, this was true of the people who had photocopied the million pages; for all they knew, they were just working for some especially compulsive lawyers. And it would naturally be impossible to approach any of those people, because doing so might retroactively unravel the project's entire security scheme. As for those who had *knowingly* participated in the project, Wright had broached the subject to some of them—including a man who had been one of the chief organizers and would have proved an especially valuable source—and had found their reluctance unshaken and unshakable. This chief organizer, for example, asked how they could be sure that I wasn't a C.I.A. agent out to break their security—an admittedly understandable concern, and one that I was in no position, finally, to assuage. A week before my arrival, a one-day general strike had been called in Brazil to protest recent economic developments—the first such strike since the return of civilian rule—and the military had responded by turning out in force, patrolling the streets and staring down the workers. That had left people pretty spooked: to many Brazilians, including some of the project's organizers, such a show of military muscle hardly boded well for the fragile renascent democracy. And it further stoked the anxieties of some of the people I had hoped to talk to. Beyond that, Wright suggested that in some instances we were dealing with what he called *paranóia remanescente*. Some of the participants in the project had themselves been tortured—going through the material, they had occasionally come upon their own cases—and these participants were especially reluctant to jeopardize the project's heretofore pristine security.

Wright gave me the names of some people who would be able to furnish me with background on the public context of the project—lawyers who had defended prisoners before the military tribunals, journalists who had taken a particular interest in the book when it came out, priests who were continuing to work against ongoing ill-treatment of common criminals (a scandalous problem), and so forth. He agreed to give me further details on the mechanics of the project as he recalled them, provided I understood that there were many questions he would not be willing to answer. And for a few days we proceeded along those lines. I told him I'd try to develop contacts with other members of the team on my own, and he wished me luck.

And then I did get lucky—ridiculously lucky. Through a chain of coincidences too bizarre to go into, I located one other team member, and this person agreed to talk to me. After that, the ground rules changed slightly. Although Wright still declined to supply me with any fresh leads, he agreed to confirm the validity of any correct leads I might develop for myself; furthermore, he agreed to speak with any further participants I myself might be able to locate, and to provide them with his evaluation of my credentials and my character, for whatever that might be worth. Wright has a terrific poker face—I could see how *he* was able to keep things a secret right up through publication. I never got anything from him that he didn't intend me to get. Actually, poker isn't quite the right analogy: the image that kept flitting through my mind during our conversation was of that kids' game Battleship. "C-8," I'd say, in effect, and he wouldn't flinch: nothing, no response at all. "How about D-6?" I'd ask, or words to that effect. "Well, there," he'd in effect reply, "you've hit one of my destroyers."

So we proceeded on that basis, and if I wasn't able to interview everyone I might have liked to I was still able to talk with several people, both in and outside the project, and to develop the following account. (I have disguised some details to protect the security of the project, which, I believe, remains untarnished.)



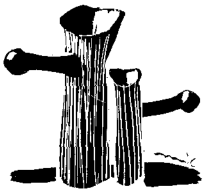
I DON'T know why, but it took me a while before I fully grasped one of the key facts about this project: Cardinal Arns was completely out on a limb. He had not consulted with his fellow-bishops before or after giving his go-ahead, nor had he sought permission from the Vatican; indeed, the

Vatican never knew about the project. Arns had told the team members that if anything went wrong he would assume personal responsibility. They, for their part, had told each other that if anything should go wrong they would all endeavor to keep his name out of the scandal. And it would have been an incredible scandal. “The biggest crisis in the history of church-state relations in Brazil” is the answer one of the team members gave me when I asked what would have happened if their project had been uncovered while the military was still in power. One of the reasons Arns and Wright went to the World Council of Churches for funding was that while Arns could provide the team with a moral umbrella and a certain amount of physical shelter, he could not draw on any substantial Catholic funds without provoking the suspicion of a large and perhaps not entirely sympathetic Church bureaucracy. For that matter, Potter, in Geneva, was out on a limb of his own, for he and a select few of his colleagues at the W.C.C. were spearheading the funding for a major secret operation in Brazil without informing any of their member churches in Brazil, several of which, as I've suggested, might not have been altogether supportive of the initiative, either.

“We've known each other ever since nursery school, Eric, and I still can't figure you out.”

I spent a lot of time during my first few days in São Paulo talking to people about the evolving response of the Brazilian Catholic Church to the military dictatorship—and, in particular, about Cardinal Arns's central role in that evolution. On the plane down, I had read a manuscript by Ralph Della Cava, an American scholar with a passionate interest in and knowledge of this subject. “The Brazilian episcopate in the last three decades has emerged as the most pastorally innovative, organizationally complex, and theologically progressive episcopate in the world,” he'd written. “The two most powerful visions of the future of the Catholic Church are those of the Brazilian episcopate and John Paul II.” Della Cava argued—and people I spoke with in Brazil agreed—that the emergence of this powerful alternative vision, which is loosely defined as “liberation theology,” was a gradual process and was still incomplete. That is to say, all along there were important elements of the Brazilian episcopate—the world's third largest (after Italy and the United States), with over three hundred and fifty bishops—who cherished a more traditional, authoritarian, conservative, and élitist role for the Church (the sort of role staked out by the Argentine episcopate during those years, for example). But during the fifties some very progressive alternative visions of the Church's overriding responsibility toward the poor began to be articulated in the northeastern section of the country, Brazil's most desperately impoverished. People like the dynamic archbishop of Olinda and Recife, Helder Câmara, and, especially, church workers lower down in the hierarchy were upending what they saw as the Church's traditional bias in favor of the rich, landed classes and their status quo. It was in this region that some church workers began fashioning the now world-renowned *comunidades eclesiais de base*, or CEBs—small, grass-roots church communities. These communities were often leaderless, or, rather, were self-leading; without the leadership of priests, that is—a circumstance that particularly threatened Church conservatives (and one that came under increasingly skeptical scrutiny after the election of John Paul II). During the sixties and seventies, the CEBs came to articulate some of the most radical “people's” critiques of the Brazilian capitalist order and its staggeringly lopsided distribution of wealth. Back in New York, Alfred Stepan, a noted Brazilianist, who is the dean of Columbia University's School of International and Public Affairs, had spun out a nifty piece of speculation for me: “In a sense, the whole notion of ‘consciousness-raising’ had its origins in the Brazilian northeast during the mid-fifties, with people like Paulo Freire and Helder Câmara. By the early sixties, it had reached Chile, and from there it made its way up, by the mid-sixties, to Ivan Illich, in Cuernavaca, and from there it filtered on up, by 1968, into the pages of the *New York Review of Books*.” He paused. “That's perhaps a bit facile, but not entirely off the mark.”

Some of the early manifestations of liberation theology were beginning to make their presence felt in Brazil's urban centers during the reformist upsurge of the early sixties, and especially during the later stages of João Goulart's Presidency (1961-64); there was a good deal of grass-roots Catholic support for Goulart's populist-protosocialist initiatives. But the vast majority of the Catholic hierarchy still viewed those initiatives with profound suspicion. Like the middle and upper classes, whose concerns they overwhelmingly reflected, most Brazilian bishops of the time were fiercely anti-Communist and were deeply troubled by what they perceived as Communist inroads into Goulart's Administration. They generally applauded the April, 1964, coup that overthrew Goulart—or, at least, they extended the military their tacit support. The military, it was hoped, would clean up the mess, prune away the excesses, set things back on the straight and narrow, and then bow out. The years that followed, however, tended to radicalize large sections of the episcopate. More and more Brazilian bishops translated the lessons of Vatican II and the follow-up Conference of Latin-American Bishops in Medellín, Colombia, in 1968, into the necessity for solidarity with the country's poorest members—who, after all, were its vast majority. They began to speak of a "preferential option for the poor"—a notion that a few years earlier might have been branded as verging on the heretical. Interestingly, Pope Paul VI tended to support these tendencies—or, at any rate, he was not threatened (as John Paul II later appeared to be) by the growing autonomy of the Brazilian episcopate. It was Paul VI, for instance, who now moved to replace the conservative archbishop of São Paulo, Agnelo Rossi, with the more moderate Friar Paulo Evaristo Arns. (When Arns, who had been serving as auxiliary bishop of São Paulo since his consecration in 1966, travelled to Rome in 1970, he was asked by several influential Catholic groups in the archdiocese to deliver to the Pope a petition protesting Cardinal Rossi's overfriendly relations with the military. Paul VI responded by kicking Rossi upstairs—summoning him to Rome, where he became, in effect, the mayor of the Vatican—and then ordering Arns himself, who had requested assignment to the impoverished Amazon region, to take full command of the archdiocese of São Paulo instead.) The Brazilian episcopate of the seventies was by no means united in its openness to liberation theology; the staunchly anti-Communist archbishop of Rio, Eugenio Cardinal Sales, for example, was a longtime friend and ongoing supporter of the military, and he had many allies in the bishops' conference. But increasingly the Brazilian Catholic Church came to represent a uniquely independent haven within the country—one beyond the absolute control of the military, and constituting the nucleus, as it were, of a resurgent civilian society. In this transformation Cardinal Arns played an important role almost from the start of his archbishopric.



His first act as archbishop made quite an impression (I was told about it several times): he had the archdiocese sell the palatial residence to which he was entitled and use the proceeds to build community centers, which were then put at the service of the CEBs operating in the São Paulo area, and he moved into a far more modest dwelling, in which he still lives. As archbishop, he became increasingly active in his support of the labor unions that were trying to reëstablish themselves in the huge industrial belt surrounding São Paulo following years of withering repression. He authorized churches to be used as meeting halls for workers' rallies, and at one point (another story I heard repeatedly) he visited a government compound that had been occupied by landless squatters and that was under siege by military troops. "Don't touch me," he warned an officer who tried to block his way as he approached, bearing soup and bread. "There are children in there. If they were your children, you'd want me to help them. Let me pass." And the officer did.

But Arns was perhaps most daring and outspoken in confronting the regime on the issue of torture. Upon being named archbishop, he made a special effort to start visiting some of the local prisons, and it was perhaps in them that he first encountered evidence of the widespread physical abuse of political prisoners. This was the period—as the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" project later established—when the military terror was reaching its peak; and hardly anyone else was speaking out against it. In January, 1971, only two months after Arns's installation, two São Paulo church workers were detained by military authorities. Arns went to General Humberto Mello, the military commander of the São Paulo region, to plead their case, and was assured that they were being well treated. A few days later, however, he was able to verify that they had been subjected to terrible brutality. In

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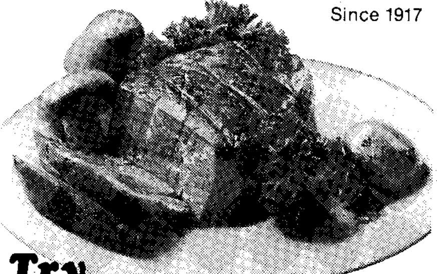

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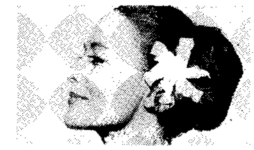

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a sermon the following Sunday, Arns denounced their “ignominious torture” in a sermon that was either read or posted in every church in the archdiocese. It was the beginning of an ever more consuming crusade.

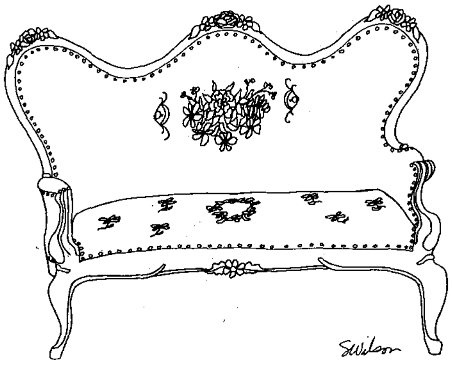
Not everybody today celebrates that crusade. I spoke with one important mainstream editor who expressed decided skepticism. “I don’t know him well, but I don’t especially like him,” he said when I asked him what he thought of Arns. “He is, for one thing, a Franciscan. There is in the Church this distinction between secular cardinals, who come from society and are men of the city, and friar cardinals, who come from the cloister and to an extent stand aloof from the city. Cardinal Arns is very tough. The moment he saw that Mello was playing him for a fool, he started to fight. ‘My point is that people are being tortured in the jails of São Paulo,’ he said, over and over again. Which was all very fierce and glorious. *My* point, though, is that in order to have this kind of cardinal you need the other kind, like Cardinal Sales, the Archbishop of Rio, who talks to the regime, who keeps the channels open, who works quietly behind the scenes. Sales saved dozen of lives, and I don’t think Arns saved a single one. To Cardinal Arns we perhaps owe the fact that we no longer have political torture in Brazil today. To Cardinal Sales we owe the fact that this and this and this individual are still alive. It’s not as pure a choice as it might seem.”

I tried this formulation out on several other people. Some agreed—while insisting that Cardinal Arns’s was still the preferable option—but others didn’t buy the premise. “Cardinal Sales was the military’s best friend on this issue,” Della Cava told me when I spoke with him. (He happened to be in Brazil while I was there.) “He tended to operate through personal contacts rather than public statements. This in no way diminishes the fact that Sales did occasionally intervene and did save some lives. But can your editor friend produce evidence that Arns failed to save lives? Arns was absolutely crucial in helping to crystallize a civil resistance to the military, and had there not been such a resistance we might well have had many more years of torture—and who’s to say how many more lives would then have been lost?”

It was Della Cava who suggested to me that Wladimir Herzog’s death had been the key development in that crystallization. “By 1975, there had been all sorts of instances, but none of those individual cases had galvanized the country. I later had occasion to ask Cardinal Arns, ‘Why him? Why did you make such an issue of Herzog?’ He replied that he’d received a few calls about the case shortly after Herzog’s arrest, urging him to intervene. He’d called on the governor and on the commander of the Second Army, and both of them had assured him that everything was O.K., nothing was going to happen. So he relented. And then, a few days later, Herzog turned up dead: people were just presented with the corpse. Cardinal Arns told me how shaken this had left him. He questioned whether he had done enough, and he had this sense of at least having to do something more now. He couldn’t allow the incident to go unsung. So he presided at that Mass—the thousands of people showing up, with the police cameras all clicking away—and he made of it the turning point for the society.”

I asked Della Cava to describe the Cardinal.

“He’s a smallish man,” Della Cava said. “Five seven, maybe five eight. Very earnest, fairly humorless. An intelligence a cut above most of the rest of us. A high-pitched voice. One wouldn’t imagine him a great orator. He’s not particularly charismatic or dramatic—not like Dom Helder Câmara, who hardly has to lift an eyebrow to draw a sigh from the crowd. No, his strength grew out of a situation in which everyone knew that something was rotten and nobody would say it. And then along came this Mr. Everyman—a man like us: not tall, not powerful, not charismatic—who spoke with clarity and immediacy and truth. A man, that is, who rose to the occasion. And now, today, with the occasion having to a degree passed and the issue abated, one again sees him for what he is—a decent, hardworking cardinal trying to help make this city of thirteen million people function.”

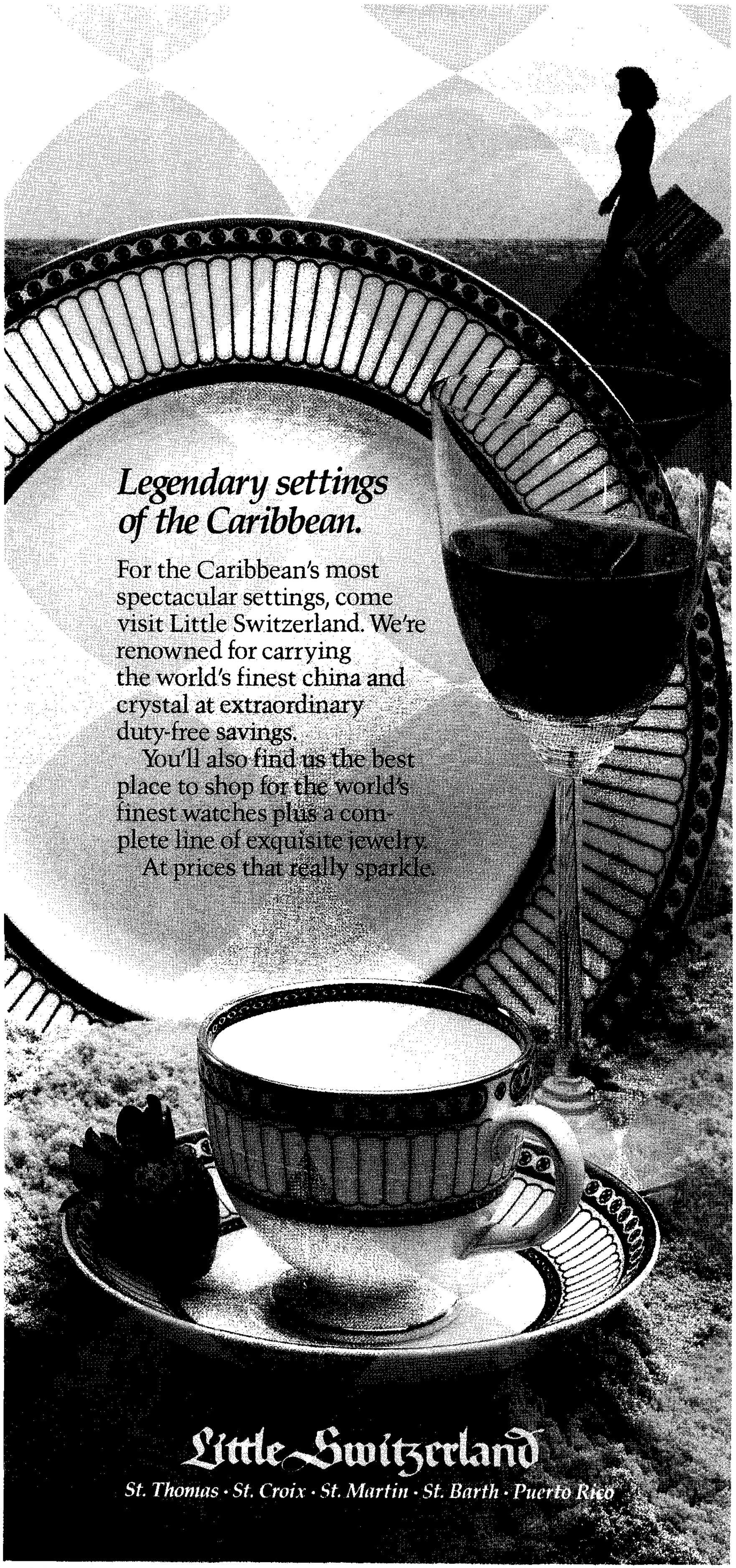


Among the Cardinal’s greatest fans, it turned out, was Philip Potter. One afternoon, I telephoned him from my hotel. He was no longer in Geneva, having retired as the World Council of Churches’ general secretary in 1984, after twelve years of service. A native of the island of Dominica, in the Caribbean, he had been the W.C.C.’s first Third World leader, and he’d now returned to the Third World and to the teaching of theology, his first love. I tracked him down in Kingston, Jamaica, where he is currently a lecturer at the United Theological College of the West Indies. A Methodist minister, he initially rose through the ranks of a Christian youth movement, the World Student Christian Federation, directing it for many years before becoming the leader of the entire W.C.C. I had been told that he was a masterly administrator and a master scholar. He is fluent in French, conversant in German, and reads Latin, Hebrew, and Greek. He’d been described to me as a large, tall, and imposing figure of a man, a very dark-skinned West Indian, and his voice now, over the phone, was at once genial and authoritative—and richly deep. “When I first heard the proposal, my response was immediate and positive—especially coming, as it did, from that particular group of colleagues,” Potter recalled. He went on to tell me that the W.C.C. had a longtime interest in human rights, going back to 1948, when the organization had been instrumental in the United Nations negotiations that culminated in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. “Torture, of course, is a critical issue for us,” he explained. “It’s an element that goes to the heart of what we believe, for it involves destroying a person’s dignity, taking away his possibility of affirming or denying, of swearing truthfulness, and emptying him of his humanity and turning him into a jellyfish. We realize, too, as Christians, that the churches in the past have not had a brilliant record in this regard—either in terms of the torments associated with the Catholic Inquisition or in terms of the various Protestant analogues. And we in the Third World understand this especially deeply. So we saw this project as a test case—not so much an indictment as a warning, a prophetic challenge in the Biblical sense, as if to say, as the title eventually did say, ‘Never again.’ It was for us a matter of deep gratitude that there were people with the evident courage to accomplish this task and to do so in the proper spirit, with dignity and without a feeling of hatred or vindictiveness. We hoped this could be a model for how this sort of work should be done elsewhere, and we were eager to support it."

Potter had known Jaime Wright since school days, and had known his brother Paulo as well, because Paulo had worked with the World Student Christian Federation. The W.S.C.F. had been slated to convene its quadrennial meeting in Brazil in 1964, he recalled, and had had to change over to Argentina at the last moment because of the coup. Potter said he'd taken a special interest in Brazilian developments since then, although, as he pointed out, the W.C.C.'s interest in human rights was worldwide: "South Africa, Eastern Europe, Korea, Uruguay, Chile . . . In Santiago, for example, the W.C.C. has been a longtime co-sponsor of the work of the Catholic Church's Vicariat of Solidarity, one of the principal independent counterforces to General Augusto Pinochet's dictatorship."

I asked Potter about Cardinal Arns.

"Ah, yes," he said. "My good friend the Cardinal. We're the same age, sixty-five—I'm just a month older. What can I tell you? He's a man of tremendous sanity, with an incredibly quiet but unalterable strength—a very rare personality. A Franciscan. I'm very fond of Francis; I often went to Assisi. I very much like this style—of simplicity, of a light touch. Over the years, the Cardinal and I have enjoyed telling each other stories of our adversities in which all we had to do was to stand our ground in the face of the storm, to weep and laugh and pray and sigh to the birds and the flowers, as St. Francis would. We used to encourage each other very much." Potter recalled a visit he'd made to São Paulo in July of 1979—just a few weeks, as it happened, before the hatching of the photocopying scheme that August. He'd gone to São Paulo to help dedicate a large Pentecostal church. "The Cardinal had been unable to make it to the ceremony itself—he'd called in advance to apologize—but he arrived soon afterward, and found me surrounded by television reporters who were trying, with considerable linguistic difficulty, to conduct an interview. He volunteered to serve as an interpreter—translating my French into Portuguese—and that's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how the interview went out that evening over Brazilian television: the words of the general secretary of the World Council of Churches being translated by the head of the Catholic archdiocese." Potter was silent for a moment. "Here in the islands," he continued, "we have a phrase that applies equally well to Jaime Wright and Cardinal Arns—we say that such people are 'filled with grace, grits, and gumption.' They both needed all three for this project."

I asked Potter what he had done when he received the Cardinal's letter.

"We realized immediately that we'd have to move very quickly and with the utmost discretion. There was no saying how long the group would continue to have access to the materials—or, for that matter, how long it would be before the materials themselves were destroyed. Everything was done quietly—nobody asked any questions. In the ecumenical movement, we've had all sorts of experience with this sort of discretion—going back to the Nazi days, when we were smuggling people out of occupied Europe. One simply takes responsibility oneself and tries to involve as few people as possible and to shield as many as possible from the harassments to which unnecessary knowledge might subject them. We got in touch with colleagues in Europe, the States, Canada, New Zealand, Australia . . ."

How, I asked, did he describe the project when he was phoning potential contributors?

"Oh, no," he replied. "On a matter like that, we'd never have recourse to the phone—or even, if we could possibly avoid it, to writing. Whenever we could, we dealt in person. The W.C.C. is a very open organization, but when it comes to people in danger we watch things very carefully. Everything is done on trust. It's part of our Christian heritage. In matters like that, you realize that the world cannot really function except through trust—trusting that people will be truthful and circumspect. Did you know that in Hebrew the word for trust and the word for truth have the same root—*aman*? You see it, too, of course, in the English word 'amen;' which is to say 'I believe, I trust, I commit.' The Greek word for truth is *aletheia*, which means 'not covered up': a-letheia. When Jesus says 'I am the light of the world,' he is referring to that sense of uncoveredness. You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. One of the particularly nice things about this project was the way we were able to combine the two meanings, for it was precisely through trusting people that we were able to bring great and important things to light."

ARNS and Potter got a scare early in the game—and it came precisely from trusting too much to writing, as little as they did. One morning, I was over at Wright's house, a modest but comfortable two-story dwelling on a small lot in the Brooklin Paulista district, about half an hour's drive from downtown—on a street that at one time had evidently consisted of many such houses, though now it seemed to be giving way to skyscrapers all around. Wright was looking through a relatively thin file of papers documenting the progress of the project, trying to reconstruct the chronology of its funding. "Ah, here's something," he said, pulling out a letter. "Apparently, both the Cardinal and Potter felt the need for at least one written communiqué, to cover their flanks, as it were, when the project was just getting started. So here you have a letter dated June 23, 1980, from Pot-

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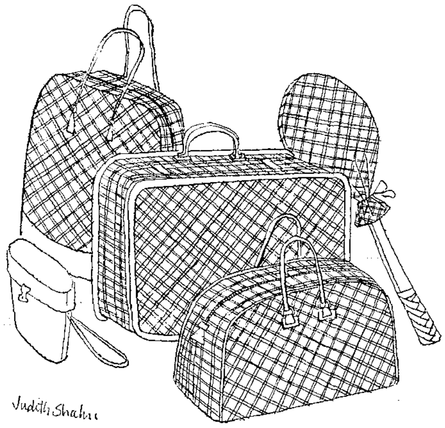
ter to Cardinal Arns, marked 'Confidential,' referring to that W.C.C. envoy and me by name, and continuing, 'It is with the greatest pleasure that I am able to confirm that we have already been able to raise the major part of the funds necessary for your special project. Given the great importance that surrounds the project for Brazil and the Brazilian churches, we hope to be able to contribute to the dissemination of the results to member churches all over the world for reflection.' Well, as you can imagine, the news about the success of the fund-raising was very gratifying, but one morning a few weeks later I was stunned to find the letter, in its entirety, including the references to the W.C.C. man and me, published in the archdiocese's widely circulated newspaper, *O São Paulo.* It ran under a nice headline about ecumenical relations. I must say this was the only time I had to chastise the Cardinal. I stormed into his office and said, 'What on earth were you doing, publishing this letter?' He looked up at me and stammered, 'It was *published*?' Apparently, one of his assistants—and the point is, virtually none of his assistants had been informed about the project—had found the letter lying among his papers and just thought it would make a nice item in the newspaper. We had a real scare there, but, thankfully, the readers weren't very alert, or maybe it was just a question of who bothers to read about improving ecumenical relations. At any rate, the incident passed and nothing happened."

While that crisis came and went, the photocopying in Brasília had begun in earnest. Although I was never able to talk with any of the photocopyists themselves, I did get a chance to speak with the man who set up and ran the Brasília operation. He recounted for me how the group rented space in a downtown Brasília commercial building that was otherwise given over to offices for lawyers, doctors, dentists, exporters—and, indeed, a few copying places. With the group's three photocopying machines running pretty much around the clock, its office was occasionally mistaken for a regular copying place. "People would come in and want us to copy their books or manuscripts or receipts—especially late, after all the other places had closed and we were still going. We'd explain that we weren't a commercial operation, but they'd insist, and in order not to cause a scene or draw undue attention we developed a policy of simply accepting such orders, charging the going rate, and plowing the proceeds back into the project. Unfortunately, at one point we discovered that one of our staff members was pocketing these random windfalls, so we had to let him go. But mostly we didn't have any problems, and we were working at such a pace—after all, we had only twenty-four hours to get the files back to the archive—that our people didn't have time to really study the documents we were having them copy or to develop any notion of what sort of project they were engaged in."

The Archive of the Supreme Military Court was in the basement of a fourteen-story, glass-walled building entirely given over to the offices of the military courts. Only archive functionaries had access to the stacks, and they sat at their posts in a semicircle of desks in the vestibule just inside the archive's entrance. The way the ground rules worked, lawyers who were certified to practice before the Supreme Military Court could request specific files bearing on cases upon which they were working; the circumstances of the amnesty provided a fairly wide latitude in this respect, since tangential cases might conceivably have a bearing on any specific case. They'd fill out an application, the functionary would go back and retrieve the files in question, and the lawyer would check out the material by signing a large bound ledger. "At first, there were only three of us lawyers who were checking things out, beginning with cases with which we were familiar," my informant said. "But the ledger itself quickly began to look suspicious, with the same three signatures appearing over and over. So we enlisted the help of several other lawyers—people we trusted, and who trusted us. We didn't tell them why we needed the files—just that we did. They didn't ask questions but helped us by getting the files we asked for out of the building, delivering them to us, and returning them the next day. Some functionaries were more coöperative than others—some were downright hostile—so we tried to approach the coöperative ones. There were times when none of them were there, so that was always a moment of tension—descending into the basement and ascertaining who was on duty that day. If none of the sympathetic clerks were there, we simply had to skip it for a day or two. We had no way of knowing what we were after—how many total cases existed back there in the stacks, how they were organized, how they might be called up. But we were gradually able to cultivate some inside contacts—inside the court system—who, again, didn't know exactly what we were after but were willing to help us with regard to specific questions. The project would have proved impossible without their assistance—we wouldn't have known what to ask for, nor would we have been able to determine when we'd retrieved everything.



I asked him if there were any close calls during that phase of the operation.

After a pause, he replied, "One time all our photocopying machines had broken down, for some reason or other, just on the day when we'd arranged to check out a particularly important and unusually bulky case, consisting of dozens and dozens of files. On the spur of the moment, we decided to fly them down to São Paulo and do the copying there overnight and then fly them back in the morning. It was going to be a tight call making the various flights. Anyway, we loaded the files into the front of a VW bug—they entirely filled its trunk—and set off for the airport. Only, naturally, we got a flat tire. We were quickly surrounded by all sorts of friendly passersby, eager to help—in particular, several soldiers and policemen. Both the jack and the spare were in the trunk, under all the files, and we couldn't open the trunk to get at them with all those people around. They couldn't understand why we were so eagerly turning down their help; the clock was ticking, and they weren't leaving. They wanted to help—they were insisting on helping. In retrospect, it was a comical scene, but at the time it was nerve-racking. We had to concoct all kinds of crazy stories about why we needed to be alone. The people finally left, grudgingly. Then we had to empty the trunk, pull out the spare and the jack, and reload the files—all this in record time. When we were finished, we didn't have any place to put the flat, so we ended up driving the rest of the way to the airport with the tire in the back seat. But we made it. And somehow our security held."

The files weren't exactly easy to copy. They consisted of Dickensian folders, bulging with papers of different sizes, all clamped together by metal braids. "Either you had to disassemble the folders, copy their contents, and then—this was the hard part—reassemble the contents back onto the braids," my informant recalled. "Or you had to be some sort of muscleman, pressing the pages in the still-assembled folders down onto the glass surface, page by page. Either way, it was quite a production." But the copyists persisted, and the project lumbered inexorably on.

"Toward the end, when we were about ninety per cent done, the administrators at the archive must have started getting suspicious," my informant continued. "They couldn't figure out what was going on, but they suspected that something was. So, from one day to the next, they cancelled everybody's lending privileges, and decided to send all the files back to the provincial archives from which they'd come. That way, they figured, they'd solve any possible problems. Only, they forgot to cancel lending privileges at the provincial archives, so we just ended up sending people to the various outlying districts to check out and copy the few cases we still needed."

Very early in the project, the organizers realized that they had to get the copied pages out of Brasília and down to more secure quarters in São Paulo as quickly as possible. Growing stacks of highly classified documents moldering away in an unsecured office in Brasília—the capital of the military regime—would have constituted a security disaster just waiting to happen. They initially packed the photocopied pages into boxes and put them on overnight buses headed down to São Paulo, where they had someone retrieve them at the station. But the buses took more than sixteen hours in the best of times, and were frequently subject to unexplained delays, and the nerves of the people responsible for this phase of the operation were being frayed raw. So they shifted over to more expensive but less anxiety-provoking air freight. The boxes were still out of their physical control, but for shorter, more predictable periods. In order to downplay any suspicions, the organizers used several different companies and airlines. And, somehow, there weren't any hitches, and everything arrived.

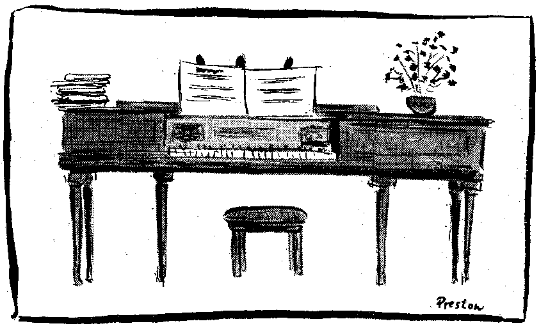
"TECHNICALLY," Jaime Wright said one afternoon, "we weren't doing anything illegal." He paused, then added, "Or, anyway, I suppose it might have been possible to try and argue things that way." He explained that the documents in the archives were public records, they had been checked out legitimately by people who were entitled to check them out, and they had been returned in their entirety and on schedule. Precisely what one was allowed to do with them while they were in one's possession had never been spelled out in the law.

But the hazards involved with this project were never ones associated with technical interpretations of the law. Technically, the military themselves had been in violation of all sorts of laws—including laws of their own formulation—all during the years since the coup. They were not going to be terribly impressed by subtleties of legal precision if the project should ever come to light.

True, the *abertura* was continuing all through the period that the secret team was engaged in its project, between 1979 and 1985. But that ongoing process of liberalization was in perennial jeopardy, and there was never any inevitability about it, and certainly not about its culmination in an orderly transfer of power to an opposition civilian President. Alfred Stepan, of Columbia University, who interviewed dozens of officers during trips to Brazil in 1981 and 1982, recently wrote, "While only a distinct minority [in those years] wanted a military President in 1985, virtually none of them thought that the opposition could or should gain the Presidency in 1985. The overwhelming sentiment within the military was that the opposition could not realistically contemplate power until the pro-regime President selected via the upcoming electoral college finished his term in 1991."

Each time the opposition seemed on the verge of political gains—before the municipal elections in 1980, or before the congressional and state gubernatorial elections in 1982, or through all the maneuverings that led up to the indirect Presidential vote by the electoral college early in 1985—the military authorities evinced extreme ambivalence: it was not at all clear that they were going to allow matters to proceed, and in 1980 they didn't (those elections were cancelled). As late as April, 1984, the Army suddenly took over the streets of Brasília once again in a momentary fit of misgiving. In addition, ongoing labor unrest, especially in the industrial belt around São Paulo, occasionally provoked reversions to patterns of military repression.

If the photocopying team was working in an incredibly charged and precarious environment vis-à-vis the state authorities, its safety was still further jeopardized by the activities of renegade elements of some of the regime's earlier incarnations. Ever since 1975—the Herzog case was a catalyst in this regard as well—the officers who were allied with President Geisel and then with President Figueiredo had been trying to rein in the excesses of the military police and security services. One can debate the extent to which what was involved here was a mysteriously renascent sense of concern about human rights among certain high-level officers—or, rather, less mysteriously, merely a power struggle among competing factions in the military hierarchy. In any event, by the late seventies the faction that seemed to be losing—the once omnipotent security apparatus—was increasingly resorting to acts of clandestine terror in an attempt to destabilize the situation and undermine the apparent winners. (In this sense, Brazil in the early eighties was not unlike France during the late fifties, when the Algerian crisis was moving toward its climax.) Throughout 1980, there were bombings of newspaper stands carrying opposition papers. That same year, a mail bomb sent to the president of the Brazilian Bar Association killed his secretary. On April 30, 1981, two active-duty security officers in Rio were blown



up in the parking lot outside a packed concert hall when a bomb they were attempting to smuggle into the hall (in which a leftist pre-May Day celebration was under way) exploded prematurely. The people engaged in these right-wing acts of terror had earlier been the very torturers whose careers the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" team members were attempting to document. There can be little doubt that if they had ever found out about the archdiocese's secret project they would have derailed it by any means necessary.

One day, in a conversation with Elio Gaspari, who is the deputy director of *Veja*, Brazil's foremost newsweekly, and is as cool and temperate an analyst of the Brazilian scene as one is likely to encounter, I asked whether he would use the word "courageous" to describe the members of the project.

"Absolutely," he replied, without a moment's hesitation.

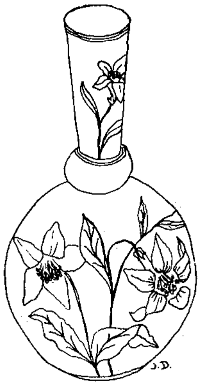
What, I asked, had they been risking?

This time, he didn't even let me finish the question. "Life," he said.

LITTLE by little, week by week, the million pages were being brought together in the project's secret storehouse in São Paulo. As soon as each new shipment arrived, its processing began. I had an opportunity to talk with several of the people involved in this phase of the operation, and learned some of its details.

First, every page would be microfilmed, on a machine "borrowed" from a local university without its administrators' knowledge. One person did the microfilming of the entire million pages. The reels began adding up—they eventually totalled over five hundred—and the team members resolved to smuggle batches of them out of the country as often as they could. They wanted to make sure that no matter what happened to the project, as much of the documentation as possible would survive in some form for future witness and as a subject for research. One person was responsible for spiriting the batches away to Geneva—several dozen reels at a time in the bottom of a tightly packed suitcase. He would return from each trip with additional funding for the project stuffed in a money belt. "Hundred-dollar bills," he told me. "Terribly inconvenient. Ten or twenty thousand dollars ends up being a real wad. You'd think they'd print more currency in big denominations, if for no other reason than to facilitate financing the Contras. Anyway, I'd return with these bulging wads wrapped around my waist. We hardly ever had any problems. Once, though, in Frankfurt, as I was making a changeover on my way back home, everybody in the plane was subjected to a thorough search. The security guard quickly zeroed in on my bulge and asked 'What's this?' I just said 'Money,' and he seemed satisfied. They must have been looking for some sort of terrorist. Still, I sweated the whole flight back, imagining that the German police might have called ahead to warn the Brazilians, and not knowing what might be awaiting me when I disembarked. As it happened, nothing was."

One person told me that "chocolate" was the code word. "Whenever we wanted to ask one another about the microfilm or the money, we'd refer to it as 'the chocolate.' 'Has the chocolate come yet?' 'Did he take them the chocolate?' 'Love that Swiss chocolate.' It wasn't a very sophisticated code, and things could get confusing. Sometimes people talked about chocolate and all they meant was chocolate: one time somebody came barging in demanding 'Now, who's gone and eaten all the chocolate?' and I nearly had a heart attack."



The fact that the project was being secretly funded in dollars presented its coördinators with an ironic windfall during the early eighties, when Brazil was experiencing triple-digit inflation. (The economy's headlong deterioration was one reason the military was under such pressure to relinquish authority, and one reason it seemed willing to consider doing so.) This inflation doubled, and even tripled, the spending power of these investigators busy documenting the abuses of the very military whose policies, for years unchecked by any independent criticism, had brought the fiasco about.

Once the files had been microfilmed, they were archived. The file on each case was assigned a classification number, on the arbitrary basis of when it had entered the collection. This number, which was, of course, different from the number that the file had been assigned in the Supreme Military Court's archive, was the one by which that file would always be referred to in the "Brasil: Nunca Mais" documents. This arrangement would help to disguise the nature of the project should any individual facet of it come to light.

Once the files were archived, they were ready for data processing. Some of the team members were computer specialists, and they had designed incredibly thorough questionnaires, which a battery of staff members (the largest single contingent in the project) now began filling out: the defendants' names, ages, affiliations, professions, and so forth; the sites of alleged activity, and of pretrial incarceration; the nature of the charges; the date, the length, and disposition of the trial; the names of the security agents, investigators, prosecutors, judges. For five years, one woman had a single job: to go through the million pages and extract every single piece of testimony of torture, verbatim. The extracts were the subject of an even more detailed questionnaire: the type and duration of torture; the site and physical description of the torture center; the description, rank, service branch, and, where possible, name of torturers.

Again, the work was parcelled out in such a way that the individuals doing it rarely had any idea of the wider contours of the enterprise. "After each phase of the project, that phase's entire crew was dismissed and a new one taken on," one of the São Paulo coördinators explained to me. "Thus, after one crew finished filling out the questionnaires we had another one transcribe the results—just a sequence of numbers, after all—onto computer diskettes." The project was using two Prológica CP 500 computers, Brazilian knockoffs of a Tandy TRS-80: the data eventually filled over a hundred diskettes. "Another crew was subsequently brought in to manipulate the data—to analyze the intersection of, say, Category 37 and Category 61, or determine how often Factor 22 appeared in Subgroup B-7." The project eventually generated over a hundred and twenty statistical tables.

And, all the while, the secret held. In every case, the staff members were hired on the basis of personal acquaintance and trust, even though most of them would have no knowledge of the sort of project they were engaged in. (One of the São Paulo organizers told me that of the twenty people engaged in the phase he'd supervised only two had been able to deduce the fact of their involvement after the book was published.) The coördinators, for their part, exercised phenomenal self-restraint: not one of those I spoke with had informed even his or her spouse of the nature or status of the project the entire time it was going on. As Wright had said of his brother's silence, this was as much for the protection of the one kept in ignorance as it was for the security of the project. Even at this late date, many family members are ignorant of important aspects of their spouses' or parents' involvement. Wright's wife, Alma, kept an ear demurely cocked from a neighboring room through most of my interviews with her husband, and toward the end of our sessions she commented that a lot of what he was saying was news to her.

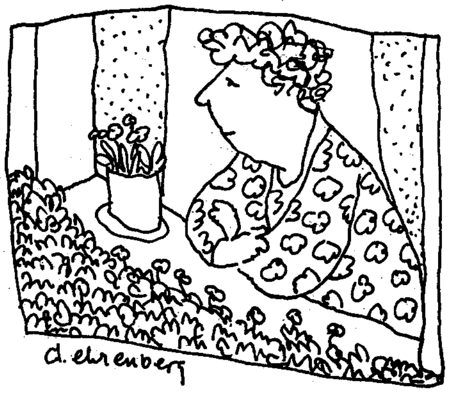
Nevertheless, the São Paulo team had three close calls—or, at any rate, acted on the assumption that it had had them—and transferred the entire operation from one base to another overnight. One was when members of the team recognized a plainclothes policeman scrounging around a nearby courtyard; another was when an unlisted phone they kept exclusively for outgoing calls suddenly rang one day. "The third time," one of my informants recalled, "happened when one of our researchers became a convert. The court archives often included all sorts of background material, and in this one instance our researcher was inventorying the case of a fairly obscure and now decimated leftist organization. He became more and more engrossed in the group's politics, reading its manifestos, which were included among the documents. One day, we noticed that an entire file container was missing from our shelves. People were under strict instructions never to remove anything from our storehouse, so we had a real fright. A couple of us paid a call on this guy at his home, and he admitted to having the file right there by his bed—he'd just really gotten into it. He apologized, gave us back the file, promised it wouldn't happen again. This was on a Friday. Over the weekend, we found a new base and transferred everything—all the metal shelves and the cardboard containers and the computers and the filing cabinets. On Monday, this man showed up for work at the usual place and work had disappeared into thin air. Our response may have been a bit extreme, but we just couldn't take any chances."

Each time the project had to pick up and move on the spur of the moment like that, Cardinal Arns found them a new niche, in some out-of-the-way church building. In his written answers to the questions I'd provided for him, Arns hardly ever displayed any humor, but in reference to this subject he noted wryly, "Being the Archbishop helps."

DURING a case tried before the Council of Military Justice in Juiz de Fora in 1970, the military judge ordered his stenographer to record the contention of Ângelo Pezzuti da Silva, a twenty-three-year-old student, detained in Belo Horizonte and tortured in Rio de Janeiro, that "tortures are an institution, given the fact that the defendant was an instrument for practical demonstrations of this system, in a class in which more than 100 sergeants participated and whose teacher was an officer of the Army Police, called Lt. Ayton; that in this room, while slides about torture were being shown, practical demonstrations were given using the defendant . . . and other prisoners in the Army police as guinea pigs."

In a case in Belo Horizonte in 1970, Augusto César Salles Galvão, a twenty-one-year-old student, testified concerning one common form of torment to which he'd been subjected: "The parrot's perch consists of an iron bar wedged behind the victim's knees and to which his wrists are tied; the bar is then placed between two tables, causing the victim's body to hang some twenty or thirty centimeters from the ground. This method is hardly ever used by itself: its normal 'complements' are electric shocks, the *palmatória* [a length of thick rubber attached to a wooden paddle], and drowning."

José Milton Ferreira de Almeida, a thirty-one-year-old engineer from Rio, was able to give a military tribunal trying his case in 1976 a fairly sophisticated technical description of an electrical device used during his tortures: "There was a machine called 'the little pepper,' in the torturer's language, which consisted of a wooden box; inside there was a permanent magnet, in whose field a rotor turned, and from its terminals a brush collected electrical current that was transmitted through wires attached to the terminals already described; this machine produced around 100 volts and a considerable electrical current, or something like 10 amperes . . . this machine was extremely dangerous because the electrical current increased with the speed of the rotor as it was turned by the crank . . . the machine was applied at a very high speed, then suddenly stopped and turned in the opposite direction, thereby creating a counter electromotive force that doubled the original voltage of the machine."



Ferreira de Alameida also gave his judges a vivid account of how he "sat down in a chair known as 'the dragon's chair,' an extremely heavy chair, whose seat is a sheet of corrugated iron; on the back part there is a protuberance where one of the wires of the shock machine can be inserted [and] in addition to this, the chair had a wooden bar that pushed your legs backwards, so that with each spasm produced by the electrical discharge your legs would hit against the wooden bar causing deep gashes."

In 1973, Leonardo Valentini, a twenty-two-year-old metalworker, told his military tribunal in Rio that there was also, in his cubicle, to keep him company, a boa constrictor called Miriam.

Fernando Reis Salles Ferreira, a forty-eight-year-old airline worker, told the military judges at his 1970 hearing in Rio how "they continued to torture him with inhuman methods, such as the position of 'Christ the Redeemer,' with four telephone books in each hand, on tiptoe, naked, with beatings on the stomach and on the chest, forcing him to stand erect."

In 1973, before the military court in Ceará, Maria José de Souza Barros, from the rural area of Japuara, testified "that they took her son to the woods and beat him so that he would tell about her husband; that the boy . . . is nine years old; that the police took the boy at five o'clock in the afternoon and only brought him back around two o'clock in the morning."

César Augusto Teles, a twenty-nine-year-old driver, told his judges how military security agents tried to

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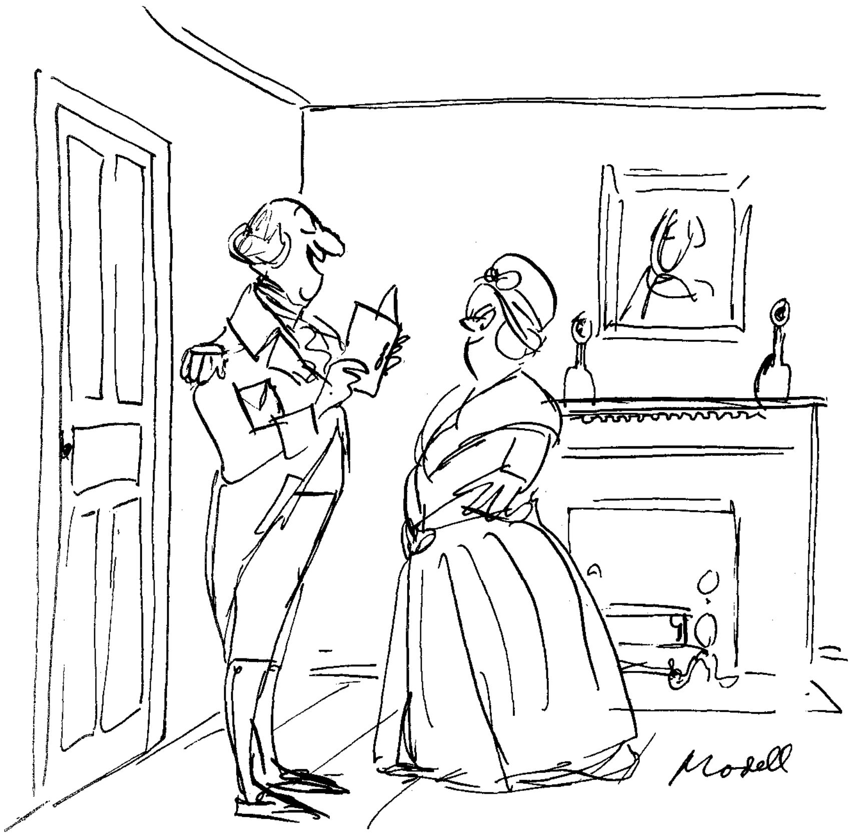

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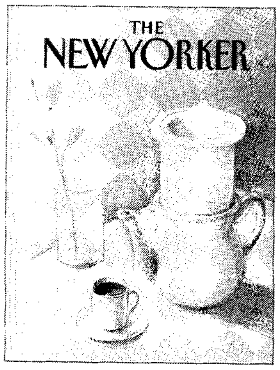

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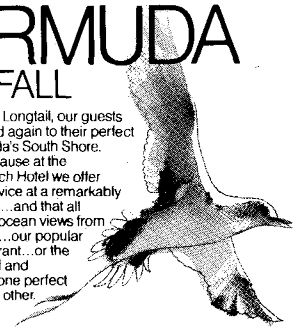

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get him and his wife to talk: "On the afternoon of that day, around seven o'clock, my two children, Janaina de Almeida Teles, five years old, and Edson Luiz de Almeida Teles, four years old, were also abducted and brought to the [headquarters]. We were then shown to them in our torn clothes, dirty, pale, covered with bruises. . . . Threats that our children would be molested continued for several hours."

A twenty-nine-year-old bank worker named Inês Etienne Romeu testified, "At any hour of the day or night I suffered physical and moral assault. 'Márcio' invaded my cell to 'examine' my anus and confirm whether 'Camarão' had practiced sodomy with me. This same 'Márcio' obliged me to hold his penis, while he contorted himself into obscene positions. During this period I was raped twice by 'Camarão' and was forced to clean the kitchen completely naked, while listening to wisecracks and obscenities of the worst kind."

The stenographer at the 1972 military trial in Rio of twenty-nine-year-old Maria do Socorro Diógenes recorded that on one occasion "the accused, together with another defendant in this legal proceeding by the name of Pedro, received electric shocks, applied by the police, who forced the accused to touch Pedro's genital organs so that, in this way, he might receive the electrical discharge."

In 1970, Luiz Andréa Favero, a twenty-six-year-old teacher detained in Foz do Iguaçu, described to the military court what had happened to his wife: "The accused heard the screams of his wife and, after asking the police not to ill-treat her in view of the fact that she was pregnant, they all laughed at him. . . . On the same day, the accused received word that his wife had suffered a hemorrhage and, later, it was ascertained that she had had a miscarriage."

The court stenographer recorded in 1972 that João Alves Gondim Neto, a twenty-five-year-old student, told the Fortaleza military court that "while he was at the barracks of the 23rd BC [Riflemen's Battalion], he was visited by someone who was seeing all prisoners, and that he is sure that he was a medical officer of the 23rd BC; that the defendant was urinating blood at that time because of beatings on his kidneys; that said person not only refused to medicate him, but also advised the torturers what parts of his body could be hit without leaving a trace."

A twenty-four-year-old student named Ottoni Guimarães Fernandes Júnior testified that "among the police officers there was a doctor whose function was to revive those who were being tortured so that the torture process would not be interrupted; [Fernandes Júnior] remained two and a half days on the parrot's perch where he fainted several times . . . on those occasions injections were applied by that same doctor . . . the doctor gave him an injection that produced a violent contraction in his intestines."

A thirty-year-old São Paulo economist named Vinicius José Nogueira Caldeira Brant testified, concerning the fate of a fellow-prisoner, Eduardo (Bacuri) Leite, "that he was taken out [of the solitary cell next to his] before dawn on 27 October, three days after newspapers had published the news of his escape, and that it is public knowledge that Bacuri was assassinated with refinements of perversity."

On November 7, 1975, the journalist Rodolfo Osvaldo Konder, a co-defendant in the same proceedings as the journalist Wladimir Herzog, whose martyrdom provoked the great Mass at Cardinal Arns's cathedral, testified about an episode a few weeks earlier in prison: "Someone turned on the radio and Wladimir's screams became mixed with the radio sounds. I well remember that during that phase the radio gave the news that Franco had received last rites, and that fact was recorded in my mind because at that very moment Wladimir was being tortured and was screaming."

And all of it was noted, and all of it was taken down, all of it preserved, and all of it lay buried in the archives of the Supreme Military Court: there and (or so the security agents and the judges and the generals comfortably assumed) nowhere else.

—Lawrence Weschler

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Lewiston (Maine) Journal*]

Stephen Drane residence, North Auburn:—A wild foods tour and seminar, in which participants will collect 60 to 80 wild foods, will be held from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Saturday. Bring lunch.

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EMPLOYEES TO BE ALTERED
IF BAD WEATHER NEARS

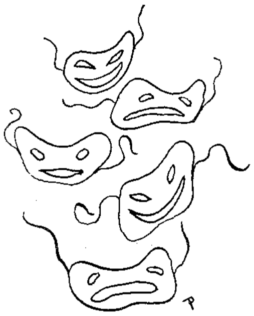
—*Boeing Plane Talk, newspaper of an aircraft plant in Wichita, Kans.*

Is that thunder we hear, employees?

THE THEATRE

Three Lives

"THREE POSTCARDS," a musical at Playwrights Horizons, opens with two men, Walter and Bill, in shirtsleeves at a downstage table in a restaurant in the Village. The place is otherwise empty, and the only other scenery is a large abstract mural, in the style of Picasso, on the back wall of the setting and a piano at stage left. Bill—he is Craig Carnelia, who wrote the score and lyrics for Craig Lucas's script—moves to the piano and starts to play and whistle a tune; Walter joins him for a while, then goes off and reënters with table settings for three. He has put on a vivid jacket, in keeping with the mural on the wall, and assumed his job as the waiter. Enter Big Jane, giggling and effusive, followed by Little Jane and K.C.—attractive young women in clothes as vivid as the waiter's jacket. They greet one another ecstatically as they sit down at the table and order drinks. We're off. "Three Postcards" is composed almost entirely of their desultory conversation, often very funny and then suddenly not. Walter, the waiter, unexpectedly joins in, becoming briefly Big Jane's psychiatrist and Little Jane's husband. Every word the three best friends speak, no matter how trivial, reveals something about them—even the manner in which they order dinner. Their laughter appears to be continuous, but actually it is carefully modulated, and much that is brought to light cuts deep and is anything but laughable. The songs are as spontaneous, as easy and flowing, as the chatter. The construction of the show seems as free-form, as abstract, as that mural, yet it is actually just as firm and strong. At the end, when Little Jane hands her credit card to Walter, there is little that we do not know about the inner and outer lives of these three women over the years. My first thought as I left the theatre was: Gertrude Stein would have enjoyed this one.



As for performance, "Three Postcards" is very much a director's show, and Norman René can be considered a collaborator of Mr. Lucas. (Mr. René also directed, in 1984, the memorable "Blue Window," another semi-abstract comedy by Mr. Lucas, who is a writer of high quality. That one was much more complex, with more characters and episodes and, come to think of it, more surprises. What it did not have was Mr. Carnelia's music.) The acting, in every instance, is exactly right. Brad O'Hare is entertaining as the slightly superior, tongue-in-cheek Greenwich Village waiter, but no more so than Jane Galloway, Maureen Silliman, and Karen Trott as the diners. Craig Carnelia's pervasive cocktail-piano melodies are modest and appropriate. "Three Postcards" is, strictly speaking, a libretto, and it is a beguiling one. The striking set was designed by Loy Arcenas and lighted by Debra J. Kletter; the witty costumes were designed by Walker Hicklin.

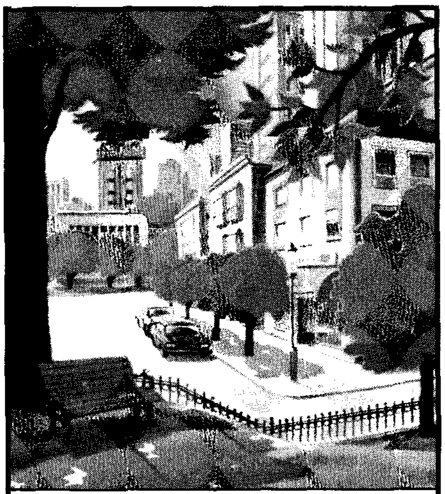
—EDITH OLIVER

• •

COOL LIGHTNING OVER TUCSON

Inside this broken bulb
shards stand up as mountains
and every so often a filament
in the night glows jaggedly,
as though a fingernail ripped
apart the ozone-laden sky.
Thunder beyond the Catalinas
rocks the interstates, plunders
the long bare desert silence.
The broken bulb we live in
glows and then fades and glows
again: night is a soft powder
of iron filings shaken down
upon the saguaros.

—RICHARD ELMAN



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DANCING

A Dance to Spring

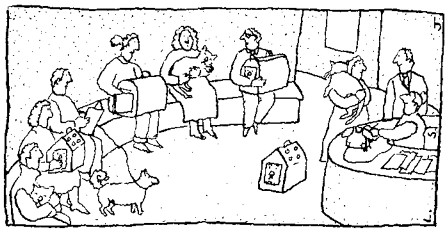
American Ballet Theatre opened its spring season at the Met with the largest advance sale in its history and eight performances of "The Sleeping Beauty." It rained that week, but the house was always full, its spirits undampened. For the Saturday matinée, women and children were there in droves; they folded dripping umbrellas, cheerfully shook out plastic rain bonnets, and got themselves settled well before the start of the overture. On Wednesday afternoon, women had come without kids, straight from the hairdresser's. The orchestra floor was a sea of pale permed heads, through many of which there undoubtedly played fond memories of other rainy Aprils when lilacs were being sold on the city streets and "The Sleeping Beauty" was at the Met. In those days, it was English dancers from Covent Garden filling the house with lilac fragrance, and it was the glad young Margot Fonteyn who tiptoed out under the arches of Act I, greeted the audience in arabesque, and then, after a wild moment in which she seemed to have disappeared even as the applause built, suddenly burst back upon us, the quintessential Aurora, the personification of youth and spring. This year, along with the English weather, there was a new production by Sir Kenneth MacMillan, who once danced in the Act III pas de trois called Florestan and His Two Sisters. He has now chosen to abolish these characters in favor of a Jewels pas de cinq featuring a Gold danseur, a Diamond solitaire, and Silver triplets. But there was little else in the way of innovation to startle a nostalgic audience. The production, impeccably traditional, is both English and Russian in pedigree: staging and choreography by MacMillan, based on the classic Petipa texts as preserved by Nicholas Sergeyev; costumes and scenery by MacMillan's favorite designer, Nicholas Georgiadis; dancing in the classic "Kirov" style promoted by Baryshnikov and his staff—classic in every sense except musical (the draggy tempos favored by the Kirov are not permitted here). The result is a style—long-lined, clean-limbed, technically meticulous—to which Americans are physically well suited and to which the dancers of Ballet Theatre are by now well accustomed. Cast as fairies, cavaliers, courtiers, forest nymphs, and friends of the ballerina, they danced throughout with a stylistic unity never before attained by this company in this ballet. That may seem a modest achievement; in fact, it is essential to the ballet's success. "The Sleeping Beauty" is a dance spectacle with little or no story suspense. By means of dance metaphors it persuades us that a perfect human civilization exists over which divinities stand watch, warding off evil, directing the path of destiny. Purity of schooling is the mirror of virtue; manners reflect morality. The welded ensembles of A.B.T. project the sense of an *école*, and for this we must thank Baryshnikov as well as MacMillan.

The triumph of the production at the moment is this collective security, which the company exhibited through nightly top-to-bottom changes of cast. Anyone looking for the complete theatrical experience that "The Sleeping Beauty" can be will not find it here yet. MacMillan's staging gets the show on in decent fashion, but it doesn't solve the problem of how to keep the action rising in the sections leading up to and away from the Vision Scene. Act III, with its storybook-character suite of dances, falls flat. And the scenery is unworthy. Georgiadis has also employed a unified approach, which is to say that the same white columns and canopies and crumpled swags, the same sepia parchment borders (vaguely suggesting bookplates), the same heavy gold accents appear in every scene. Vast curvilinear forms load down the upper air. In the Prologue, people-size gilded angels sit in cloud banks; in the Wedding, lamps hang low. The enchanted forest is a tangle of vines (with not a lilac in sight). And the omnipresent columns suggest that Prince Désiré, when he enters, has already reached the grounds of Aurora's castle, leaving him no place to go in the Panorama. (And he goes no place. The Lilac Fairy's barge makes one circuit of the stage and exits; a scrim blots out the scene.) This is Georgiadis' second treatment of "The Sleeping Beauty," MacMillan's third, and their first together. They have collaborated eleven times before. All this experience doesn't seem to have produced a recognizable viewpoint for this richest of classical ballets. MacMillan, who was raised in the classical tradition, is better known for his neo-expressionistic pieces. He has fun with the diablerie of the Carabosse scenes (one of which, as is now the fashion, precedes the Awakening), but the purposefully static action of the ballet gains nothing from the passivity of his direction. His choreographic contributions—a new Garland Dance, a solo for the Gold danseur—have more energy; indeed, they have too much and lose themselves in fancy conceits. The decision to elide Acts II and III is a mere cost-wise maneuver, not a theatrical opportunity. This is one of those "Beauty"s in which anxiety sets in the minute the plot is over. The Awakening takes place, and the orchestra begins tossing away pages of music. Though we've heard the weird gong stroke with which Tchaikovsky brings down the spell of a hundred years' sleep, we barely hear the corresponding stroke that lifts it. There is an immediate blackout and, instead of an onstage transition to the Wedding, we sit looking at the same scrim painted with vines which we have seen before, but now the orchestra is playing the march to cover the backstage clatter. It must pain MacMillan, a musical choreographer, and Stewart Kershaw, an able conductor, to use orchestral parts with tactless cuts. (If I'm not mistaken, these parts also accompanied the failed production staged by this company in 1976.)

The scheme of the ballet divides the Prologue and the first two acts into scenes of mime and scenes of dance. In general, Ballet Theatre's dancers are much more comfortable dancing than acting, and yet the single all-dance act—Act III—is the most dismally presented of all. The problem is not (as it was in 1976) bad dancing; the problem is unstylish and untheatrical dancing compounded by unstylish and untheatrical direction. I believe it is a mistake to adhere to Petipa's idea of jewel fairies. This starts the dance suite off with an overfamiliar and illogical gambit. If there are fairies in the realm who weren't at the Christening, then Carabosse wasn't the only uninvited one after all. Florestan and His Two Sisters was a substitution that made sense; they were a fresh and welcome sight, and the audience took to them at once. No amount of good dancing can please an audience that does not want to see any more fairies. The failure, night after night, of the Bluebirds and of Puss in Boots is harder to explain. The influence of the purists for whom dancing means technique unclouded by imagination can be felt throughout the production, but these Bluebirds are not only glacial; they're unmusical, too. The whole first half of their adagio looks like the Odette pas de deux crammed into the wrong music, and the rest of the number staggers fitfully along, teasing us with hints of the great charmer it used to be. The bits of vestigial mime—flying, listening, calling—are scrimped, while in Puss in Boots the clawing and flouncing are emphasized until the dance becomes nothing more than a petulant tizzy, about as delightful to look at as two drunks fighting over a check. While the dancing is the best part of this "Sleeping Beauty," it is dancing that is much too narrowly conceived. The stylistic modes in which Petipa rejoiced—classical, character, demi-caractère, and all shades in between—are erased and resorted into two purist categories: dance or mime. This is the price paid by "The Sleeping Beauty" for the new, purebred company image that Ballet Theatre is able at long last to put before us.

It follows that the touchstone of the role of Aurora is no longer that great pas d'action the Rose Adagio but the Vision Scene, in which the ballerina appears a remote spectre expounding *la danse pure* in a manner indistinguishable from that of a dozen other white ballets. It is beautiful, and the scene as a whole is extremely well done, but who ever thought in the fifties that in the eighties our dancers would be exalting the scene that makes Aurora resemble every other romantic-ballet heroine instead of the scene that makes the audience love her? In the Rose Adagio, Fonteyn and her generation rushed to embrace life—every pirouette was a new opportunity, every proffered rose held a different promise. The Kirov's Kolpakova and Sizova, as I recall, were no less vibrant. Today's Auroras—sagacious veterans like Martine van Hamel as well as débutantes like Amanda McKerrow—sail through the steps with scarcely a hint of their poetic import. The steps are, in fact, no longer the test of the ballerina's mettle that they used to be. Plumb balances without support have become corny clichés, and the Rose Adagio is full of them. Cantilevered balances were easy *then*. (But since that is the case, perhaps it is time to restore the Petipa passage of Aurora taking her flat-footed arabesques penchées with one hand on the shoulder of each of four kneeling friends in turn. It wouldn't detract from our impression of Aurora's sovereign gifts, and it would explain what her friends are there for.) When technical hurdles in a masterpiece are too low, the steps may become overarticulated and underexpressed. This is what seems to have happened to the fairy variations in the Prologue. Like the Bluebirds and like Aurora, the fairies are equipped with a poetic rationale for the steps they do, but all that most of these dancers do is steps. They lift their letter-perfect legs not as if they were paragons of elegance bestowing their personal attributes on the royal infant but as though they were pupils whom someone was waiting in the wings to whack with a ruler. We're meant to see these attribute dances as a growing profile of the princess-to-be, so perhaps we're not altogether surprised when she turns out, on her sixteenth birthday, to be a bit of a cold fish.

McKerrow, young and talented (and far too thin this season), dances Aurora like a "Theme and Variations" fish out of water. For dancers of her generation, the height of classical style is represented less by the role of Aurora than by the fantasia that Balanchine made of it and other "Sleeping Beauty" material in "Theme and Variations" (1947). You can turn Aurora into a modern ballerina—at least, you can if you are Balanchine—but you can't turn the clock back. McKerrow's strong but uninflected technique gets her through Balanchine; Petipa, though, suffers from too much abnegation and scrupulosity. I saw Deirdre Carberry in several supporting roles in "Beauty." She, too, is a strong technician, and she's also an eager—at times an overeager—performer; in her "Beauty" roles she came on like gangbusters. A candidate for Aurora? Not with those manners. In her début in "Theme," though, she was closer to what an Aurora should be than she'd ever been as a Bluebird or a Diamond or a Fairy of Benevolence. The reason, I think, is that the technique kept her too busy to impose "personality" on the part.



Anyway, success in classical dancing lies not in what the dancer imposes on the steps but on what she extracts from them. And from the music. Tchaikovsky is a more trustworthy guide to Petipa's meaning than Sergeyev is. One of the things this revival suggests is just how fragmentary that famous pile of dance notation may really have been all along. No authentic "Sleeping Beauty" could have been staged without it, yet Sergeyev himself had no theatre sense and was unmusical "to a degree bordering on eccentricity," in the estimation of Ninette de Valois. In her memoir "Come Dance with Me," de Valois relates how she and her musical director, Constant Lambert, had continually to correct Sergeyev's transcriptions of Petipa. Isn't it possible that some of Sergeyev's wrongheadedness stemmed from wrong notation? De Valois mentions his indifference to entrances and exits. Is it irrelevant that, with the sole exception of Carabosse, not one of the principals in this MacMillan version makes an effective entrance—not even Aurora in Act I? The entrances in the 1946 Covent Garden production were among its highest moments, but as they weren't reproduced even in the 1976 A.B.T. version of that production, staged by Mary Skeaping "after Sergeyev," one must conclude that they were inventions of 1946, like Florestan and His Two Sisters. The theatrical magic of "The Sleeping Beauty"—was it *all* an invention of 1946?

The time has come to restudy the role of Aurora, to restudy all of "The Sleeping Beauty," with the aim of making it again what it once was: the ultimate expression of classical style. I hesitate to say that the ballet should be rechoreographed. Without Balanchine, who had a special knack for reconstituting Petipa, who would dare such a thing? The New York City Ballet has plans for its own production of "The Sleeping Beauty"—plans that Balanchine himself laid years ago. This may indeed be the company destined to restore Tchaikovsky's masterpiece. Offhand, though, the only thing I can think of that would be worse than seeing Balanchine's superclassicists try to fit themselves into the antique steps is seeing them attempt some supercool "Balanchine" variant of them, one that excludes plot references in the manner of "Theme and Variations." (But does "Theme" really do that?) As an indication of what Balanchine might have done with "The Sleeping Beauty," I think "Harlequinade" a better model than "Theme and Variations."

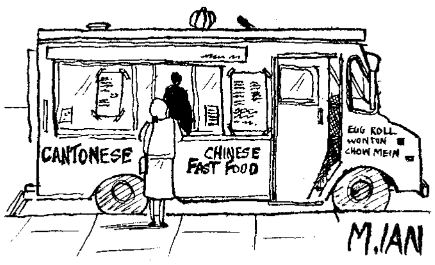
About the only dancers in A.B.T.'s "Beauty" who are at present giving—and getting—full value are the men. Kevin McKenzie is a vivid Désiré, technically keen, poetically striking. His performance is an example of how a good classical dancer extracts meaning from steps, for he has precious few of them and little to work with in the way of characterization. Désiré is still the solitary loiterer he always was. The extra solo he is nowadays given in Act II, a sort of brooding soliloquy, is a stylistic solecism committed by choreographers to keep male dancers happy. MacMillan's version is done to the Sarabande, extrapolated from Act III; McKenzie focusses it by seeming to be addressing it to a woman who isn't there. Later, his excited runs toward and away from the Vision of Aurora (when Lilac first discloses it) lift the whole ballet. In the character parts, John Taras is an excellent pouter-pigeon Cattalabutte, and Victor Barbee and Michael Owen give serious noncamp performances as Carabosse. This travesty role is still a bit unwieldy for American dancers. Storming around in a black and gold-lace dress and red fright wig modelled by Georgiadis on Elizabeth I, Carabosse can easily become more flamboyant than absolutely necessary. But Barbee, in one electrifying performance that I saw, managed instead to give the role a soft insinuating feline malice. (Opening his mouth like the Chinese Conjurer in "Parade" I thought a mistake.) In Petipa's day, men's roles in ballets like "The Sleeping Beauty" were largely the creations of their interpreters, who relied on their own ideas of what a Désiré or a Carabosse would do. In a sense, the women's roles must now be performed the same way. Unless they're fleshed out with sentiment, they look skeletal. The role of Aurora is not dramatically beyond the capacities of our dancers. Petipa designed it for the twenty-three-year-old Carlotta Brianza, who no one ever claimed was a great actress. And Fonteyn, our greatest Aurora, did not *act*. Her triumph was to realize that Aurora is not a special and distinct person—she is all young dancers. In the scheme of the allegory that supports the structure of the ballet, she is Dance itself.

Dance, Dance,
Born in France,
Went to school in the Renaissance.

One wishes that the ballerinas of A.B.T. who are searching for clues to a character would look no farther than the nearest mirror. You're sixteen, it's your birthday, and you've got on a new pair of toe shoes—now take it from there.

A saving grace of the production is Georgiadis' costumes, so much better than his scenery. They tend to run in monochromatic series—gold or putty or peach or black—except for the women's tutus, which are like small individual sunbursts. Those for Aurora's friends in soft mint green with neck ruffs are the prettiest of the lot. And unlike the sets, which are department-store baroque, the costumes suggest the actual periods, seventeenth and eighteenth century, which are prescribed by Tchaikovsky in his score.

ANOTHER fine set of costumes, by Anna Anni, turned up this season in "Giselle." Together with the new scenery, by Gianni Quaranta, and the new lighting, by Jennifer Tipton, these constitute the most beautiful décor I have ever seen in this ballet. The colors of the hunting party, resplendent purples and russets and golds, match the autumnal blaze of the setting; Bathilde is in cranberry and has a portable canopy in the same color. Costumes and scenery alike seem to have been inspired by the original production, and some new details in the staging of the first act are as historical accounts of that production would have them. Baryshnikov, who supervised it all, has got the first act just about as smooth and tight as it can be. He continues to leave out the Peasant Pas de Deux; I continue not to miss it. In the second act, Giselle enters and exits behind a revolving stone cross on her grave, and the Wilis enter veiled. The dances of the Wilis look amplified and reblocked. Dramatically, though, things have been kept pretty much as they were, and my complaint is the same as ever: that the action of Act II ought not to be reduced to the single issue of Albrecht's survival, and in any case it is the salvation of his soul, not his skin, that is at stake. Will we ever get back the ballet d'action that "Giselle" was meant to be in *both* acts? As in the "Sleeping Beauty" variations, there are bits of vestigial mime in the dances of the second act that hint at lost meanings. But Adolphe Adam was no Tchaikovsky, and these bits aren't illuminated by the music. Under the circumstances, the Giselles I saw, McKerrow and Alessandra Ferri, did pretty well. A pity they have to work within the stereotype that Giselle has become—a naïve country girl so doggily devoted to her Albrecht that her forgiving him is never in doubt. Patrick Bissell dances and acts Albrecht the way he is currently written, as a handsome abstraction. Ferri's Albrecht was McKenzie, looking like the Jeremy Irons of ballet and giving another impassioned performance.



This new version of "Giselle" was prepared for a film, which will be released in the fall. The director, Herbert Ross, told Jennifer Dunning in the *Times* that he had carefully studied Cyril Beaumont's classic book "The Ballet Called 'Giselle.'" I don't know what Albrecht, played by Baryshnikov, does in the movie, but on the stage his customary second-act entrance carrying a sheaf of lilies is something to which Beaumont strongly objected. The lilies, Beaumont thinks, suggest that Albrecht has stopped off at a florist on his way to the grave. "Knowing Giselle's modest tastes and love of simple things," Beaumont goes on, "is it not far more likely that he would choose a posy of wild flowers gathered by himself in the woods she loved?" To which I would add that in the Baryshnikov production lilies have always had a symbolic value, which this entrance vitiates. They are used by Giselle as a sign to Albrecht that she is near, that she is present, that she has really risen from the dead. And when she goes back to the grave they are the tokens of her presence that he is left with. It was Baryshnikov who made all this clear to me years ago, when, in his New York début in the ballet, he made so affectingly much of the lilies that Makarova showered upon him. Reason enough, for me, that Albrecht should be carrying some other flower when he appears. —ARLENE CROCE

MUSICAL EVENTS

Excursions

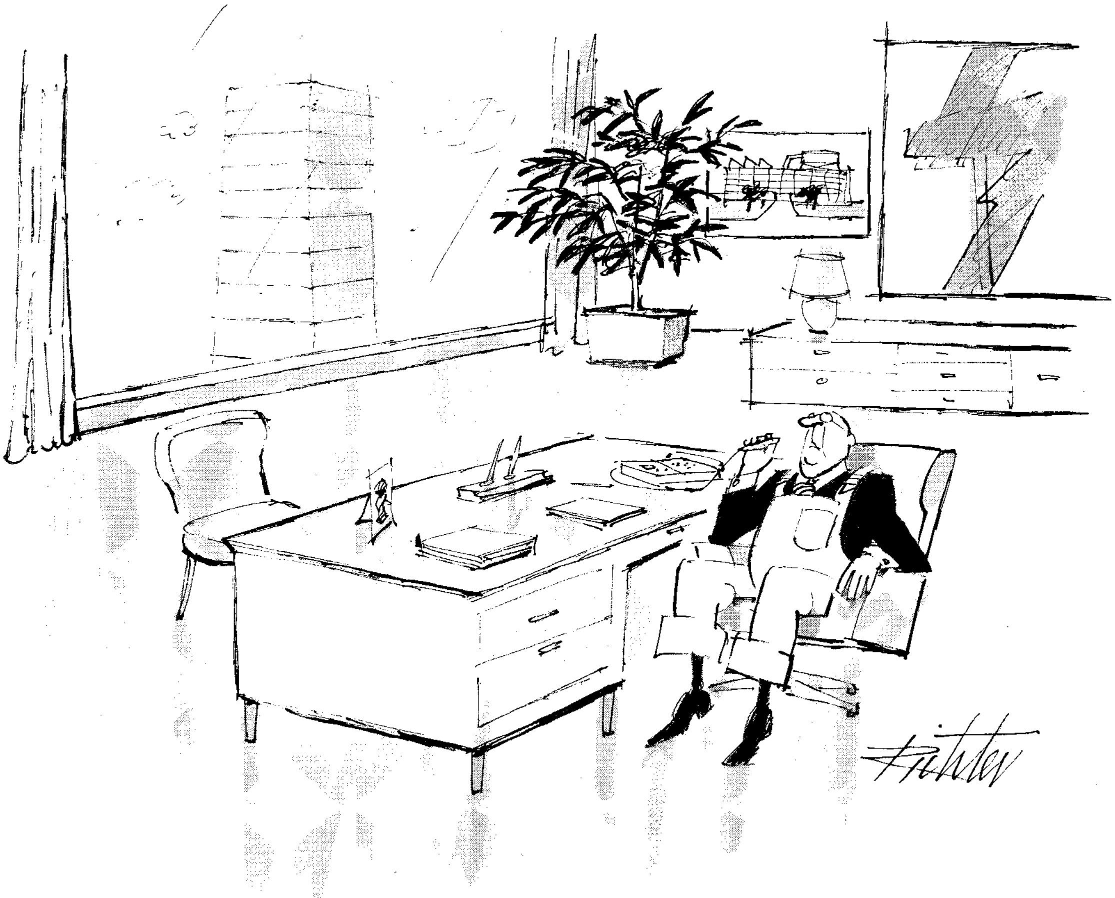
Agostino Steffani, composer, diplomat, and prelate, is a specialty of Clarion Concerts and its music director, Newell Jenkins. "Le Rivali Concordi" (1692), which was given a concert performance in Alice Tully Hall this month—its first performance in nearly three centuries—is the fifth Steffani opera they have revived. It is a playful piece. At the Calydonian boar hunt, Meleager, Theseus, and Jason all fall for Atalanta; but Ariadne and Medea arrive in Calydon to claim their spouses, and, after scenes of amorous declaration, jealousy, and infidelity upbraided, three united couples sing the happy ending. There are three smaller roles, one being Niso, the son of Jason and Medea. His fierce mother drags him around, threatening his life with a dagger, to win her way in arguments with Jason, and the boy punctuates her tirades with a sad little refrain:

Although you kissed me,
I do not love you.
I don't even like you.

The opera was done in a modern-English translation, by Mr. Jenkins, that is at once amusing, ingenious, and musical; the sounds and shapes of the original Italian, by Ortensio Mauro, are carefully matched. It is not quite as entertaining a libretto as the one Mauro wrote for Steffani's "La Libertà Contenta" (1693), which Clarion did eight years ago, but is also lively. And again the characters have a particularity that suggests there were originals for them in the light-moralled Hanoverian court for which both operas were composed. There's an Offenbachian verve in Mauro's comedies.

Steffani was a composer of resource. "Niobe" (1688) is—to judge from the works Clarion has brought us—his masterpiece. (Surely the City Opera could have a success with it.) "Le Rivali Concordi" is formally, instrumentally, and scenically less ambitious: only flutes, oboes, and bassoon at times color the string band, and the most elaborate of the stage directions is "A horrible scene, full of spirits and monsters, like an inferno; Medea and Niso, her son, sitting on a chariot drawn by two dragons." But, like "Niobe" and "La Libertà Contenta," it has the freshness and flexibility of opera in the days when opera was young. The conventions of the early eighteenth century—which its lesser composers observed strictly, and its great composers, like Handel, followed or flouted to dramatic effect—were forming but had not yet been codified. Steffani's recitative breaks into moments of lyrical, sometimes florid expressiveness (as, much later, does Verdi's). In the arias and duets, four-bar regularity of phrase length yields to expansions or foreshortenings determined by the emotional progress. And there is no guessing in advance whether or not a Steffani aria will have a da capo.

Steffani operas get better as they go along. (He keeps interest kindled by bringing in unusual instrumental textures and bold harmonic effects.) So did the Clarion performance: Act I was somewhat pallid, but in Acts II and III the characters grew colorful. Elaine Bonazzi's Ariadne, Mimi Lerner's Theseus, and, above all, David Britton's polished Jason were outstanding. Susan Von Reichenbach's Medea showed temperament, sometimes at the expense of vocal purity. Elizabeth Pruett's Meleager was truly but rather tamely sung. Mary Shearer's Atalanta was pleasant except when, striving for needless volume, she forced her tones. Bernadette Fiorella's Niso was charming. Mr. Jenkins conducted a small—perhaps too small—band of Baroque players, led by Benjamin Hudson. They didn't sound as if they knew the opera thoroughly (but the important bassoon obbligatos of Thomas Sefcovic were telling). Mr. Jenkins' baton is not always light. His enthusiasm of spirit does not unfailingly insure vivacious execution; much depends on the individual performers. Moreover, "Le Rivali" had been cut to a two-and-a-half-hour show, including two intermissions. (Of "Niobe" we were allowed an hour more.) But for anyone curious about opera through the ages and responsive to music of the past,



"Sincerely, the friendly folks at Amtex International."

this was a rewarding and enjoyable evening.

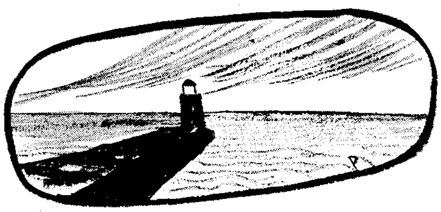
"Le Rivali Concordi" completed Clarion's thirtieth season. It's a moment to recall some of the other Clarion presentations that have brought variety and interest to New York's musical fare: from the seventeenth century, Cavalli's "Giasone" and the Steffanis; from the eighteenth, Reinhard Keiser's "Croesus," Vivaldi's "Farnace," Johann Adolf Hasse's "Olimpiade," Niccolò Piccinni's "Didon," Joseph Martin Kraus's "Aeneas i Carthago," and Cherubini's "Lodoïska;" from the nineteenth, Rossini's "La Pietra del Paragone" and Simone Mayr's "Medea in Corinto." Clarion's "Niobe," "La Libertà Contenta," and "Farnace" are recorded on Voce, and "Medea in Corinto" is on Vanguard.

Francesco Geminiani's "The Enchanted Forest" (1754) is another work first revived in our century by Newell Jenkins: a Milan recording in 1967, a Clarion performance in New York the following year. The piece caught on and was taken up: Claudio Scimone recorded it with I Solisti Veneti, on Erato, and John Eliot Gardiner recorded it with the CBC Vancouver Orchestra, on CBC Enterprises. Last month, it formed the second half of an Alice Tully Hall concert given by the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, conducted by Nicholas McGegan. "The Enchanted Forest" is an early example of extended program music, and was blamed for being that by Burney: Geminiani "endeavoured by mere sound to represent to the imagination of an audience all the events in the episode of the thirteenth book of Tasso's Jerusalem . . . but Music has never had the power, without vocal articulation, to narrate, or instruct; it can excite, paint, and soothe our passions; but is utterly incapable of reasoning, or conversing, to any reasonable purpose." The music was published in London in about 1759. Burney seems unaware that at the first performance, in the theatre of the Tuileries, there had also been explicatory action and scenery. The 1754 libretto describes "La Forest Enchantée" as "a representation drawn from the Italian poem Jerusalem Delivered, a spectacle decked with stage machinery, animated by pantomime actors, and accompanied by music (composed by M. Geminiani) that expresses its different actions."

Canto XIII of "Gerusalemme Liberata" tells how the forest that provided the Crusaders with wood for their siege engines was invested with evil spirits. Fire and monstrous apparitions fright the warriors who approach. Tancred dares an entrance, but when he smites a cypress it bleeds and cries in Clorinda's voice that her soul is enshrined in the tree. Drought and burning heat compound the Crusaders' cares. At last, in answer to Godfrey's prayer, the heavens open and a saving rain descends. Geminiani's score lasts about forty-five minutes and has twenty-six movements, which are hard to relate to Tasso's stanzas except in a general way, but there is much variety of tone, mood, and instrumental texture. There are abrupt transitions and bold harmonic confrontations, episodes sinister, valiant, timorous, jubilant. It is music of action.

The Vancouver recording, published in 1983, has the vitality that marks Mr. Gardiner's performances and is bravely played. But the seesaw gait in passages of paired notes and the wheezy utterance of sustained notes represent yesterday's fashions in Baroque performance manner; Mr. Gardiner no longer does things that way, and in the Boston band's "Enchanted Forest" there was less artifice. Mr. McGegan—who was making his New York début—inspired unaffected, joyous, and stylish playing. The first half was Handel: an overture, a keyboard concerto (John Gibbons the soloist), and two concerti grossi. Mr. McGegan usually leads Handel at a second harpsichord, but Lincoln Center had failed to supply one, and so on this occasion he stood and conducted.

The concert presentations of Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York bring us, in varying combinations, unfamiliar operas, important new singers so far unheard at the Met, and important singers in roles they have not sung at the Met. The Orchestra's season closed this month with Dvořák's "Rusalka," which brought us all three. It opened in January, in Carnegie Hall, with Verdi's "Battaglia di Legnano"—an opera unperformed in New York except by the Amato Opera in 1976. The performance introduced a bright, well-schooled young Italian tenor, Mario Malagnini, as Arrigo. As Lida, the soprano, Aprile Millo was disconcerting. I have not yet heard Miss Millo in the theatre. Here the high promise of her Giselda in Miss Queler's "Lombardi" just a year earlier was unfulfilled. The "Battaglia" role had not been fully mastered, and her voice seemed less even, healthy, and effortlessly ample than before.



Ghena Dimitrova's Norma was due in February, but the Bulgarian government preëmpted her services, and the performance was cancelled. The next presentation, again in Carnegie, was the closing scenes of "Das Rheingold" (from Erda's Warning), "Siegfried" (from Brünnhilde's Awakening), "Die Walküre" (Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Music), and "Götterdämmerrung" (from Brünnhilde's entry, "Schweigt eures Jammers jauchzenden Schwall"). These four substantial scenes made an imposing and satisfactory bill. Nature is grandly present in each: the sweltering mists dispersed by Donner's thunderbolt, yielding to evening radiance and the gleaming rainbow; the sun-flooded mountain peak; that peak circled by menacing flames; elemental forces—fire and water—conspiring to destroy an old, flawed world. Some years ago, I admired Miss Queler's conducting of "Tristan." In these "Ring" scenes, there was some vivid playing, but the main focus was on the singers. Roger Roloff, the Wotan, has been winning a reputation in the Seattle "Ring" and elsewhere, and the concert showed it to be well deserved. He seems to be an American baritone in the line of David Bispham and Clarence Whitehill: sterling and confident, vocally honest, in command of a large, disciplined, unforced, and beautiful voice. The Brünnhilde was Eva Marton. There were touches of tenderness in the first exchanges with Siegfried, suggesting that Miss Marton could be a more sensitive artist than, most of the time, she allows herself to be. As she got into her stride, she simply sang louder and then louder still, sacrificing words, characterization, and meaning to prodigies of volume. Reiner Goldberg, the Siegfried, has a fine ringing tenor, lyrical and full, but in competition with Miss Marton he began to belt. The love duet became a vocal battle.

"Rusalka," a poignant and lovely

opera, has not been professionally staged in New York. (The Juilliard American Opera Center did it in 1975. The City Opera considered taking up San Diego's attractive production, that same year, but nothing came of it.) "Rusalka" is not an easy work to bring off in the theatre, but it can be done: in these pages I have described very successful—and very different—stagings by the Prague National Theatre and the English National Opera. The heroine of the Opera Orchestra performance, given in Avery Fisher Hall, was Gabriela Beňačková. For Miss Queler she had previously sung Janáček's Kát'a Kabanová and Smetana's Libuše, movingly and well. As Rusalka, she gave a performance that set listeners, during the intermissions, wondering when last they had heard soprano singing so beautiful: not since Victoria de los Angeles, Renata Tebaldi, Ljuba Welitsch, Elisabeth Rethberg—depending on the wonderer's age and enthusiasms. Miss Beňačková's timbre and line are both eloquent. At its gentlest, her voice remains firm and true. It can shine into splendor untouched by harshness or strain. (There is perhaps just one fleck in the technique: an instant of noticeable preparation before soft high attacks.) One could not imagine Dvořák's lines traced with greater warmth and delicacy of feeling, or in sound more affecting.

The Prince was Timothy Jenkins, a promising heroic tenor whose burly voice is not yet under smooth control. He was dullish to begin with but ardent in Act III. The other principals were Hillary Johnson (Ježibaba), Linda Kelm (the Foreign Princess), and Sergei Koptchak (the Water Gnome). Although Miss Queler's conducting, it seems to me, has become somewhat less relaxed, flowing, and confident than it used to be, her "Rusalka" was a high point in New York's opera season.

ITALIAN opera in the years between "Aida" (1871) and "Otello" (1887) has been little studied. (There is a good chapter, however, in Volume III of Julian Budden's "The Operas of Verdi.") These were the years when Gounod, Meyerbeer, Bizet, and pre-"Tristan" Wagner became prominent on Italian bills, and Amilcare Ponchielli, the Brazilian-born Carlos Gomes, and Alfredo Catalani were Italy's leading composers of new operas. Gomes's "Salvator Rosa" appeared in 1874, the year of "Boris Godunov," "Die Fledermaus," and Verdi's Requiem. At its American première, given last month by the Amato Opera, it proved to be a work both interesting and thoroughly enjoyable. All that was generally known of it before was the Neapolitan song "Mia piccirella," which Caruso recorded. (In the opera, it is sung by a soprano, and in Neapolitan—"Mia pêccêrella.") The work that "Salvator Rosa" most often recalls, musically, is "La Forza del Destino"—not the set pieces of Verdi's opera but flowing, lyrical conversation such as opens "Forza," and things like the long arioso-recitative before Alvaro's aria. The plot—libretto by Antonio Ghislanzoni—deals with Salvator (the tenor) not as a painter but as a patriot, a confederate of Masaniello (the baritone), and in love with Isabella (the soprano), who is the daughter of the tyrannical Spanish viceroy (the bass). Gennariello, the Neapolitan youth who sings "Mia pêccêrella"—a part like that of Ascanio in Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini"—is another leading soprano role. The action suggests "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" crossed with "Tosca." Gomes was a fluent and able composer, and there were no dull patches in the work.

In the charming little Amato opera house—a hundred-seater—on the Bowery, Anthony Amato, musical and stage director, works wonders in recreating the effects of grand opera with small resources. His sense of dramatic timing is sure. Richard Cerullo has designed and painted seven picturesque and appropriate sets. No two casts—in a run of twelve performances—are identical. In the one I saw, James Landers, as Salvator, displayed a bright young tenor of pleasing quality. The Amato program book proudly lists "some of the alumni who have graced the great opera houses;" it would not be surprising if one day Mr. Landers' name appeared there, along with those of Nico Castel, Walter MacNeil, David Poleri, Neil Shicoff, George Shirley. The remaining performances of "Salvator Rosa" are on May 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

—Andrew Porter

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

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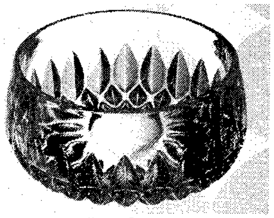

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OUTER BANKS

FOR a long time, I rolled the name Outer Banks around in my mind, wondering what the place to which it was attached might be like. The word "banks," by itself, is a fairly straightforward way of describing skinny fragments of ocean-battered sand. It is the "outer" that—as in Outer Mongolia—suggests the mystery of the remote and beyond. Together, moreover, the two words imply the existence of a natural rampart, protecting something worthwhile. Now and then, I would open an atlas to the page that showed North Carolina, and examine what looked like a bent human arm, hand on hip and elbow stuck out, halfway down the Eastern Seaboard. When I read that North Carolina was celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the first English settlement on its shores—a celebration spread out over three years, from 1984 to 1987—I thought the moment had come for me to make an expedition to the Outer Banks. And autumn would surely be a good time for walking the beaches and breathing the salt air.

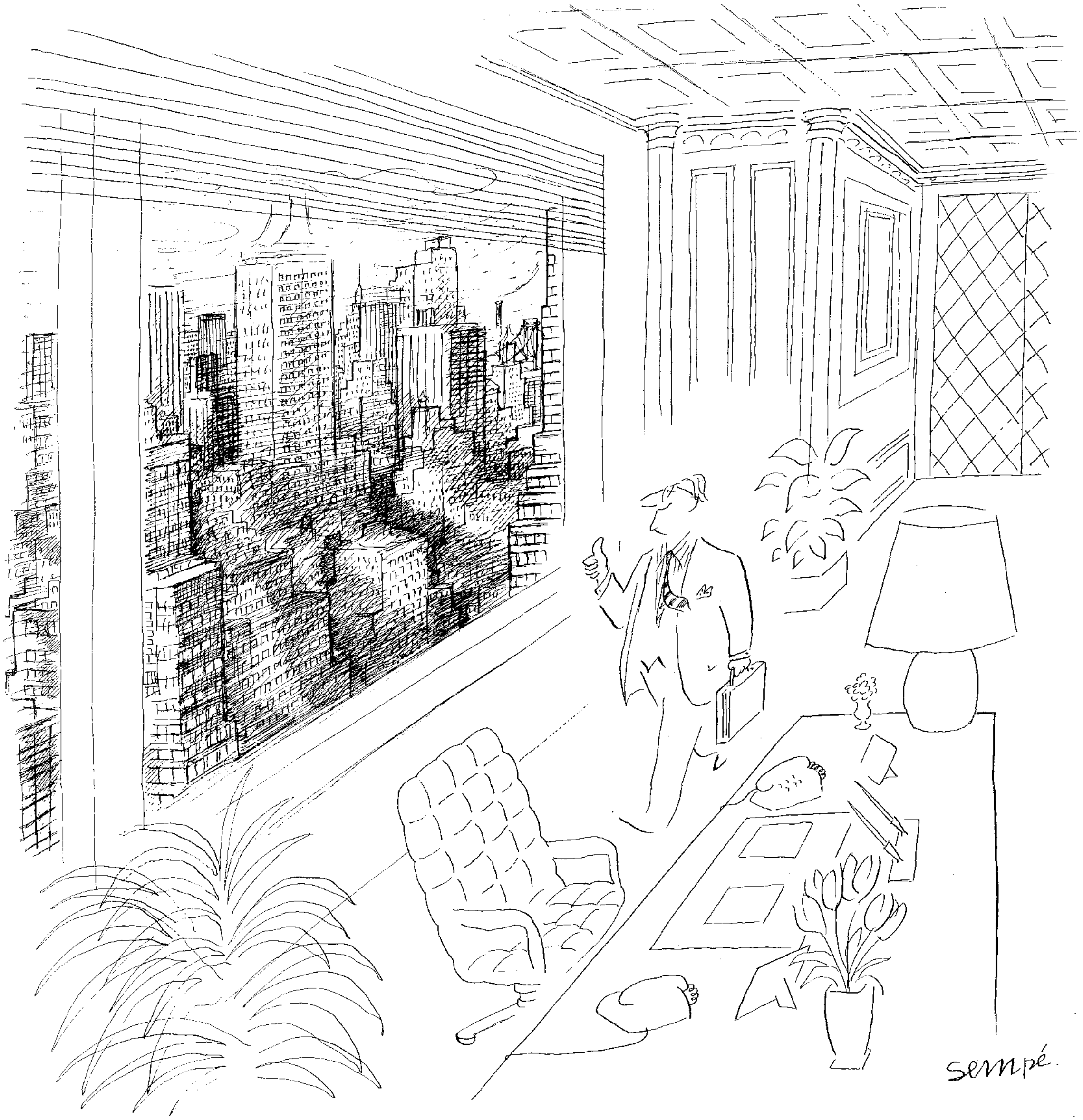
So one late-September morning I found myself at the airport in Norfolk, Virginia, making arrangements to rent a car, and the next morning I was on the Currituck Sound ferry going from Knotts Island, in uppermost North Carolina, to the village of Currituck, five miles away. I had taken the slower, slightly more roundabout, and apparently less popular of two possible routes from Norfolk. A road to the west of Currituck Sound makes it unnecessary to take the ferry, but I like ferries, and the view of water. Getting to the Banks was a subject I had pondered at home in London in previous months. I'd looked at maps. I'd written to the tourist bureau in Manteo, the seat of Dare County, which includes a good deal of the Banks—they stretch for a hundred and eighty miles, about ten of these in Virginia and the rest extending about halfway down the North Carolina coast. I wanted to start my journey at the top end of the Banks and work south without having to retrace my path. The problem was that although the upper Banks seemed to begin quite close to Virginia Beach, which is adjacent to Norfolk, no road was shown on the map leading directly to them. Rather, the only continuous road made a sweeping detour westward, then southward, then eastward. The Currituck Sound ferry presented an alternative only to the first part of this journey. From the ferry's western terminus, one would have to drive for about an hour to a long causeway and bridge, which would take one, finally, to the Banks at a point about thirty miles south of where they begin. On North Carolina highway maps, no roads were shown to exist on the top twenty-five miles of the Banks in North Carolina. On Virginia maps, it was the same story: no roads were shown above the Virginia–North Carolina state line. Did this mean that no roads had been built there?

The Dare County tourist office hadn't answered my question about whether I could drive directly from Virginia Beach to the beginning of the Banks but had said only that I could get down to Currituck via Knotts Island—the way I was now taking. Friends of friends with whom I had just spent the night in Virginia Beach had told me that there was indeed a road running south, close to the shore, from there almost to the North Carolina line, but that much of it went through refuges and state parkland and had been closed to public traffic at the bottom end for several years. They mentioned armed guards. A little later, when I learned more about this almost-but-not-quite highway connection along the shore, I realized that my question to the tourist office didn't have a simple answer.

DRIVING out on a long, low bridge, named after the Wright brothers, that spans the shallow waters where Currituck Sound meets Albemarle Sound, I see that the land ahead is like the bridge, long and low—little more than an embankment. Several water towers and the undulating crests of trees form the skyline. I know from my maps that this is one of the places where the arm shape of the Banks shows a little muscle: there is a distance of two miles between sound and ocean. The bridge comes ashore; the road runs through an apparent suburb, with a school, a bank, a real-estate office, a chamber of commerce, and a visitors' center, all set back from the road and set apart from each other by grass and trees.

When I stop at the visitors' center to ask about places to stay, I realize that the grass is sparse, the ground sandy. The visitors' center stands on the eastward slope of a sandy hill, from which I can see the blue and shimmering sea, the Atlantic Ocean, for the first time, but I have to look across a junction of several roads, with traffic signals and large directional signs. And when, back in the car, I reach this intersection I'm presented with an almost urban choice of two roads heading south in parallel about a quarter of a mile apart—one named 158 Bypass, the other 158 Business. I take the first for a few miles. There is a lot of traffic. I look out at sign after sign, billboard after billboard, at utility poles, supermarkets, parking lots, restaurants, motels, housing developments: the Outer Banks. This is Kitty Hawk, then Kill Devil Hills, then Nags Head—evocative names! Here have been superimposed mostly grid-patterned developments with names like Sea Scape, Kitty Dunes Heights, Orville Beach, Virginia Dare Shores, First Flight Village, and Whispering Pines. I also see along here that dogs can be groomed, carpets cleaned, T-shirts printed, crises counselled, helium-filled-balloon displays arranged, babysitters booked, stocks bought and sold, and hot tubs taken in solitude or in company. Indeed, 158 Bypass appears little different from the tawdry ribbon development on main roads outside any American city—little different, but in this case, for me, worse, because it was unexpected. Too late, I think—I'm too late by maybe twenty or thirty years. And when I turn left off the Bypass and drive over to 158 Business I find the scene similar, though generally older and more ramshackle, and to my eye not improved by the recent infill of large oceanfront motels, condominiums, and time-share dwellings. Here the speed limit is thirty-five rather than forty-five, as it was on the Bypass. The road is narrower. Sand spills out of yards and driveways onto the road. My eyes follow the scrappy jumble of cottages and motels and signs saying "Vacancy" or "For Rent." The sea can be seen now and then between the buildings that crowd upon low, dishevelled dunes. It can be heard, too, from time to time, the thud of surf on sand breaking through the constant whir and hum of traffic.

And yet should I be so shocked by my first sight of the Banks? I have heard that there was an explosion in vacation-house construction here in the last decade, and it is surely obstinate romanticism that has let me maintain to the last moment my illusions about the Outer Banks, my dreams of unspoiled strands. Even a quick browse through the tourist literature handed to me at the visitors' center should have done the awakening trick. Not far past Milepost 12 (the strip is marked by mileposts numbered consecutively by distance from the Wright Memorial Bridge), in the township of Nags Head, I pull into a small, scuffy parking area beside the Old Nags Head Café, whose roadside sign advertises bed and breakfast. As I climb out of the car, my feet descend on cracked concrete, and my head rises into the exhaust from a fan in the bar next door.



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WHAT a difference a night makes—at least, when it has been spent at the Old Nags Head Café Bed and Breakfast. From the window of my bedroom, above the café, the scene is just as unkempt as it seemed yesterday, but in the salty morning light, with the surf noise continuous, there is something almost friendly about the mess. Downstairs, I talk to my hosts, Roder and Robin, over coffee and blueberry muffins. Roder, whose full name is Robert Roderer, is in his late thirties, stocky, with lank fair hair; though he hails—some twelve years back—from Dayton, Ohio, he looks as if he would have been at home on the quarterdeck of an eighteenth-century privateer. Robin Hubbard is a little younger than Roder, courteous and gently spoken. Robin and Roder live together and are looking after the Bed and Breakfast while the owner, a Mrs. Winslow, is away in Mexico. Robin comes from Currituck County and works as a waitress. Roder is a carpenter and cabinetmaker by trade. He says to me, "I'll tell you, some of us around here are waiting for the Big Storm. You know, they call this coast the Graveyard of the Atlantic. Well, it may turn out to be the vacation-cottage and condo graveyard, too."

The Old Nags Head Café Bed and Breakfast is on the west, or inshore, side of 158 Business—the road is also called the Virginia Dare Trail or, most commonly, the beach road—on a plot of sandy ground that extends a hundred yards to 158 Bypass, whose official appellation is the Croatan Highway but which is rarely called anything except the Bypass. Mrs. Winslow also owns a beach cottage, on the east side of the beach road; in this older part of Nags Head, the ocean side of the road is almost entirely cottages, sometimes two or three deep. Mrs. Winslow's is alone on its lot, with its front porch nosed against a low dune, and a path alongside providing access to the beach for guests at the B. and

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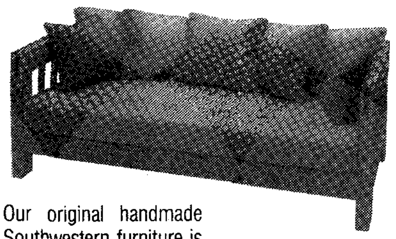

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B. South of the café are a vacant lot and some dilapidated houses. West of it, across the Bypass, is a huge sand dune called Jockey's Ridge; rising to a hundred and twenty feet, it is the highest dune on the Banks—or, indeed, on the Atlantic or Gulf Coast. So immense a pile of gleaming sand appears unreal, sloping ponderously down to the Bypass, looking as if it were just about to overwhelm a seedy little amusement park whose centerpiece is a miniature galleon, just south of it. On the dune, though the morning is young, many people are flying bright-colored kites and learning how to manage hang gliders. North of the café, an outfit called Kitty Hawk Sports runs a hang-gliding school and a shop for outdoor activities. Next door is a bar-and-grill called Updrafts, well placed to catch those who need sustenance of one sort or other after the strains of leisure.

Another factor in my morning mood is the beach. I walk across Mrs. Winslow's sandy yard, past the porch that wraps around three sides of the cottage, and through a narrow gap in the dunes, which here are barely ten feet high and twenty feet from front to back. Then I turn left—north—along the beach. The tide is at half ebb, so I am able to stride easily on firm, damp sand at the water's edge; higher on the beach, the sand is dry and loose, too soft for comfortable walking. Some people are sitting on porches, or in beach chairs in front of their cottages. A few fishermen are casting into the surf, and several youths on surfboards are floating some way out, waiting for the right wave. Toward the horizon, a small white blob is a solitary sportfishing boat. At the water's edge, I pass a child swimming and being watched by his father, who gives me an affable nod. I make my turnaround point a structure called the Nags Head Fishing Pier. It is battered-looking, spindly-legged, and wobbly-kneed, yet a number of customers obviously feel secure enough to be angling from it; on the landward end, it has a bar, a luncheonette, and a fishing-tackle store. As I walk back, I observe driftwood; the black egg cases of skate, like dark pouches of ravioli or wonton, sealed as if with a twist at each end; all sorts of shells; and a plastic fork or two. Occasionally, there are deep, cleanly cylindrical holes in the sand, where fishermen have planted their rod holders and sat to wait for a fish to bite. The little dunes give the impression of being on the move back from the sea, exposing the cottages like chipped and stained teeth in old gums.

THE next morning, Robin says that if I want to see what much of the Banks looked like centuries ago I should visit the Nags Head Woods—coastal maritime forest, marshes, and dunes that have been preserved on the edge of Roanoke Sound, north of Jockey's Ridge. After breakfast, I drive up the Bypass for a mile or so, turn off onto a paved road lined with suburban houses, and then take a winding dirt track through wooded, undeveloped land—the beginning of the preserve. I wait in the parking lot of its visitors' center until nine o'clock, when René Walker, the administrative assistant at the preserve, shows up and opens the office. She tells me that Run Hill, a dune to the north of the woods, is constantly encroaching on the preserve, moving southwest at ten feet a year. On the western edge of the woods, marsh is gradually extending into Roanoke Sound. "There's nothing like this anywhere on earth," she says proudly. "It's a unique ecosystem. Plants of both northern and southern species grow here, encouraged by the mixture offshore of warm and cold ocean currents. Some of the plants, like woolly beach heather, are at the limits of their range. Some of our trees are between three hundred and seven hundred years old. We've got rare aquatic plants—the water violet, for instance—and several rare birds, like the red-shouldered hawk, and a rare reptile, the yellow-lipped snake. Algonquian Indians made seasonal camps here starting three thousand years ago. Verrazano was the first European to record observations of this part of the coast, when he sailed along here in 1524. White settlers began to move in permanently in the seventeen-hundreds. Now the woods form a much needed natural refuge in an area of rapid development. This is the old normality—the way the Banks were before lumbering denuded them."

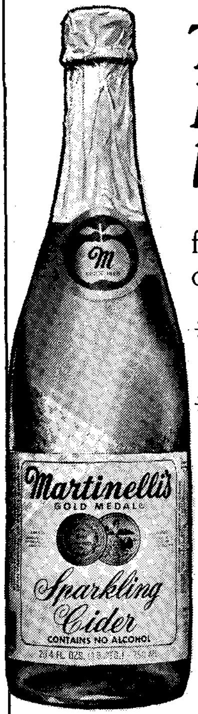
Members of Dare County garden clubs, I learned, were prime movers in saving the Nags Head Woods when, in the mid-nineteen-seventies, roads advanced in this direction and building lots were laid out. The woods are managed by the North Carolina chapter of the Nature Conservancy, a national nonprofit organization that owns much of the land and looks after a part that has been leased to it by the town of Nags Head—in all, about seven hundred acres. The preserve gets much local support. Many of the older families in the area have given or sold land to it; funds are raised by friends, local firms, and the Jaycees. Schools make visits. Scientists come and do research—for example, in groundwater geology, a study given urgency by the town's use of water from ponds in the woods, which has altered the water table and affected plant life.

I walk along one of the trails through the woods, keeping my eyes open for yellow-lipped snakes and water violets. I have the preserve's pamphlet in hand, and I feel bound to pause and consult it, to examine the tree in front of me to see if this is the large sweet gum referred to ("able to live in seasonally flooded lowlands") or a red maple (said to prefer a slightly higher elevation). The drumming sound I hear I assume is being made by a woodpecker. The dark-green leaves carpeting the ground are those of the partridgeberry, a plant that needs the dense shade of the woods. Some trees with shallow roots have fallen easy prey to storm winds; the stricken trunks of some have cavities, rotted out or woodpecked, in which raccoons or squirrels live, and insects thrive in the exposed roots. However, the woods are sheltered from ocean winds and the salt they bear by an eastern ridge of dunes; there is no sense back here of beach or Bypass. On a little roadway, once intended as access to a proposed housing development, I duck under a twenty-foot-long spiderweb spanning the road from a tree to a shrub. I look for the tracks of deer, raccoons, rabbits, and mice which the pamphlet says may be seen in sandy parts of the road, but I don't see any. On a pond, though, fish, as is suggested, are breaking the surface in search of edibles. A frog plops into the water as I approach. And, as prompted, I notice a double-trunked tree, many of its boughs married together.

I stop by the visitors' center again to thank René Walker before leaving. She says that if I want to see the conflict between the forces of development and the forces of conservation at its most acute, I should get myself up to the very northern end of the Currituck Banks the following afternoon, to a public meeting at the Carova Beach firehouse. It seems that the Nature Conservancy has recently turned over two large parcels of land up there to the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, which has plans to limit the access of the residents of the area. Many of the residents are angry. René mentions a curfew and gives me the names of some people to see, including a man whose defiance of such access restrictions has got him into jail several times.

SATURDAY morning, I drive north up the Banks. Getting all the way to Carova, almost on the Virginia line, isn't going to be straightforward; the paved road apparently runs out at Corolla with fourteen miles to go, and from there four-wheel drive is needed. North of the Wright Memorial Bridge, the Banks begin to narrow. Sound and sea are often both visible from the road. Development is less dense and of a different character. First comes the residential community of Southern Shores, many of whose well-spaced houses have a year-round look. Next is the village of Duck, and for a mile or so the road twists through little hills, trees are ample and lawns well grassed, and there is an English-southern-county sense of dingles and dales. In the following stage, the terrain remains bumpy, but the hills are once again sandy—sometimes dunes, which in many cases have new summer houses on them, standing on pilings. Duck, it seems, has established a trend: the new developments promote themselves with similar ornithological names, such as Snow Geese Dunes, Sea Tern, and Sanderling. And, indeed, the clusters of still raw shingled houses look like small flocks of gulls perched on the dunes, facing hungrily one way or another. But after a while the tide of construction falters, and the dunes are increasingly bare except for scrub. Here, roughly where the Banks were once parted by Caffeys Inlet, which opened in the seventeen-nineties and closed in the early eighteen-hundreds, and near to where the line dividing Currituck and Dare Counties crosses the Banks, the road passes through an open gate. Robin has told me that this portal to the northern Banks was guarded until October of 1984, with only owners of Currituck Banks property and expected visitors allowed through. Now the state has assumed responsibility for the road, and the general public has access. This is the point at which the road, on the North Carolina map I consulted back home, was shown as coming to a complete halt, with terra incognita beyond.

I know that Corolla is close at hand



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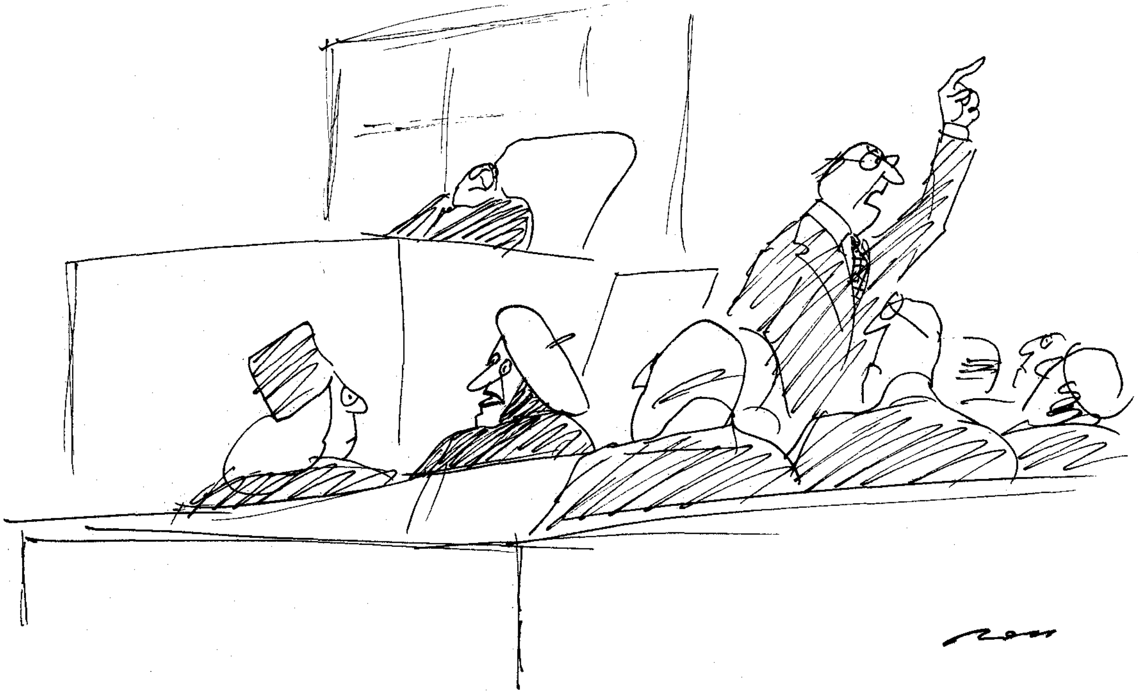

"Logic—the last refuge of a scoundrel."

• •

when I see a lighthouse. Cautiously built, in 1875, nearer to the sound than to the ocean, the lighthouse has served to mark the presence of the Banks particularly for southbound ships, which have tended to keep close inshore to dodge the north-flowing Gulf Stream. Each lighthouse on the Banks has not only a distinctive light signal but an individual form of decoration, to enable mariners to identify it in daylight. The Corolla lighthouse has been left largely unpainted; it is a rough brick tower rising a hundred and sixty-three feet. Standing nearby is the only other major structure in these parts—a many-gabled three-story mansion that was once the hunting lodge of the Whale Head Gun Club, one of numerous gun clubs that until recent times owned much of the Currituck Banks. (The lodge was built in 1922 by Edward Knight, a Philadelphia magnate, who is said to have bought the land and the club after unsuccessfully trying to get his wife admitted as a member.) After several inlets like Caffeys closed during the nineteenth century, Currituck Sound waters became fresher, new vegetation grew, and great quantities of ducks and geese flew in; many of the local Bankers worked as guides for those who came wildfowling. From the earliest days of settlement, the Currituck Banks has had a reputation—exceeding that of other parts of the Banks—for attracting those who wanted remoteness from society and proximity to nature. Runaway slaves, criminals, and scavengers were among those who dwelt here. In 1728, the Virginian author William Byrd described a Currituck Banks "marooner" who cohabited with a "wanton female," subsisting on oysters and milk; their bodies, he wrote, were covered only by the length of their natural hair.

Corolla's town center is still in embryo: a single two-story building that stands behind some gas pumps and is divided into several units. The post office is at one end, and the Kay Cole Realty office at the other, with a small general store and three contractors' offices between. In the post office, the solitary worker is the postmaster, Norris Austin, who tells me that he has been postmaster for twenty-eight years—since he was twenty. Austin says that the total number of year-round residents here isn't much more than a hundred and fifty, but his post office is busier and busier with the arrival of more tourists and seasonal inhabitants—this despite the difficulties of access. As if cued by this remark, a stranger enters, buys some stamps, and asks if he can drive on north from here into Virginia. "No, you can't," Austin says. "If you've got four-wheel drive, you can get up the beach to Carova, though. And you'll find a meeting at the firehouse there this afternoon which is all about why you can't drive any farther." The man thanks him but says he'll go back down the Banks and across the Wright Memorial Bridge again. Austin suggests that I drop in some afternoon around two o'clock, when business slacks off, for a longer talk.

Phyllis Cole, Kay Cole's daughter, drives me north to the meeting. My car is not equipped for the terrain above Corolla, and Phyllis has a big Jeep station wagon that is. The paved road ends at the dunes, where several new houses are going up in a section called Ocean Hill. Phyllis—an attractive young woman in lavender slacks and shirt—engages the four-wheel drive, steers the Jeep up a wooden ramp through the dunes and onto the beach, and bears hard left. The tide is up, and the beach is narrow, so Phyllis is forced to drive in the fine, loose sand at the foot of the dunes. Occasionally, we bounce past another four-wheel-drive vehicle, parked by the water's edge, its passengers disembarked and casting into the surf; waves of greeting are exchanged, as between passing vessels. Now and then the Jeep slithers in deep ruts, the wheels spin, and Phyllis has to turn the steering wheel this way and that to stay on course. We are going a steady twenty-five miles an hour. A hot, oily, engine-room smell rises from the transmission. It appears that we are taking the main road to the top end of the Currituck Banks.

Phyllis tells me that she has been working with her mother in the real-estate business for the last few years. She was a history major at college and worked briefly in a bookstore. She prefaces most answers to questions from me with "Yes, sir" or "No, sir," and, from what she tells me, the situation on this part of the Currituck Banks has unfolded roughly like this:

For one reason or another, the gun clubs began to sell off their large landholdings in the late nineteen-sixties. Some felt that dune-restoration work by the Civilian Conservation Corps in the thirties had affected the wildfowl, which were coming in smaller numbers. Various developers bought the land, and by 1974 much had been sold off in small plots, mostly to people planning to build vacation homes. A plan with some two thousand lots was proposed by the county for Carova, the northernmost development, and a small number of houses and cottages were built.

There had been talk up to that time of a highway south from Norfolk and Virginia Beach to the Banks, joining the large metropolitan area directly to the Carolina coast. This seemed the logical contemporary move. Although the section of the Banks in Virginia was already taken up by False Cape State Park and Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge, a road ran down through these and met a track that ran just behind the dunes in Currituck County. However, unless the tide was high—as it is twice every twenty-four hours—and the weather was bad, most people preferred to drive along the beach between Corolla and the state line, and, for that matter, continue up the beach on the Virginia side to the first settlement of Sandbridge, not far from Virginia Beach. Anyone on the Currituck Banks who wanted to shop in Virginia or, for reasons of work, went there daily had an interesting twenty-five-mile drive, much of it on beaches.

But just as the development bandwagon was getting under way a contrary force made itself felt. Some people did not want a continuous highway along the Banks. In 1974, the Fish and Wildlife Service cut off vehicle access to Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge and the adjacent beach, severing the north-south route. Residents of the Currituck Banks who wanted to go to Virginia had to drive the long way around, via the Wright Memorial Bridge, or else travel by private boat across Currituck Sound to Knotts Island—a route that is sometimes too shallow for passage. Some residents fought back, and some took the fight to court. In 1976, a permit system was introduced, whereby, first for a fee and then without charge, permanent residents of the Currituck Banks and a few long-standing holders of seasonal property were allowed north-south access at certain hours. There are now fewer than fifty such permits. The permits cannot be transferred from one person to another, and no new ones have been issued since 1982, so their number is diminishing, as holders die or move away. At present, the hours of access are from 5 A.M. to midnight, an arrangement that the Currituck Bankers regard as a curfew, constraining their traditional rights of movement.

Access to the north of Carova isn't the only problem. In recent years, two of the big former gun-club tracts between Corolla and Carova—Swan Island and Monkey Island—were acquired by the Nature Conservancy; both properties, despite their names, are sections of the Currituck Banks and extend across the Banks from sea to sound. In 1985, these tracts were transferred by the Nature Conservancy to the Fish and Wildlife Service to form a new, six-thousand-acre Currituck National Wildlife Refuge, for such birds as the tundra swan, which winters here. (From what Phyllis tells me, and from what I learn later from a staunch conservationist, it seems that during the Carter Administration a proposal to acquire the entire Currituck Banks for Fish and Wildlife, except for a pocket by the Corolla lighthouse, very nearly got through Congress before time ran out and Reagan came in. In any event, in 1983 Congress authorized the purchase of the Nature Conservancy land.) In August of 1985, the Fish and Wildlife Service announced that travel along the Banks through the new refuge would be limited to the beach except in emergency conditions (hurricane or fire), when use of the old, behind-the-dunes sand track (known as the pole road, because of the skimpy utility poles placed along it) would be allowed. Many Currituck Bankers had been hoping that this track would eventually be turned into a decent road by the state. Now, in non-emergency times, they have no right to go through the refuge except by the beach, and they see this as an attempt by the government to discourage their presence and reduce the value of their properties, leading eventually to federal condemnation and takeover of their land.

Phyllis says that of the two thousand lots planned for Carova only a hundred or so have been improved—that is, built on. A hundred and fifty buildings have been erected south of Carova and north of the refuge. Roughly sixty families live year-round on the Currituck Banks; the rest are seasonal residents. Phyllis and her mother, being in real estate, are naturally annoyed that their business op-

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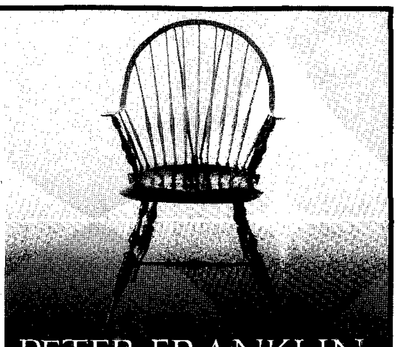

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portunities have been limited by what they see as government interference. They believe, according to Phyllis, that rapid and unthinking development of the Currituck Banks is in any event constrained these days by the fact that for the last five years or so no federal flood insurance has been obtainable on properties here, and that has meant, generally speaking, no mortgages on them, either. Moreover, new North Carolina regulations for coastal management are intended to prevent building on the dunes and immediately behind them, and state rules on sewage disposal in septic tanks make it impossible to build on many so-called building lots. Despite this, one new structure at North Swan Beach pokes its raw shingles to the very front of the dune line. When I ask Phyllis how this came to be, she says, "Politics. Pull."

THE Jeep slows down. Phyllis brings it to a halt close to a row of dark wooden pilings, each of telephone-pole diameter, planted deep in the sand and linked by thick wire cables. It is a fence, roughly eight feet high, that runs into the dunes on the left and, on the right, out into the water, past the low-tide mark. It was put up early in 1984, Phyllis says. It reminds me of barriers I've seen on the border between East and West Germany. The beach fence has a locked gate—out of sight a little way inland—to which permit holders are allowed a key. The permit, a plastic card, must be shown to the guard at another gate, at the north end of the Back Bay refuge. In front of us on the cable-and-piling barrier is a sign reading, "No Motor Vehicles Beyond This Point Except by Permit." This is the North Carolina–Virginia state line.

In the unfinished firehouse of the Carova Beach volunteer fire department, several hundred people are crammed. The meeting has been called by the Fish and Wildlife Service to talk about the new restrictions and —I imagine—to defuse hostility. The hostility, like a heat haze, is just about visible. The firehouse is simply a large new shed with a concrete floor and double doors, now wide open. A pick-up truck, the only apparent piece of firefighting equipment, has been left outside. Most people have brought folding chairs to sit on, and those who have not stand next to the walls, perch on boxes, or lean against bales of insulation that are waiting to be installed. For most, dress of the day is T-shirts and shorts. Many people are using Fish and Wildlife leaflets as fans. Several men have radio paging systems clipped to their belts. Parked nearby are the four-wheel-drive trucks and cars or the fat-tired three- and four-wheeled motorcycles known as all-terrain vehicles in or on which most of those assembled have arrived. Despite the up-to-dateness of this mobile gadgetry, the Carova residences, on the surrounding bumpy, sandy terrain, look more like shanties, composed of old containers, trailers, and driftwood set up on stilts, than like "improved properties." On one inner wall of the firehouse a long map has been pinned, showing the Currituck County development plan for the upper Banks, with its two thousand lots. Underneath this graphic display is a trestle table, behind which sit two men, facing the Currituck Bankers and wearing brown trousers and fawn shirts—the uniform of the Fish and Wildlife Service.

One of the men, a bearded fellow in his thirties, introduces himself to everyone as John Taylor, the manager of Currituck National Wildlife Refuge. His friendly smile and his patient air do not produce any noticeable friendly response. Taylor says that Fish and Wildlife has been listening to expressions of local concern and is now considering them in the light of the refuge's objectives, which are to preserve wildlife and wild lands. He wants to stress that he and his colleague, Travis McDaniel, a supervisor from Fish and Wildlife's regional office in Atlanta, are here to listen.

And listen they do, with stoic restraint, as one Currituck Banker after another stands up to lambaste the entire federal hierarchy—the government in general, and the Department of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife, and all their minions. The first man on his feet says that Interior is clearly set on buying up the Outer Banks, and that he doesn't believe John Taylor's claim of wanting to be a good neighbor. "We are out here to enjoy our property, but unless there is a permanent easement for a proper road we may not be able to reach our property or leave it in bad weather at high water."

A woman says that the Currituck Bankers are not anti-wildlife—they are here because they love nature—but they love their homes, too. And a public right-of-way is needed, not just access for owners.

"What about this lady here in the real-estate business?" says a matron in green Bermuda shorts, pointing to Kay Cole, who is wearing a peach-colored short-sleeved jumpsuit. "How's she going to get in to look at houses?"

Another woman supposes that Fish and Wildlife will be bringing in armed rangers, as it has up in Back Bay.

McDaniel, older than Taylor, mustached, wearing glasses, remarks quietly that Fish and Wildlife would like to get back to the status quo ante bellum, with neither gates nor guards, but there are covenants in the deeds transferring the land from the Nature Conservancy which make public access out of the question. He doesn't appear to be unhappy that these covenants exist.

Various speakers, cheered on by applause and other sounds of approval, declare that the beach often becomes impassable in bad weather. Northeasters are mentioned. Mother Nature is given credit for frequent demonstrations of great power which might not, however, fit the Fish and Wildlife definition of emergency conditions. The beach, one man says, is more fragile than the land behind the dunes: "The government should get the vehicles off the beach altogether and let them drive back of the dunes." The traditional use of the pole road is discussed: the Civilian Conservation Corps improved it; school buses once used it. "You people at Fish and Wildlife have chopped away at us. We've always gone to the stores and worked in Virginia. We want to be able to get to Corolla to the bookmobile, which comes once a month, even if it is high water. We don't trust you. You're out to take our property. Yes, you are. We want legislation. Why are you spending all this federal money on new refuges when there's a high deficit?"

Several men seated in the front have been keeping their heads down, perhaps waiting to see what sort of atmosphere or consensus developed. Now one, a senatorial staff member from Washington, says that he is speaking on behalf of the two North Carolina senators: legislation to obtain a public road is not the best solution. Look at the fate of legislation for improving Oregon Inlet, sixty miles to the south, which has been stuck in committee for several years. But he wants everyone "down here" to know that he spent vacations in Nags Head as a child and that the senators want to help "you-all" on this issue. "We're not going to drop the ball on this," he says, to a thoroughly skeptical silence.

Phyllis has pointed out to me two local men who are Currituck County commissioners. (The county is governed by an elected board of five commissioners and a paid manager.) One of the two, a contractor and livestock farmer named Ernie Bowden, wearing a Stetson and alligator boots, is leaning against the wall behind Taylor and McDaniel, and keeping what Phyllis thinks is an untypical silence. Bowden has been in serious trouble because of the access restrictions, and has, in fact, served two jail sentences for driving through the Back Bay refuge after curfew. The other commissioner, whose name is Barry Nelms, speaks: Currituck County has always been in favor of a permanent right-of-way behind the dunes. All these streets on the Carova plan were laid out with that in mind. On the Banks south of the new wildlife refuge, lots are worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—up here much, much less. The county is losing badly needed tax revenue on the devalued and unimproved property up here.

As the meeting proceeds, several people make inordinately long statements; several shout and storm. Taylor and McDaniel from time to time interpose the Fish and Wildlife point of view and say that they welcome these expressions of opinion—though they clearly believe that any improvement in public access to the Currituck Banks will lead to more development, and that this won't be compatible with refuge objectives. The people expressing opinions don't seem to trust that such expression will have an effect. Taylor and McDaniel may be decent guys, but they represent big government. The Department of the Interior owns a hundred and forty-eight miles —nearly half—of the North Carolina coastline, and it is after the rest. The federal government already owns more than a third of the entire United States.

Some people, apparently thinking that they have heard some of this before, begin to drift away. Taylor and McDaniel are still stolidly sitting there, though not looking quite so patient. I find myself in a departing group that includes Kay Cole. It is a bit like the end of a party, when no one wants to go home: What are we going to do now? A decision is arrived at, and Kay drives me through the sandy hills to Ernie Bowden's house, not far away. It is a modern wooden house on pilings, with an ocean view over the seafront dunes. In a big room that combines living room and kitchen, women I have seen at the firehouse serve beer and soft drinks, and people release their aggrieved yet sometimes gleeful feelings: "It was always going to turn out that way," and "I told you so—they've got their minds made up." Yet most seem glad to have had the chance to speak their minds.

Our host remains absent; it seems that he is out with his cattle. So we go to look for him—a small parade of four-wheel-drive pickups, Jeeps, and

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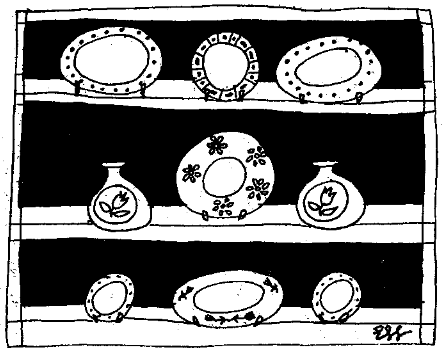
the noisy all-terrain vehicles generally referred to as A.T.V.s—south along the sub-Saharan pole road for part of the way and then west into an extensive area of lean-looking pastureland, with narrow dredged canals and skinny creeks running into Currituck Sound. Kay Cole tells me that Ernie Bowden, who also has a construction and pile-driving business, is the last remaining farmer on the Banks north of Corolla. At this moment he appears on horseback, galloping across the savanna in pursuit of a small herd of cattle. A bunch of what look to me like Charolais are driven into the corner of a field near where we are standing, and cajoled through a gate into the next pasture. Bowden then makes another circuit to round up and move from field to field five bison. Five American buffalo! What on earth are they doing here, so far from the Great Plains? When he has cornered the buffalo—shaggy beasts, two of whom flounder in and out of a drainage ditch—Bowden stops for a word with his admiring spectators. Kay has said that he has much to tell about his conflict with Fish and Wildlife, and, meaning to ask as well about the bison, I make a date with him for a few days hence.

Kay and I drive back over to the beach and southward for a few miles. The tide has retreated, and the damp sand is wide and flat, smoother than many city streets. As we zoom along, I reflect on the now perceptible good reasons that world land-speed records are won on sand. Kay, slowing down slightly, points out a place where a sand cliff has recently worn away to expose the rusting snout of a car. "That's been in there twenty years, at least," she says. "The dunes built up over it, then got washed away a bit. The beach here isn't being eroded the way it is farther south." The beach sand is, however, prone to travelling southwestward.

Kay and I eventually reach the home of Ernie and Pat Crowder, at North Swan Beach—an old Coast Guard station that the Crowders have restored. Mrs. Crowder tells me that the dune in front of the house, which looms outside the kitchen window like a giant pet waiting to be fed, has had to be bulldozed back twice since 1971, when they bought the place. The Crowders—they were at the firehouse meeting—live between the two tracts that make up the new wildlife refuge, and they feel surrounded. Their house is painted white and has resolutely simple lines; it might well suit a picture by Edward Hopper. The post-meeting party that began at Ernie Bowden's has rolled down the Banks and gathered here. Among twenty-some Currituck Bankers is Ernie Bowden's father, William Bowden, known to all as Captain Bill—a cheerful, weathered man of eighty-two, who retired from the Coast Guard as a lieutenant commander in 1946. When he was a youngster, he helped build this house, hauling timber over the Banks from a landing on the sound. He recalls, as if remembering the seven ages of man, the various ways he has got around on the Banks: barefoot, on horseback, by bicycle, and even, when the wind was right, by a bicycle on which he had rigged a small sail. He has ridden a motorcycle on the beach many times and used to drive a Model A Ford with some of the air let out of its tires to improve their grip—slacking the tires, this is called, and it is a trick still practiced. Captain Bill tells me that he recently found on the beach a number of sixty-pound bales of marijuana. He informed the Coast Guard, and it recovered several hundred such bales, apparently washed up from a ship that had dumped them. He says, "I reckon I could have been a very rich man!"

Mrs. Crowder and several other women active in a local pressure group called the Outer Banks Civic League present me with leaflets promoting their case against the Department of the Interior; no visitor should go away ignorant of their plight. They have published a cookbook, profits from which go to finance their campaign. (The recipes include incredible crab pie, carrot muffins, no-cook fudge, Swan Beach French-fried eggplant, and Gretchen's salad for seventeen persons.) I am given a copy of this and a poster showing a resigned-looking Chief Sitting Bull with the legend "They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they never kept but one; they promised to take our land, and they took it." A woman named Judy White says to me, "We now understand the lessons the American Indians learned years ago. Fish and Wildlife has told us that if we don't like the restrictions we can move." Another woman says that she commutes daily up the beach and across the state line to the Virginia town of Pungo, where she owns a beauty salon; as a long-standing resident, she has a permit. The nearest doctor is at Kitty Hawk, thirty-five miles away. When the Corolla Rescue Squad's four-wheel-drive ambulance was taking a stretcher patient through the wildlife refuge recently, Judy White recalls, a ranger stopped it to examine the patient and decide whether the situation was a life-or-death emergency. A late-middle-aged man tells me that he believes there is less wildlife in the refuge than ever before—the eelgrass and ribbon grass that geese and ducks need aren't growing as they once did. Another man says that most people here don't want the Carova lots completely developed; most of the Currituck Bankers came here, after all, to get away from things. Some bought their land for fifty dollars down and fifty a month. To own one's land and have a chance for the good life by the sea is surely a part of the American dream. Why should the Department of the Interior deprive them of it?



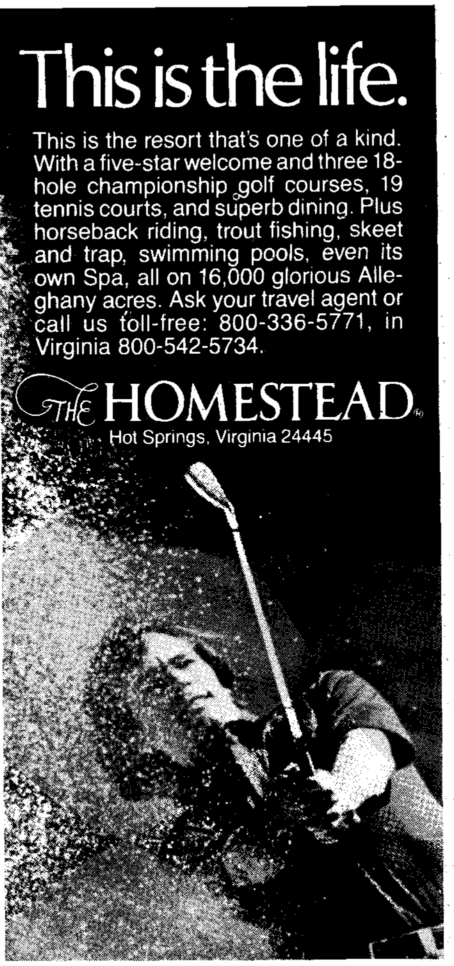
It is almost dark when Kay Cole drives me down the beach to Corolla. The lighthouse fans its warning light across the beach and the sea. Some people, standing close to their vehicles, are still fishing. Some have driftwood fires. The tide is a long way out, and Kay now and then swerves to avoid tree stumps sticking up from the sand—the remains, she tells me, of a seven-hundred-year-old forest that once lay behind the Banks.

I HAVE been trying to decide how I feel about the development of the Banks; it isn't easy. Having seen the ramshackle conglomeration between Kitty Hawk and Nags Head, I am a conservationist. Having talked to some of the people in Carova and North Swan Beach, I sympathize with those who want to live on the Banks. When enough people—like Robin and Roder—want to settle on the Banks, a need for houses and roads and services is created. Since the sixteenth century, this part of the world has been considered with a view to development. Walter Raleigh's Virginia—named in honor of the Virgin Queen, it included this whole area—was merely the first in a long line of real-estate promotions, and now real estate is the second-largest source of employment on the Banks. (House construction is the largest.) Realtors have their notices and offices everywhere you turn. Involved with the brokers are insurance agents, attorneys, property managers, appraisers, architects, surveyors, landscape designers, land developers, and sundry salespersons. Many people come here to retire and find themselves selling real estate. Buyers' guides to real estate are best-selling items in local bookshops; free bulletins listing houses for sale and for rent are placed where you can't miss them in restaurants, banks, and stores, all of which presumably feel they will benefit from more Banks residents, more customers. The assumption is that everyone who comes here is a potential house buyer. The buyers' guides push that notion by telling you what a good investment such a buy will be, giving you rental income and tax benefits: everyone who doesn't buy will at least rent. There are subtleties of definition to be mastered: "oceanside" is not "oceanfront;" "sound front" may not appeal so much as oceanfront, but there are "gorgeous sunsets." Some brochures and releases mention in passing such local problems as floods, storms, erosion, water supply, and sewage. Like government health warnings against smoking, these cautionary words aren't to be dwelt on.

Robin has told me that one of the least offensive Banks developments is Southern Shores, and this morning I take a look at it on the way up to Corolla to see Norris Austin, the postmaster, again. The merits of the community aren't conspicuous from the main road, where some of the earliest houses, built in the late nineteen-forties, near the ocean, are beginning to show their age. But on the winding roads closer to Currituck Sound, with an eighteen-hole golf course and large areas of swamp, marsh, and creeks nearby, are well-spaced houses in well-treed grounds which look lived in and cared for. The Southern Shores main sales office is set back from 158, not far from the Wright Memorial Bridge, on a gravelled drive, with trees and the long arm of a pond in the immediate landscape. "Southern Shores," a sign says. "It's More than Real Estate—It's a State of Mind."

Frank Stone, the president of Southern Shores Realty, tells me, "What's happening out here is because many people in America want to live by the sea, preferably in a warm climate—and also because the beaches are saturated farther north." Stone wears a shirt with the Southern Shores logo discreetly embroidered on it and has the look of a healthy middle-aged golfer. He says that Southern Shores was founded by the artist and illustrator Frank Stick in 1947 and was run for some time by him and his son, David, who has since become a distinguished North Carolina historian. The Sticks went for slow growth: they wanted to establish a year-round community, if possible, with larger-than-average building lots and a low-key form of local government. These objectives have been more or less achieved—Southern Shores has a population of fewer than two thousand, a three-man police force, local control over land-use regulations, and an efficient garbage service. On the Banks as a whole, the pressures are perhaps less than they were, Stone thinks, because of recent state coastal-management regulations (in whose framing David Stick had a big part), which have prevented greedy developers from squeezing every available lot out of the land. Still, more people continue to come to live and work on the Banks, so there is a demand for schools, professional services, and such other concomitants of a full society as courthouses and jails. Stone says he is probably in a minority of real-estate agents who don't decry the amount of land that the Department of the Interior owns on the Banks and that is preserved in the form of national parks and wildlife refuges, decreasing the room for "growth" and so limiting the tax base. "From a long-term standpoint, I'd say the Department of the Interior has done a lot for the Banks," he says. "The land that is left for development has a more stable prospect, and often fetches enhanced prices. And we're preserving nature and space for our children and their children."

I stop in Duck for lunch, and then drive up to Corolla, where I find Norris Austin in the post office. "My grandfather served as lighthouse keeper here from 1891 until the light was made automatic, in 1929," he says. "My father was a market hunter, who killed wildfowl for shipping out, and he made and sold his own ice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cream. He was also postmaster here, from 1935 to 1959, when I took over the job. I'd tried for the Coast Guard, but I had flat feet. The post-office business here is really growing. The nearest other post offices are in Kitty Hawk, thirty-five miles south, and in Virginia Beach, eighteen miles north if you can get there directly. Yes, our demand is up, whether you measure it by requests for new postboxes or for forty-four-cent airmail stamps."

Austin is a mild-looking man with a trim mustache, a gentle manner, and a soft smile. He lives on his own with his dog, Clyde, who is part basset, part German shepherd. Clyde has one crooked leg, and after the day's deliveries he generally spends the afternoon sleeping in the empty sorting bin, beneath open-fronted wooden compartments in which Mr. Austin puts the mail. The building that houses the post office is named the Austin Building, after its owner and founder, and, with its full complement of grocery store, three contracting firms, the Kay Cole Realty office, and an upstairs apartment for the postmaster-landlord, serves to indicate the burgeoning conditions of Corolla.

Change is something that Norris Austin likes talking about. "One of my grandfathers—my mother's father—had a big tract of land in Kill Devil Hills, where McDonald's and Burger King are now. In those days, Corolla was more of a place than Kill Devil Hills, or so it seemed to me. I used to go coon hunting down there with my uncle, at full moon, the dogs chasing the raccoons through the Nags Head Woods and sometimes treeing them. We'd shoot the coons, skin them, and sell the hides. Of course, up here was all hunting, too, back then. I guess Corolla's population was about two hundred, but it got down to seventy-five after the war, and it's now back to two hundred. When the Whale Head Gun Club closed, a boy's school, Corolla Academy, took over the mansion house for some years. The next occupant was a company that tested and developed rocket motors. For a while, we thought we were part of the space age out here. But that company moved away in the early seventies, and now the property is going to be developed for housing."

I asked Austin how Corolla came by its name. (It is pronounced with two short "o"s.)

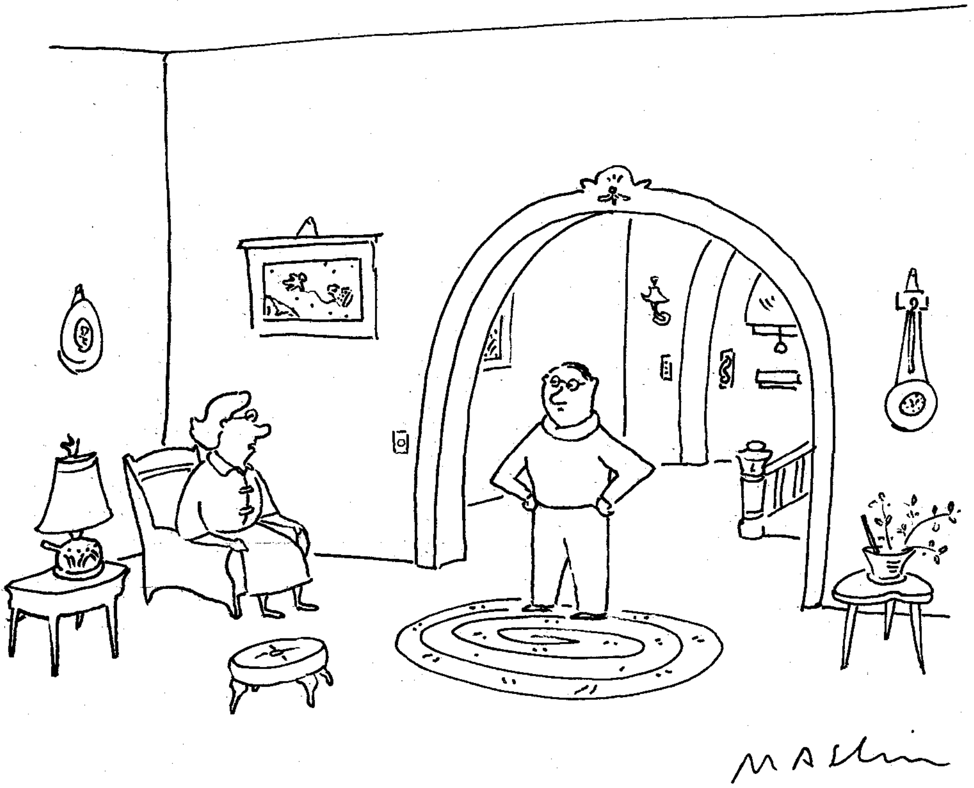
"That happened when the first post office was established here, in the eighteen-eighties, and this part of the Banks was known as either Jones Hill or Whale Head. Three names had to be submitted to the postal authorities, and people here were trying to come up with a third. One day, the schoolmaster picked one of the wild violets that grow here in abundance in the spring and he looked into the flower and saw its yellow corolla and thought that was a good name."

What did Austin think of the meeting in the Carova Beach firehouse?

"Well, that went about the way you'd expect. A lot of us around here reckon the Department of the Interior is trying to depress property values. They're trying to stop the development of the area by keeping people guessing: is there or isn't there going to be access? I agree it isn't a simple problem. A lot of people, maybe too many people, want to live here. But we believe that Outer Banks residents have certain inherent rights. And the Fish and Wildlife people just aren't logical. They say they're worried about loggerhead turtles, which lay their eggs on the beach. You'd think they'd want to keep traffic off the beach, and have an inside trail. If you call Back Bay Wildlife Refuge and say you've found a wounded bird or animal, they'll tell you to put a plastic bag over its head or hold it by the exhaust pipe of your car."

Austin is one of the few locals with permits to drive through the gates into Virginia; he has a four-wheel-drive Subaru sedan and regards the restrictions as harassment. "One round trip a day is allowed, and you have to be back in Currituck County by midnight. Well, I work till four o'clock, when I lower the flag on the pole in the driveway. Then say I want to go shopping in Virginia Beach, meet some friends, have dinner, go to a movie—it's hard as hell to get back by midnight. We've had this way to and from the north as long as most of us can remember. When I was a little kid, we used to go along the beach in an old Dodge truck. Many Sundays, we used to go to church in Virginia Beach. Sometimes we'd get stuck in the sand, and people would stop and help haul us out. They still will, when they see a vehicle in difficulties."

Austin locks up the post office for a few minutes in order to show me the Corolla church. It is a run-down clapboard chapel on a sandy lane a hundred yards from the Austin Building. When the church fell into disuse, some years ago, and was threatened with conversion into a vacation cottage, Austin bought it; he hopes to organize its restoration. Proudly, he displays the dusty pews and organ. On summer Sundays, a preacher from the Assem-



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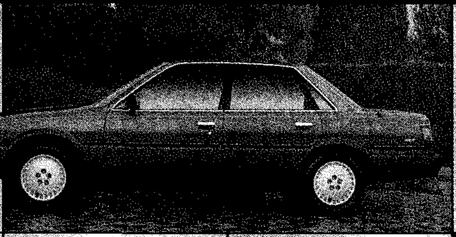

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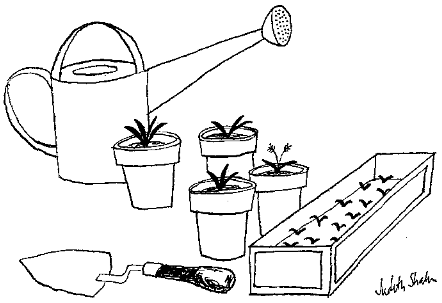
bly of God comes to conduct an interdenominational service. Outside again, we pause by a small tree with frail, droopy branches absolutely laden with a fruit I don't recognize. "Persimmons," Austin says. He picks up several windfalls and hands one to me. "You're supposed to have a frost before they're ready to eat. It takes the bitterness out of them." The small fruit has a dark peachlike color, but tastes like a mixture of plum and grape, and to me doesn't seem at all bitter. As we shake hands in farewell, Austin recalls that he has a family recipe for persimmon pudding. It is, he says, extra-special good, and I believe him.

I BACKTRACK to Duck, where Ernie Bowden has agreed to meet me at the Barrier Inn. This is a new sound-side establishment, which calls itself a "resort village." It is slightly distinguished by such Victorian architectural features as gingerbread woodwork on the gables, and has such contemporary leisure-age paraphernalia as tennis courts, a swimming pool, a sauna, sailboats for rent, and time-share cottages. Ernie Bowden, who is sixty-one and divorced, has been lunching at the Barrier Inn restaurant. In his Stetson, out on the Currituck range, he had looked very much like the Marlboro man; now he is without his hat, and short curly gray hair is revealed. He is wearing a white shirt, bright-orange trousers, white leather cowboy boots, and a large horseshoe-design diamond ring. I drink a beer and he an iced tea as he tells me that the Bowdens have lived on the Currituck Banks for four generations. When he was a boy, he used to ride a school bus along the beach to and from Virginia Beach, though when the tide was too high the bus didn't run. His father was stationed with the Coast Guard in Brooklyn at the beginning of the Second World War, and Ernie Bowden went to preparatory school there and then to Pratt Institute, where he studied mechanical engineering. After a year working in the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, he felt the call of the Banks; he returned, and embarked on his double career of livestock farming and operating a light construction business, which these days is mostly occupied with installing septic tanks and driving piles for house foundations. When he came back to the Currituck Banks, there were six livestock farmers; now he is the only one. He says the meat market is currently depressed, but there is a seven-year cycle in these matters and he expects it to recover. He has a herd of a hundred and fifty. His five bison are kept not for the market but because he feels they fit in with the terrain and the climate of the Banks. He also feels that the bison, and not the American eagle, is the prime symbol of American wildlife.

Ernie Bowden's house is two and a half miles south of the state-line fence that bars the way across the Banks and the beach. His cattle graze to the line on rented pasture. He has a resident's access permit to let him through the gates, and is also allowed to truck his cattle through, so he can sell them in Virginia, and to move his construction equipment back and forth on business. But he was and remains quietly angry about the constraints. When the Department of the Interior brought in the new rules, in 1976, access north and south through the Back Bay refuge was for two periods of the day, from 6 to 9 A.M. and from 5 to 8 P.M., and the permit for a year cost ninety dollars. Bowden refused to pay for the permit or obey the regulations. He was twice prosecuted for trespassing but let off by the courts. In 1981, after receiving an ultimatum from the Department of the Interior that he get a permit or be prosecuted again, he got one. However, in 1982 and 1983 he was twice prosecuted for driving through the refuge after midnight, and his permit was suspended. On the first occasion, he was fined four hundred and seventy-five dollars and sentenced to ten days in prison on each of five counts. He served ten days in jail in Virginia Beach, and forty days were suspended. On the second occasion, he was fined five hundred and fifty dollars and sentenced to sixty days. He served forty-eight days in prison in Williamsburg, Virginia, before being released. He has since had to report to a probation officer every ninety days. The trials cost him "at a horseback guess" fifteen thousand dollars in attorneys' fees. While he was in prison, his brother and two neighbors fed his cattle. (He has a daughter and two grandsons in Virginia Beach, but they are not allowed to use the refuge-and-beach route.) While he was in jail in Virginia Beach, he was interviewed on local television. In Williamsburg, he got scarcely less attention; his phone bill—collect calls only were permitted—was over eight hundred dollars. On conviction, he had to sign an affidavit relinquishing his rights under federal privacy laws, and thus his financial records and bank accounts are at the mercy of any investigator. Because Bowden was charged with only a misdemeanor, he has not been disqualified from holding public office; in fact, shortly before he started his second jail term, he was elected to the Board of Commissioners of Currituck County.



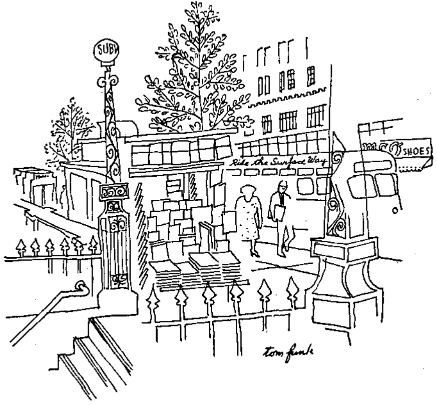
If Bowden is a local hero, he seems to have remained a modest one. His rebellion is as low-key as a fairly colorful individual can make it. He says that he understands the fragile nature of the Banks, and that any development is limited by lack of water. He doesn't want an arterial highway up to Virginia. But he is in a fight to the finish with big government. "You know, this government wants the people of our country in little cells where they can control them," he says. "In the last few years, we've moved from a democratic process to a bureaucratic process. It's depressing. We elect senators and congressmen and send them to Washington, and though they initiate legislation to help us, they're thwarted at every turn. Bills die in committee. Federal-department regulations have the authority of law. Take Interior—the department that has a bison in its logo! They're clearly in the business of empire building, the way most bureaucracies are. When Stewart Udall was Secretary of the Interior, back in the sixties, he said these Banks weren't fit for human habitation and should be acquired for the nation. That's what they've been working on ever since, so that now we're surrounded by refuges—there are seventeen in North Carolina—and we're losing our right to use our land. I think my right to travel back and forth to my home after midnight is just as important as Martin Luther King's right to sit in the front seat of a bus. Last week, at 11:30 P.M., coming home through the Back Bay refuge, I was followed by a Department of the Interior vehicle driving without lights. In 1978, a young man was run down and killed by an Interior vehicle. The young man's car had broken down on the beach, and he was walking back to Sandbridge, in Virginia. It took two years for the Department of the Interior driver to admit that he'd been driving without lights. He said that he thought he'd hit a deer. He was never prosecuted. For those two years, a number of us on Currituck Banks who drive that route were under suspicion. On one occasion, that Interior man actually brought the Virginia police down to interrogate me about the incident."

Bowden gives a wry smile; he looks like an elderly boxer who is ready to retire. He goes on, "Earlier this summer, one of my bison—a buffalo cow—strayed from the grazing area. I'd bought her only three weeks before. A man from False Cape Park Service phoned and left a message on my answering machine to say that he saw her going by, heading north. I must have got home thirty minutes after this. I called the Back Bay refuge right away, talked to the manager, and told him she was docile—harmless. I think she must have been looking for her calf, weaned from her in Harrisonburg, Virginia, a month before. I asked the manager for permission to bring a stock trailer up to Back Bay and collect her, and he said sure. Well, I drove up there and they led me to the animal. She was dead. She'd been shot four times with a thirty-thirty rifle—in her right side, her rib cage, and her hindquarters. I asked the warden who'd led me there, 'How come she's dead?' He said, 'We killed her.' I said, 'Why?' He said, 'In the interest of public safety.' I thought he was out of his mind, and must have looked at him that way. He added, 'I've been instructed not to tell you anything else.' I drove back and got my larger truck and front-loader and returned to pick up the body. By then, the refuge manager was there. He said that he hadn't known the bison was dead when I called first, but that it had been done in the interest of public safety."

Bowden delivers this story, which he has clearly told many times, flatly and unsardonically. He finishes his iced tea. I ask, "What happened after that?"

"Oh, well, I requested reimbursement. The Department of the Interior refused it. Said I could sue them, if I could get the necessary permission to do so from the federal district judge. You have to show sufficient cause. And I knew there wasn't much chance I'd get permission from Judge Clark, in Norfolk District Court, who'd sent me to jail."

TONIGHT is to be my last at the Old Nags Head, so I have earmarked today for talking to David Stick. His house is in the woods on one side of the golf course in Southern Shores. The grounds fade into the woods, and a canoe is casually pulled up on the bank of a stream. It is a house—single-story, white-painted brick—that doesn't seem large until you're inside, when you become aware of room after room, and a basement full of rooms, all carefully, if dimly, lit, and the temperature and humidity in each carefully controlled. David Stick lives here with probably the best collection in private hands of early maps and pictures, photographs, and books having to do with North Carolina. Every room except the kitchen seems to be in part a library or study. Stick has the weathered, wiry look of a military man, though he hasn't been one for a long time. Both the house and its owner give the impression of well-planned and well-built self-sufficiency, of deliberate solitude: Stick has been separated from his wife for about twenty years; he has three sons, but they no longer live on the Banks. Yet as he takes me on a tour of the house the phone rings frequently, and in the course of our long conversation he gets up often to answer it, which provides me with an opportunity to look at his marvellous maps—among them a 1590 de Bry engraving of the map John White did of Raleigh's Virginia, showing the Outer Banks and its inlets with considerable accuracy. Stick, it appears, is involved in numerous commissions and committees, groups and projects. He was among those who helped start a Wright brothers memorial museum at Kill Devil Hills. He is a member of a blue-ribbon committee organized by North Carolina's governor to improve state libraries. He set up an Outer Banks foundation that directs charitable funds toward necessary local services, such as one that sends visitors to elderly people who are housebound. He is also the author of nearly a dozen books and pamphlets, including a fine history of the Outer Banks from 1584 to 1958 and an engrossing account of shipwrecks off the Banks from 1526 to the end of the Second World War.



David Stick—born in Interlaken, New Jersey—first saw the Banks at the age of seven, in 1927, and he remembers his feelings: "openness, cleanliness, happiness." His father, Frank Stick, whose illustrations accompanied, for example, the fishing tales of Zane Grey, decided to move to the Banks in order to fish and hunt, but was soon involved in land development. In 1929, he and his associates owned some twenty miles of the Banks; in the nineteen-thirties, he had the idea of establishing the Cape Hatteras National Seashore. Before the Second World War, David Stick worked as a journalist in Washington, D.C., and during the war he served in the Marine Corps as a combat correspondent. Afterward, he became an associate editor of the American Legion magazine. But in 1947 he decided that where he wanted to live was the Outer Banks, and he returned, hoping to make a living as a free-lance writer. Actually, he found that he spent much of his income going to libraries to do research; he also found that many early books he wanted belonged to booksellers. He began to buy such books himself and, though he kept the first copies, started dealing in them. For fifteen years, he was the leading dealer in out-of-print works to do with North Carolina. He has now withdrawn from selling, but he still has a regional collection second only to that of the University of North Carolina, and he hopes to have it housed after his death in a special library in Manteo, on Roanoke Island.

Frank Stick lost a good deal in the Depression and had to sell much of his land to keep his family going. But by the end of the war he had recovered, in part by house-contracting work, and he acquired an option on four miles of land north of the Wright Memorial Bridge and began to develop Southern Shores. David needed money and was brought in to help, but this involvement—the first of several—lasted only six months. When his father approached retirement, David

Stick got mixed up again with the destiny of Southern Shores, turning to the development of the sound front and the lagoon area. He had a one-third interest in the development company, and though he sold it in 1976, he was confident that Southern Shores would continue along the same lines he and his father had established. He is reasonably proud of his work as a self-educated, seat-of-the-pants planner.

"I tried to leave as much as possible of what nature had provided here, while at the same time making it habitable for man," he says. "I also tried to look ahead, to see what it would be like when every lot had been built on, every road was driven on, and every watercourse was used. I'm glad I did this, although, as I look back, there are things I'd now do differently. Our development was piecemeal—we never had the cash to do enough at once. The area I envisaged for a school and offices next to Route 158 has them now, but so far no shops have set up on the plot in the middle of Southern Shores, near the fire station, that was reserved for them. But I think they'll come, perhaps with the next energy crisis. We retained riparian rights for the community for a hundred feet back from the mile of ocean that was left for me to develop. In Colonial times, new towns set aside from ten to twenty-five per cent of their land for common use and insured public access to the water. Here ten per cent is dedicated as public land. There's also a thirteen-acre swamp, surrounded by forested sand hills, which will remain in its present natural state. Many of our residents don't even know it's there."

From his experience with Southern Shores and his residence on the Outer Banks, Stick saw an urgent need for guiding and controlling what was happening on the Banks. He says, lighting a pipe, "I'm for responsible development and reasonable conservation—the middle ground, which out here can be a lonely position. There has been greater man-made change on the Outer Banks in the past twenty years than in all previous recorded history. For a long time, man could get here only by boat or on foot. Then, suddenly, there were bridges, roads, and motor vehicles. Eventually, there were fast-buck operators trying to develop everything, and, in consequence, rabid conservationists saying 'Develop nothing.' Most real-estate people failed to steer a moderate course between them. Well, I know the temptations. I was the first licensed real-estate broker in Dare County. I've seen what these operators get up to: failing to tell new owners that neither developer nor local government will maintain roads to their houses, bulldozing oceanfront dunes, and campaigning against sensible flood-insurance regulations and building codes. When I started, I filled swamp and killed trees, too—but I learned better.

"I've also served as chairman of the Dare County Board of Commissioners. I felt strongly that Dare would have difficulty surviving as a county—and its residents would have difficulty in sustaining life like that of their fellow-Americans—if we couldn't find ways of supplementing commercial fishing and the Coast Guard as the major sources of income out here. Tourism and resort development seemed to be the only options to hand. Yet I can also see that, untrammelled, this could lead to the Outer Banks' becoming part of the urban monster, like a lot of the Jersey shore—spilling their refuse, their people, and even their buildings into the ocean on one side and the sounds on the other. I can see saturation point."

David Stick's search for the middle ground led him to work for the passage of the North Carolina Coastal Management Act of 1974, to establish a comprehensive plan for controlling and protecting the fragile coast. Despite the fact that federal law already called for such a program in each of the states bordering water, and despite federal incentives such as funds and a promise of less interference for those states that got on with the job, there was vehement opposition in North Carolina to the coastal-management legislation. It came from developers, lawyers, bankers, contractors, and conservative state legislators. Stick says, "At one public meeting in Beaufort, my colleagues and I who were trying to frame the legislation were called Communists. Those opposed to the act got the support of commercial fishermen, who you would have thought would favor estuarine-protection measures to conserve their stocks, and of farmers, many of whom seemed less interested in protecting prime agricultural land than in the possibility of being able to sell it for housing lots. But in the end we got it through. As a result, parts of the coast were designated areas of environmen-

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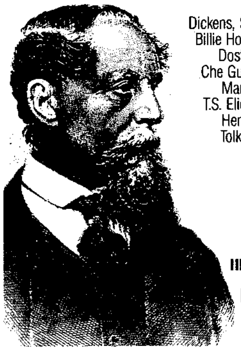

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tal concern, and programs were started to preserve valuable resources and insure compatible development. The twenty coastal counties were required to develop their own land-use plans. I'm all for local powers, where that's possible."

I ask Stick how the coastal management has worked out in practice. He has been in turn a member, the vice-chairman, and the chairman of the North Carolina Coastal Resources Commission, which carries out the provisions of the act.

He says, "You have to remember that before 1969 people could do any damn thing they liked on the coast. The act required setback regulations, which prevented new building close to the beach—for instance, on many of the Currituck Banks lots already laid out and sold, some of which, like those up in Carova, with no roads and services, people thought they were getting at bargain prices. But there were disappointments, too. Some communities were slow to take action. We wanted the professional planners to find out what people hoped their communities would be like in their grandchildren's time, but we had trouble getting politicians to press for this—it was hard to prevent the planners' imposing on the process a set method they'd been taught in college, and imposing predictable conclusions. Many plans, good or bad, have ended up getting stored or ignored. Officials move on, politicians lose elections—there's little continuity. Then, too, there has been difficulty in tying together all the separate plans into a master plan for the coast. Yet I think our big accomplishment was that local officials were forced for the first time to take an intent look at the effects of decisions they had been making regarding land use and growth. For many, it was a revelation. And even some of the go-for-growth types who'd opposed us began to look at the real cost of providing more water, jails, schools, and roads. They'd always said that putting new property on the tax books would pay for all this, but many started to realize that it wouldn't."

Stick relights his pipe. He looks out across the grass to the golf course, where some golfers are waiting to tee off. He says, "At the moment, what worries me most are the problems of water supply and sewage disposal, which aren't being looked at clearly. Most communities out here, except for Manteo, have no sewage mains—it's almost entirely private septic tanks, and after a storm that inundates the area the tanks overflow. Many natural spillways have been built over, so flooding causes damage to roads and houses, and then there are requests for emergency government aid. Dare County is now putting through new taxes—a land-transfer tax and a tourist tax—to help pay for bigger water systems, but that's only going to prompt further growth and more demand for water. We sit out here on a narrow sandbar that is situated between the salty Atlantic and the brackish sounds, and has just a thin surface layer of fresh water, which can be replenished only by rainfall. Yet we not only pump the drinkable water out faster than nature can replace it but supplant the fresh water with waste from toilets and kitchen sinks in such quantities that the fresh water and the waste material are on the verge of becoming one."

I suggest to Stick that in some ways it might have been better if the Banks had not tried to find ways of matching the living standards of the rest of America—though I can see that it is easy for an outsider to propose this; someone who has a comfortable life asking someone else, whose life seems picturesque and full of character, to keep it that way by doing without.

Stick says, "It used to be that Outer Banks people were invariably competent. If your car broke down, you'd walk along and in the first houses you came to someone would be able to fix it. This went with the self-sufficiency we had out here. There just weren't the services. People were accustomed to catching and growing a lot of their own food and doing their own repairs. This self-sufficiency meant pride in an ability to do things and make things, and a feeling that it was sinful to be in debt. Well, maybe it would have been better to carry on like that, and not try to emulate the rest of the country. But I fear it's too late. Development—exploiting the tourist potential of the Banks—seems like a good idea to many who live here, a lot easier than having to go commercial fishing. It will be interesting to see what effect the next hurricane will have when it hits here. If it doesn't devastate the Outer Banks, people will probably just boast that they lived through a hurricane. They'll want to keep building, or rebuilding, in all the wrong places."

—ANTHONY BAILEY

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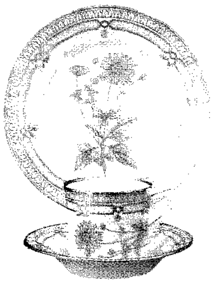
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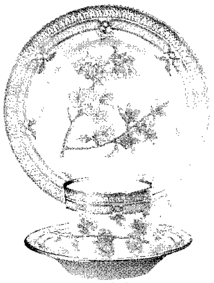
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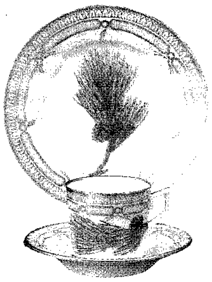
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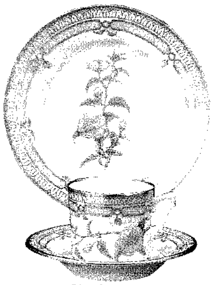
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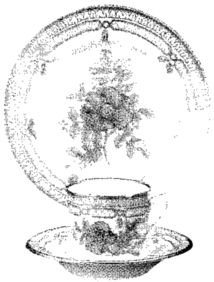
Seventh Series:
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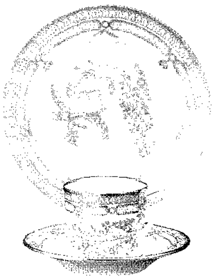
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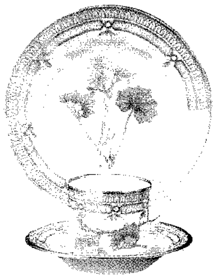
Ninth Series:
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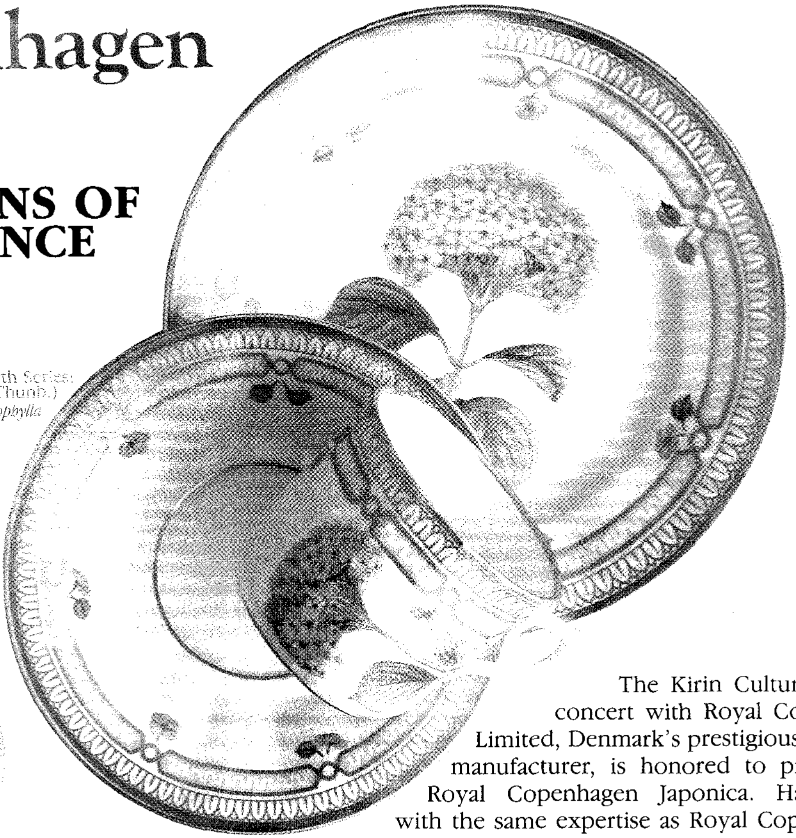
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BOOKS

Displaced Princes and Princesses

FROM Marie Vassiltchikov's "Berlin Diaries, 1940-45," edited and with a foreword by George Vassiltchikov (Knopf; $19.95):

"*Monday, 20 January, 1941* Supper with Bally and Bübchen Hatzfeldt. They share a huge flat near the Tiergarten. I wandered into Bübchen's room to fix my hair, caught sight of an open cupboard and was staggered by the quantity of suits hanging there with an equal number of shoes. I could not help thinking what Georgie and Alexander would have given to own just a couple. Our penniless émigré life reached its peak just as they got to the age of eighteen, when clothes for boys are often as important as they are for girls."

In the spring of 1919, Prince Illarion Vassiltchikov, prevented by the Revolution from having the brilliant career in the government which was predicted for him, left St. Petersburg with his wife and small children and took up residence on a family estate in what a few months before had become the independent republic of Lithuania. It was their home for the next twenty years, though they lived for periods of time in Paris and Baden-Baden. Shortly after the beginning of the Second World War, Soviet troops crossed the Lithuanian border and occupied strategically placed towns and airports, and an aristocratic family like the Vassiltchikovs could no longer feel safe there. Prince Illarion's son Alexander had died earlier that year, of tuberculosis. His eldest daughter was living in Rome. The two younger girls, Tatiana and Marie, who was called Missie, were in Germany staying in the country house of the Countess Olga Pückler, a childhood friend of their mother.

On January 1, 1940, Missie wrote in her diary, "We lit the Christmas tree and tried to read the future by dropping melted wax and lead into a bowl of water. We expect Mamma and Georgie to appear any minute from Lithuania. They have announced their arrival repeatedly. At midnight all the village bells began to ring. We hung out of the windows listening—the first New Year of this new World War." Two days later the sisters set out for Berlin, by train, with eleven pieces of luggage, including a gramophone. They had no money of their own, and had borrowed from the Countess enough to last them for three weeks. They stayed in her Berlin flat, using only one bedroom, a bathroom, and the kitchen. The rest of the huge apartment was shrouded in dust sheets. They spent the following day blacking out the windows, and two nights later they went to a ball at the Chilean Embassy.

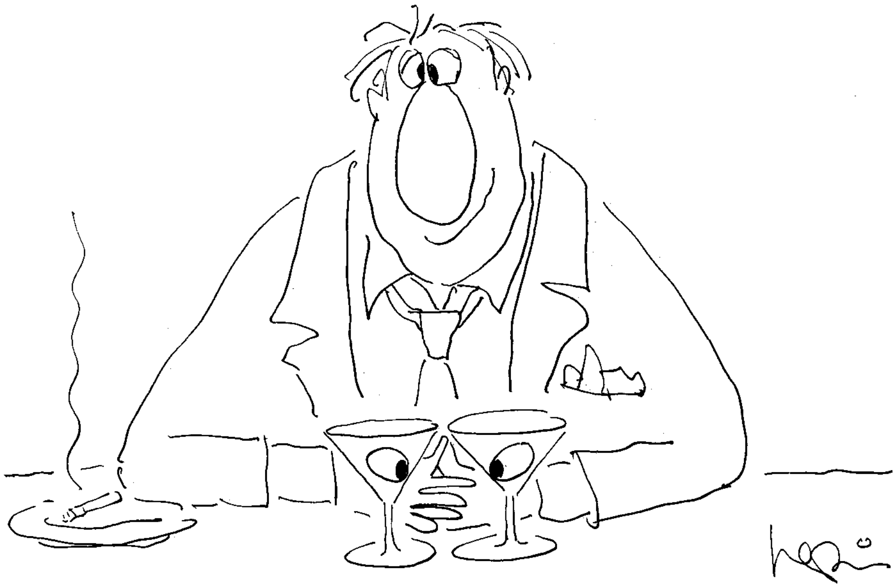
From the photographs in this book it is clear that both girls were beautiful. They were also highly intelligent, and humorous, and brave, and had the family independence of mind. Missie had worked for a while as a secretary in the British Legation in Kaunas. At that moment, because of the worldwide depression, a foreigner had very little chance of getting a work permit in any of the Western democracies. Only in Italy and Germany, where massive public-works programs had virtually done away with unemployment, was this possible. Their German was shaky and they hoped to find work with some firm in need of a French- or English-speaking secretary, but the war had brought international business to a halt. The consul at the American Embassy gave them a test and said he would call them as soon as there was a vacancy. On January 11th, Missie wrote in her diary, "My twenty-third birthday . . . In the evening Reinhard Spitzy took us to the cinema and then on to a night club, Ciro's, where we drank champagne and listened to the music; there is no longer any dancing in public.

"*13 January* Mamma and Georgie arrived at crack of dawn. I had not seen Georgie for over a year. He has not changed, is full of charm and is very nice to Mamma, who looks very ill and run-down. In Lithuania . . . they had been through unnerving experiences. It was high time the family left. Papa, however, has stayed on, as he has a big business deal pending."

Mamma and Georgie had only forty dollars between them, and were installed in the flat, so they wouldn't have to spend money on a hotel. Georgie's appetite was alarming, and the butter and sausage the two girls had brought with them from the country dwindled rapidly. At I. G. Farben, only people who could do German shorthand perfectly were wanted. The American Embassy did not call.

"*29 January* Today we both started work: I with the D.D. [for Drahtloser Dienst, the news service of the Berlin equivalent of the BBC] and Tatiana at the Foreign Ministry. . . . My office does not seem to know who its Top Boss is, as everybody is giving orders at the same time, although the Reich's Propaganda Minister, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, is said to have the last word.

"*30 January* My first job was taking down a long story about Ronnie Cross, who is British Minister of Economic Warfare and with whom



Tatiana stayed when she was in England before the war. My direct boss, Herr E. . . . dictates endless articles, mostly vituperative and so involved that they become often incomprehensible."

Missie got up at 5:30 A.M. and was at her desk by seven, typed all day, and left at five for a long ride across town. Tatiana's hours at the Foreign Ministry were from 10 A.M. until 8 P.M. and later, and so they did not see much of each other.

In February their mother and brother left Berlin to stay with the Countess before going on to Rome.

"*12 March* Mamma . . . telephoned from Vienna to say that Georgie had disappeared. When the train stopped at some small station on the way, he went to check their luggage. Without his noticing it, the luggage van was uncoupled from the main body of the train and joined onto another. He is now hurtling towards Warsaw. He has both their tickets, no passport and only five marks to his name. Mamma is waiting for him hopefully in Vienna."

Missie was a compulsive diarist, and the entries were for the most part typed openly, on office time, and tucked away in a filing cabinet between sheets of official matter. Eventually, when the pile of typed pages grew too bulky to escape notice, she would take it home and hide it there or in some country house that she happened to be visiting. The diary was written in English, which she had learned as a child, until she had something to conceal, and then she switched to a personal shorthand. Her diaries are not introspective and contain few generalizations. They record whom she saw and what she did, always with the instinct for the telling detail which is characteristic of the great diarists. Circumstances brought it about that they would also record, from ground level and at close range, the destruction of two great cities, the deterioration of the German social fabric during wartime, and the dreadful consequences of the failure of a conspiracy to assassinate Adolf Hitler. That it is a historical document of importance hardly needs saying. That it did not fall into the hands of the Gestapo—also that *she* didn't—is cause for wonder.

"*28 March* A letter from Rome telling us of Mamma's and Georgie's safe arrival, minus some things that were stolen in Venice. These included many *objets d'art* Mamma had kept from Russian days, Fabergé enamel frames, etc., and Georgie's suitcase with his few clothes.

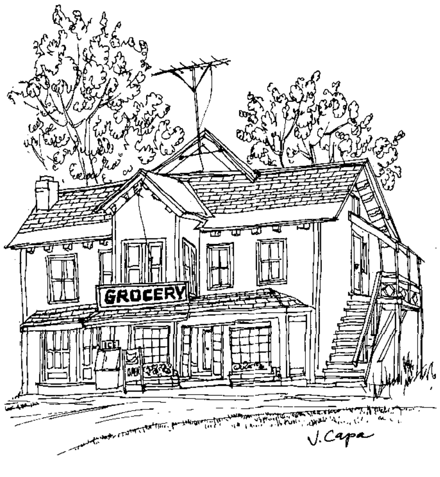
"*9 April* Today German troops occupied Denmark and invaded Norway. As a result, we worked like hell, since all these various *coups* must be justified in the eyes of the world at large and endless memoranda are exchanged how best to do this."

Their Lithuanian passports were invalid; there was no longer any such country. Missie had gone to school in France, but Russia was the country of her heart. She did not believe in the Allied cause any more than she believed in Hitler's. She did not belong in Germany and could not go anywhere else. If she had tried to stop working at the news service, she might have ended up on an assembly line in a munitions factory.

The Vassiltchikovs' world, the world of European aristocracy, was going through the last days of its existence. Its structure was spelled out in the *Almanach de Gotha*. It required the presence of absolute monarchies and the belief in certain other absolutes, Honor being one of them.

Some German aristocrats were anti-Nazi as far back as 1933; others embraced the movement as a way of wiping out the disgrace of the Versailles treaty, but because they could not accept Hitler's anti-Semitism and other policies, and because they had seen their sons mowed down and the German Army half destroyed in the disastrous Russian campaign, they turned against him. Hitler hated them all, from the beginning.

Among the acquaintances whom the two girls saw most frequently in Berlin were Countesses Sigrid and Luisa von Welczeck, whose father was the last German Ambassador to Paris; Prince Burchard of Prussia, a grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm II; Count Gottfried von Bismarck-Schönhausen, a grandson of the Iron Chancellor, and his wife, Melanie; Baroness Agathe von Fürstenberg-Herdringen; and Princess Eleanore-Marie Schönburg-Hartenstein. (The titles are spelled out only in the notes and the index. In the printed text they are "Sigi Welczeck" and "Loremarie Schönburg." And in the manuscript are simply initials, as in most private diaries.) They moved about in a body, dining at this or that restaurant and on the spur of the moment driving out to somebody's house in the environs of the city. They are superficially rather like the Bright Young People in the novels of Evelyn Waugh, who were, of course, a generation earlier. Though brought up to privilege and property, Missie's friends, when pushed to the wall, proved to have character and nobility, were selfless when the need arose, showed great courage and fortitude, and were, in short, aristocrats in the only interesting sense of the word.



"*7 May* Had rather a messy supper consisting of buns, yoghurt, warmed-up tea and jam. Yoghurt is still unrationed and, when we are at home, it constitutes our main dish, occasionally supplemented by porridge cooked in water. We are allowed approximately one jar of jam a month per person and, butter being so scarce, that does not go very far. Tatiana suggests our hanging a notice over the kitchen table: 'breakfast,' 'lunch' and 'supper,' according to the time of day, as the menu remains by and large unchanged.

"*2 June* Yesterday we went shopping as it was pay day. We never seem to have a cent left at the end of the month, which is not astonishing, considering our salaries. The two of us now earn 450 marks, of which 100 go to the family in Rome, another 100 to repay our debts and about 200 more for food, transportation, etc. This leaves us about 50 marks for our personal expenses, clothes, mail, etc. But this time I had saved and was able to buy a dress I had spotted months ago. I had also had to put aside enough clothing coupons, but the shop forgot to ask me for them!

"Tonight a bath. Now that baths are rationed too, this is an event."

At an evening party the Vassiltchikov girls heard that Russia had just annexed the whole of Lithuania. Worried about their father, they went home at once and spent all night trying to get in touch with people at the Foreign Ministry who might be helpful. Burchard of Prussia was appealed to, and alerted a Colonel Oster of the Military Intelligence.

“*17 June* Have hardly slept these last nights. It is rumored that Lithuanian President Smetona and most of his cabinet ministers escaped across the German border.

“*20 June* On returning tonight I found a telegram from Papa. Sent from Tilsit, in East Prussia, it said, ‘Glücklich angekommen’ [‘have arrived safely’], and asked for money to come and join us.

“*24 June* Dinner at Gatow on the lake with a group of Italian friends. Went home early, as the others were off to a party given by the American-born wife of one of the Italian diplomats here. It strikes me as somewhat indecent to be so jolly, considering what is happening in France.

“*25 June* On returning home, I found Papa, extraordinarily spry considering what he has just been through. His only earthly possessions now are his shaving things, two dirty handkerchiefs and a shirt. On reaching German soil he was apparently treated very well by the frontier police—thanks to Colonel Oster’s intervention. He was even offered money to join us. But before that, he had had a scary time, hiding in the woods of his former estate and crossing the border at dead of night with the help of an ex-poacher.

“*4 August* After church we joined a group of friends at the Hotel Eden, where Luisa Welczeck was lunching with a boy called Paul Metternich, the famous Chancellor’s great-grandson, who is half-Spanish. Afterwards, as we were all invited to the Schaumburgs’ out in Cladow, we took off in different cars, with Paul Metternich in the rumble seat with Tatiana, Nagy and me. He has practically no hair on his head, poor thing, just stubble, as he is a simple soldier somewhere. Because of this unannounced intrusion, poor Burchard of Prussia had to take the train. It is obvious that Paul has fallen for Tatiana.”

UNTIL this point, the Allies and the German High Command had both been reluctant to bomb civilian populations. On the night of August 24th, German aircraft accidentally dropped bombs on London. The British retaliated.

“*26 August* Yet another raid. We stayed in bed, although the doormen of all houses have now received orders to force everyone into the cellars. Ours came along too, rattling a saucepan to get us up.

“*27 August* Dropped in on Tatiana at her office after work. One could hear a lot of splashing from the next room, a bathroom. Her boss was evidently taking advantage of the fact that hot water is still freely available in government establishments.

“Dinner with friends, including the two Kieckebusch brothers. Both were badly wounded in France. Mäxchen was paralysed for three months. Claus’s tank caught fire, he was thrown out, his face badly burnt, but he has recovered well and one does not see much.

“*2 September* Although we expected a raid, we stayed at home, hoping to get some sleep. Our cellar is rather well arranged. Small children lie in cots, sucking their thumbs. Tatiana and I usually play chess. She beats me regularly.

“*3 September* Air-raid at midnight, but as Tatiana had a slight fever, we stayed upstairs. Our beds are in different corners of the room and Tatiana fears that if the house is hit I might be hurtled into space while she would remain suspended in mid-air, so I got into her bed and we lay hugging each other for two full hours. The noise was ghastly. Flashes of light outside kept lighting up the room . . . Even Papa was slightly perturbed and came in for a chat.

“*7 September* Today we moved from the Pücklers’ to Ditti Mandelsloh’s *pied-à-terre*. He is at the front and does not wish it to stay vacant for fear it may be requisitioned by some party fellow. It is in the Hardenbergstrasse, near the Zoo S-Bahn station—a bad location in an air-raid—but it is tiny and therefore practical.

“*9 September* Another raid. I slept through the whole thing, hearing neither the siren, nor the bombs, nor the all-clear.”

Papa turned out to be a gifted cook, though he put too much pepper in everything—and supported himself by giving Russian lessons.

“*10 October* In London, Aunt Katia Galitzine was killed by a bomb which hit the bus she was riding in. There was a memorial service for her here in Berlin this morning. . . . This evening I was at a party when the alarm sounded. The shooting was very loud and poor Mäxchen Kieckebusch, whose nerves have gone to pieces since he was injured in the spine in France, rolled on the floor moaning ‘*Ich kann das nicht mehr hören*’ [‘I cannot listen

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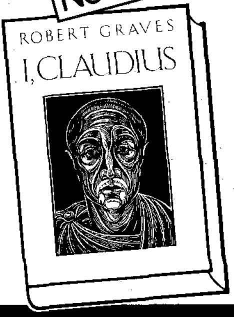

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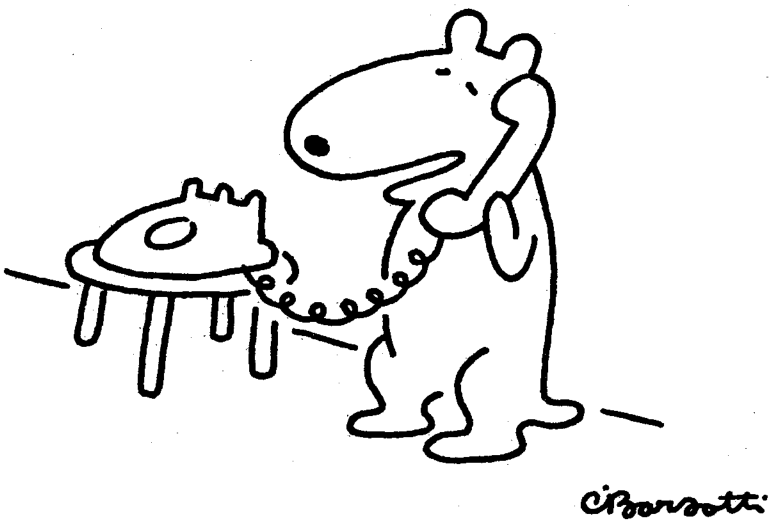
to this anymore’] over and over again.”

Paul Metternich was in Berlin on leave six days at the beginning of November, and Tatiana was out with him every evening. On the fourteenth, he was back. After being out with her he would ring up in the middle of the night to talk some more.

Missie was introduced to a man in the Information Department of the Foreign Ministry—Dr. Adam von Trott zu Solz. Through an American grandmother he was descended from John Hay. He had been a Rhodes Scholar, and had travelled in China and the United States. They met again by chance, and in December he suggested that she come and work for him as a sort of confidential factotum. He was an ardent patriot. In his dealings with all foreign politicians, the position he took was that they should stand up to Hitler and encourage anti-Nazi opposition but on the other hand recognize Germany’s national interests. Though he was received in the highest circles in London, he was also viewed with distrust. He had joined the Nazi Party to cover his activities, and took a job in the Foreign Ministry because an active anti-Nazi group was forming there.

Missie loved the relaxed atmosphere of the Information Department. At lunchtime people faded away for an indefinite period, and to make up for this they sometimes worked until ten. “Come on, Missie,” they would say, “set aside your diary and let’s get a little work done!”

Missie and Adam Trott spoke English together. In dictation his German became so intellectual that she often missed half of it. If it was merely secretarial competence he was looking for, he could have done better. It is quite clear that she interested him as much as he interested her. In a letter to his wife he wrote: “Drove back with Missie and was again astonished and impressed by her. . . . She has something of a noble animal of legend about her, that one can never quite understand . . . something free that enables her to soar far above everything and everyone. This, of course, is a little tragic, indeed almost uncanny.”



“Well, please look again, Operator. It’s Fluffy—F-L-U-F-F-Y—and she lives in Larchmont.”

“*8 May* Air-raid. Am getting more nervous about them. Now my heart begins to beat whenever the siren starts.

“*24 May* People are speaking more and more of troop concentrations on the Russian border. Nearly all the men we know are being transferred from the West to the East.”

WITH the exception of a few entries having to do mostly with the total destruction of the Metternich family castle in the Rhineland and with the elaborate festivities leading up to the marriage of H.H. Princess Maria-Adelgunde of Hohenzollern to H.R.H. Prince Konstantin of Bavaria, there is a gap in the diaries from June 23, 1941, to July 20, 1943. Some pages Missie destroyed, others were concealed in a country house in what is now Communist Eastern Europe and may be there still or may have been burnt as rubbish. The editor has been able to fill in this hiatus partly with excerpts from letters. Missie’s sister Irena wrote that Hugo Windisch-Graetz, who was an officer in the Italian Air Force and whom Missie had known since childhood and seen a lot of just before the war in Venice, had been killed while trying out a new plane. At his funeral his twin brother “knelt throughout the service next to the coffin, stroking it and talking to Hugo. It is perfectly heart-rending.”

Where else do you find descriptions of human behavior that, like this one, haunt the mind? The answer is, in Tolstoy, on whom the Vassiltchikov children must have been brought up. I do not mean to suggest that Marie Vassiltchikov’s diaries are comparable to “War and Peace” but only that they have something in common with it.

In September of 1941, Tatiana and Paul Metternich were married in the official residence of the Spanish military attaché in Berlin, in the presence of her entire family. Irena went back to Rome immediately, Mamma and Georgie lingered and were caught by new regulations forbidding all travel by foreigners into and out of Germany. The bride and groom went to Spain, where they remained until the following spring, and in the fall of 1942 Georgie managed to get to Paris and stayed there. Mamma withdrew to the Countess Pückler’s, and Missie and her father were bombed out of several apartments, and ended up as paying guests of friends, Baron and Baroness Heinz and Maria von Gersdorff, whose hospitality embraced like-minded people from every sector of German society. And it became a part of Missie’s job to build up an archive of photographs of the German war effort.

“*16 November* Sadly, I and my photo-archive have been moved to the former Czech Legation in the Rauchstrasse. . . . Dined tonight at Gottfried Bismarck’s in Potsdam with Adam Trott, the Hassells and Furtwängler. The latter, who is terrified of the possible arrival of the Russians, disappointed me. From a musical genius I had somehow expected more ‘class.’ ”

During this period, Hitler’s armies invaded Greece, Yugoslavia, and the U.S.S.R. Mäxchen Kieckebusch’s shattered nerves were delivered from all further assault when he, like so many of Missie’s friends, was killed during the first weeks of the Russian campaign. And if Bübchen Hatzfeldt’s expensive suits and the shoes that went with them remained in that overstocked clothes closet, they were blown sky-high during the massive bombing of Berlin in November, 1943.

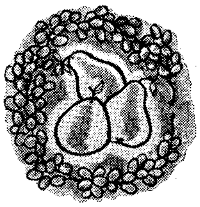
Missie’s description of this is a set piece that goes on for eighteen pages. It will remind the reader of Pepys’ account of the Great Fire of London and the description of the burning of Moscow, in 1812, in Alexander Herzen’s memoirs.

“*23 November* Last night the greater part of central Berlin was destroyed. . . . Papa was in his room, giving a language lesson to two young men. . . . We all hurried down to the half-basement behind the kitchen, where we usually sit out air-raids. We had hardly got there when we heard the first approaching planes.”

Exploding bombs shook the house. “The air pressure was dreadful. . . . At one point there was a shower of broken glass and all three doors of the basement flew into the room, torn off their hinges. We pressed them back into place and leant against them to try to keep them shut. . . . In the middle of it all the cook produced my soup. I thought that if I ate it I would throw up. I found it even impossible to sit quietly and kept jumping to my feet at every crash.” The pupils cowered in a corner. A house next door collapsed, and Papa muttered in Russian, “Let God’s will be done!” When the all-clear sounded, they discovered they no longer had any electricity, gas, or water. With flashlights and candles they groped their way through the house and saw it was intact. “We could see a steady shower of sparks raining down on our and the neighbouring houses and all the time the air was getting thicker and hotter, while the smoke billowed in through the gaping window frames. . . . Towards 2 A.M. I decided to sleep for a while. Papa came and held his torch over me as I took off my shoes and tried to wash. Towards three, Maria also lay down. Presently I heard the telephone ring and then her ecstatic ‘Liebling!,’ which meant that Heinz was all right. Soon she, too, fell asleep. Every now and then a crashing building or a delayed time bomb would tear one awake and I would sit up with a pounding heart. By now the firestorm had reached its peak and the roar outside was like a train going through a tunnel.”

In the morning, Maria Gersdorff went out to buy some bread and returned with an old woman on her arm. “She had stumbled into her at the street corner and, peering into her grimy face, had recognized her own eighty-year-old mother, who had been trying to reach her, walking through the burning town all night. Her own flat had been completely burnt out.”

Missie decided to try to get to her office, in the hope of a hot bath. “Clad in slacks, my head muffled in a scarf and wearing a pair of Heinz’s fur-lined military goggles, I started off. The instant I left the house I was enveloped in smoke and ashes rained down on my head. . . . Many buildings were still burning. . . . There were many people in the streets, most of them muffled in scarves and coughing. . . . At the end of Lützowstrasse, about four blocks away from the office, the houses on both sides of the street had collapsed and I had to climb over mounds of smoking rubble, leaking water pipes and other wreckage. . . . Cars were weaving their way cautiously through the ruins, blowing their horns wildly. . . . Somehow I could still not imagine that our office too was gone, but on reaching the corner I saw that the porter’s lodge and the fine marble entrance were burning merrily.”



Missie spent that night with the Gottfried Bismarcks in Potsdam, and once more the Allied planes bombed Berlin. When she went into town the next morning, she found that a mine had come down behind the Gersdorffs’ house and the roof and some of the walls had caved in. She spent the greater part of the afternoon nailing cardboard and carpets over all the windows to keep out the cold and smoke. People kept dropping in from other parts of town to find out how they were. Her father had not slept for two nights and was totally exhausted, and she took him back to Potsdam with her.

The next morning and again the morning after that, she and Loremarie Schönburg went into the city in search of lost friends. “Wherever we looked, firemen and prisoners-of-war . . . were busy pumping air into the ruins, which meant that some people were still alive in the collapsed cellars. . . . In some places one could not even tell where the streets had been and we no longer knew where we were.”

On the blackened walls of wrecked houses were inscriptions in chalk: “Dearest Frau B., where are you? I have been looking for you everywhere. Come and stay with me. I have room for you,” and “Everyone from this cellar has been saved,” and “My little angel. Where are you? I worry greatly.” Sometimes answers were chalked underneath. The two girls discovered the whereabouts of several of their friends this way, and when they came to their own office they picked up a piece of chalk from the rubble and wrote in large square letters next to the entrance, “Missie and Loremarie are well, staying in Potsdam at the Bismarcks.”

None of this would have been of any interest to military strategists at the time (or, for that matter, would be now), but, as the editor points out, Air Marshal Arthur Harris, the head of the R.A.F.’s Bomber Command, made a miscalculation. Berlin was bombed twenty-four times between the middle of November and the middle of March, and each attack involved a thousand planes. No major military advantage was gained by the massive bombing. The railroad lines were repaired within hours, and by this time the munitions plants were either dispersed or underground, and the morale of the civilian population was not broken.

AS for the straining of the social fabric, one entry will dispose of the subject:

“On 26 December, our old postman, whom she [Maria Gersdorff] had allowed to use my wrecked room under the eaves, fell ill with pneumonia. His family had been evacuated, so Maria and Heinz brought the old man downstairs and fixed up an improvised bed in the kitchen. No doctor could be reached and he died on the 28th. For three days nobody came for the body and he lay in state on the kitchen table, surrounded by candles. Finally Professor Gehrbrandt dropped in to see Maria and, appalled by the sight, alerted the authorities. Still nobody came for the body. On the 30th bombs again rained down on our square and the surrounding houses caught fire. Ours did too but was saved thanks to the efforts of Kicker Stumm and several of his friends. As they fetched water to douse the roof, the rescue party kept bumping the body, while Maria sat at its feet making sandwiches for the hungry men. Some neighbors volunteered to throw the body into the ruins of a burning house; Maria favored the idea of digging a hole in the so-called garden, which is now a mere strip of debris. The poor postman remained another two days in the house and only then was at last removed.”

The photo-archive that Missie had spent months acquiring went up in flames along with that marble entrance. The Department of Information, along with the rest of the Foreign Ministry, was transferred to the charming but remote village of Krummhübel, which was in no way

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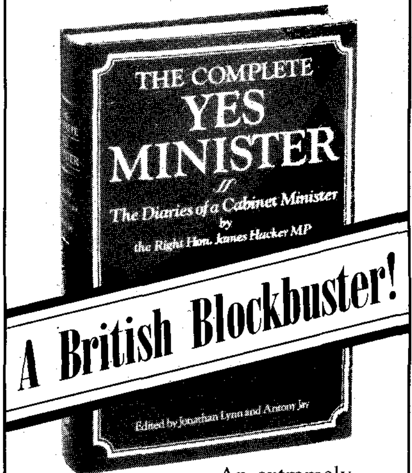
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prepared to receive the five hundred people who were evacuated to it. They used every excuse to get back to Berlin, though it meant that they, too, might end up under a pile of rubble. And Missie set to work to replace the photographs that had been destroyed.

HOW she came to know about what she referred to as the *Konspiration* may have been recorded in some missing part of her diary. Very likely the evidence accumulated under her nose until it dawned on her what Adam Trott and his friends were up to. The attempt on the part of a group of aristocratic Army officers and government officials to assassinate Hitler, seize the government, and sue for peace has the melancholy fascination of those high-minded and courageous enterprises that have everything going for them but luck. As people who are of a certain age will remember, Count Claus Schenck von Stauffenberg, a colonel on the General Staff, placed a briefcase with a bomb in it at Hitler's feet during a conference at Rastenburg, in East Prussia, on July 20, 1944. He then left the room in order to answer a prearranged telephone call. A staff officer, finding the briefcase in his way, shoved it to the other side of a heavy wooden trestle. As a rule, Hitler's briefings were held in an underground bunker, but because of the heat this one was held aboveground in a wooden hut, and when the bomb went off the walls caved outward and much of the explosive force was lost. Seeing the cloud of smoke and flames, Stauffenberg assumed that the deed was done. He and another conspirator jumped in a car and drove to a nearby airstrip, where they took off for Berlin to set further plans in motion. The arrangements for taking over the government succeeded briefly in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna—that is to say, everywhere except where it mattered. The sound of Hitler's voice over the radio put an end to the uprising.

At some point Adam Trott confided to Missie the exact nature of his activities. His trips abroad, undertaken under some official pretext, were all efforts to create a platform for peace talks with the Allies after Hitler had been killed. Loremarie Schönburg, who knew about the conspiracy also, was so indiscreet as to be a problem to the conspirators, and blamed Missie for not taking an active part in it. "The truth is," Missie wrote in her diary, "that there is a fundamental difference in outlook between all of *them* and me: not being German, I am concerned only with the elimination of the Devil. I have never attached much importance to what happens afterwards. Being patriots *they* want to save their country from complete destruction by setting up some interim government. I have never believed that even such an interim government would be acceptable to the Allies, who refuse to distinguish between 'good' Germans and 'bad.' " But when Loremarie Schönburg told her that Hitler was dead, she grabbed her by the shoulders and they went waltzing around the room.

In making plans for the future government, the conspirators had drawn up lists, which were soon found, and proved fatally incriminating. Neither the civilian population nor the rank and file of the Army was sympathetic toward the attempt to kill Hitler, and the churches formally condemned it. One by one, the conspirators were rounded up, brought to trial, and executed. Several, knowing they were about to be arrested and would undoubtedly be tortured, committed suicide. According to an editorial note, "not only Stauffenberg's wife and children, but his mother, mother-in-law, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts (and all their wives, husbands and children) were arrested." They were first sent to Dachau and then moved from camp to camp. The children were separated from their parents and put in a different camp, under the name of "Meister." All of them more than once came close to being executed. Among Missie's friends was Count Friedrich-Werner von der Schulenburg, who had been Ambassador to Moscow and was a highly cultivated, charming, kind old man. His name was found on a list of people who would head the new government, and even though he had not taken any part in the conspiracy, he was tried and hanged. It was Missie's belief that the conspirators "are not simply hanged, but are slowly strangulated with piano wire on butchers' hooks and, to prolong their agony, are given heart booster injections. It is rumored that the killings are being filmed and that Hitler regularly gloats over these films at his headquarters."

An editorial note says, "According to official Nazi sources those arrested after the *coup* numbered some 7,000. A total of 5,764 were executed in 1944 and a further 5,684 in the five remaining months of Nazi rule in 1945. Of these, some 160 to 200 were directly implicated in the plot. They included 21 generals, 33 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, 2 ambassadors, 7 senior diplomats, one minister of state, 3 secretaries of state, the head of the Criminal Police and numbers of high officials, provincial governors and top police chiefs." George Vassiltchikov's notes supplying the historical background and biographical information are so comprehensive that they could only have been a labor of love, and so interesting that they amount almost to a collaboration.

Missie's diary is the only firsthand eyewitness account of the abortive attempt and the arrests and executions that followed it which is known to exist. On the night of July 22nd, she sat up talking with Adam Trott at his house until four in the morning. He told her that if he was arrested he would deny everything in order to get out and try again. She saw him once more outside the office, at the Gersdorffs', and gave him an icon of St. Serafim of Sarov, and he said they must not see each other again, for they were all being watched. He was arrested the next day, at his office.

In their efforts to find out where Adam Trott, Gottfried Bismarck, Count Schulenburg, and other friends were being held, and to take food and messages to them, Missie and Loremarie Schönburg risked their lives repeatedly.

"*3 August* On one of her visits to the Gestapo, Loremarie ran in a corridor into Adam himself. His hands were manacled, he was evidently being led to interrogation; he recognized her but looked straight through her. The expression on his face, she said, was that of somebody already in another world."

He was hanged in the Plötzensee Prison on August 26th.

IN the fall of 1942, the Countess Pückler's husband, busy working his way up through the S.S., denounced Mamma to the Gestapo. She had criticized the treatment of Russian prisoners of war. His letter might easily have landed her in a concentration camp, but all that happened was that the Foreign Ministry was told to deny her an exit visa if she asked for one. And in March, 1944, Missie learned that letters from Papa to Georgie in Paris expressing concern over his "activities" had aroused the interest of the Censor. Georgie was able to convince the Gestapo that it referred to the black market, but in actual fact it was his involvement with the French Resistance that his father was alarmed about.

In September of that same year, Missie was given four months' sick leave and spent it with her mother and father at Königswart, another Metternich castle, in what until the war had been Czechoslovakia. She was suffering from an enlarged thyroid gland and was extremely thin. At the end of that time, the local manpower board suggested that she go to work as a nurse—which was what she and Tatiana had wanted to do when the war started, but they had been rejected because of their Lithuanian passports. Through her friend Sita Wrede, Missie was taken on as a Red Cross nurse at the Luftwaffe hospital in Vienna. Once more she had to sit out air raids and, wandering through the rubble, see a great city destroyed. What in Berlin was pure horror in Vienna had a touch of the macabre, as in this entry about a shortage of coffins during the air raids of the spring of 1945.

"*12 March* It appears that at first people made them out of the cardboard panels that in many buildings have replaced smashed windowpanes, but now there is a shortage even of that. . . . Friends and relatives must dig the graves themselves, as all the gravediggers have been called up. . . . In many places there are piles of improvised coffins awaiting burial. . . . The other day a solemn funeral of a defunct colonel took place. There was even a military band. Just as the coffin was being lowered into the grave, the lid slipped and the face of a grey-haired old woman appeared. The ceremony continued!

"*19 March* Things have become particularly uncomfortable because the town has been virtually without water for several weeks now. How they can still cook our meals I do not understand. None of us trust ourselves to drink tea or coffee anymore. There is still no light and I am rapidly using up the Xmas candles Sisi gave me. In the evenings I sit in my room in the dark and practise the accordion."

The Red Army was drawing closer and closer to Vienna, and how serious the danger would be if she were found there by the Russians when they came was perfectly clear to her, but she remained passive and in the end was saved largely through the ingenuity of a Hungarian diplomat, Count Geza

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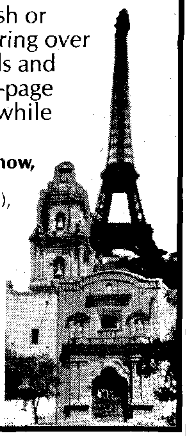

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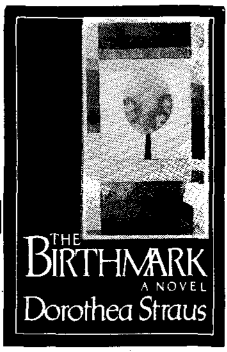

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Pejacsevich, who against all odds rounded up a car, permits, gas, and a handful of people and escaped to the West.

She resumed her nursing at a hospital in Gmunden, in Upper Austria. There she came down with scarlet fever—caught, she suspected, from delousing the soldiers who were coming through in great numbers. It was aggravated by lack of proper nourishment and exhaustion. She was on the point of death by starvation when the Americans arrived. They were greatly to be preferred to the Russians, but, even so, their behavior was not always ingratiating. She heard that while billeted at the Mumms' castle, next door to the ruined Schloss Johannisberg, they threw china and furniture out of the windows and distributed to the village girls the clothes they found in closets.

"*3 September* I have now learnt that two days after the Americans arrived at Königswart, Tatiana, Paul, Mamma and Papa left with a cart drawn by two horses and escorted by seven French ex-P.O.W.s, who had been working on Paul's estate. The local American Commandant, who happened to be a friend of cousins of ours in the U.S.A., had warned them that the Americans would be relinquishing that part of Czechoslovakia to the Soviets shortly, and had advised them to leave instantly. They had taken twenty-eight days to cross Germany, spending the nights in farmhouses or barns or, occasionally, at friends'. . . . They had left most of their possessions behind and are very unhappy."

IN 1946, Marie Vassiltchikov married a United States Army Intelligence officer on the staff of the military government in Bavaria. After he was demobilized, they settled in Paris, and he started an architectural firm that became internationally recognized. Her mother was run over by a car and killed there, in 1948. Her father died in Baden-Baden twenty-one years later. Missie died in London, of leukemia, in 1978. Her diaries were, for me, one long astonishment.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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[*From the Naples* (*Fla.*) *Daily News*]

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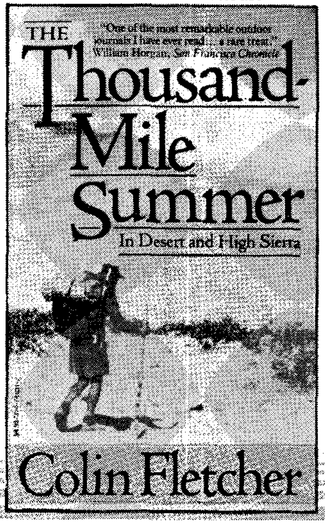
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